This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600011919R

30.

201.

£.
S.H. 1091

# MEMOIR

OF THE

# LATE MRS. NEWNHAM,

OF FARNHAM;

WITH A SELECTION FROM

## HER PAPERS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BY W. NEWNHAM, ESQ.

. . . . . "Thy soul
Was musical, though jarred by early griefs;
Elastic heavenward, although pressed with care;
And when its fond solicitudes for all
It loved, were lull'd awhile, it rose full fain,
To high and holy musings; following up
The flight of stronger souls, as if nought lack'd
But a new wing, to bear it to the skies:—
Now the new wing is given."

SHEPPARD.

BODLEIAN

LONDON:
HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY;
NICHOLLS AND SONS, FARNHAM.
1830.

201.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

TO

# THE REV. W. L. PRATTMAN.

---

My dear Sir,

The relation in which a kind Providence has placed you with this town and neighbourhood; and the intimate friendship which subsisted between yourself, and my deeply lamented Parent, for nearly thirty years, point you out as the individual to whom the following pages should naturally be inscribed:—let me intreat you to accept with them, the sincere and highest esteem, and affectionate regard of,

My dear Sir,

Your's very truly,

W. NEWNHAM.

*Farnham, Nov. 1st,* 1830.

600011919R

30.

201.

the Christian world; and that the contemplation of such a life would be useful in stimulating others to *follow her*, in so far as *she followed Christ*; and this sketch would necessarily be imperfect, without looking into the interior of the mind, and seeing the principles which governed its actions; and the feelings and emotions which characterized its manifestations. With this view a selection from the correspondence has been made;—in doing which, some verbal alterations have been occasionally introduced. These are not such, as in any way to affect the sense, but only to give a greater degree of polish to the language. It is cruel to the memory of the deceased, to put forth to the world the productions of their most unguarded hours, without that kind of re-touching which they themselves would certainly have given.

The usual details with regard to the birth, parentage, education, connexions, and various other common subjects for dilation, have been

all passed over as unnecessary to the completion of the present design, and as interfering with the delineation of the moral and religious character, which is its exclusive object.

I have only further to offer my best thanks, to those of my friends, who have so kindly entrusted their correspondence to my use; and to hope that my selection from those papers, may complete their wish, of obtaining a more lasting memorial of departed worth, than could be preserved by the perishable nature of old letters.

# MEMOIR,

*&c.*

---

It is no easy task to record a satisfactory memorial of a private Christian, whose life has not been diversified by much incident, whose weary pilgrimage has been consummated in the shade of retirement, and the varied excellencies of whose character have diffused their fragrance over the small circle of her influence,—the circle in which she lived, and breathed, and served and worshipped God:—it is no easy task, so to record the history of such an individual, as that being dead she shall yet speak; and that the operation of her example shall be more extensively felt, in inviting and stimulating others to follow her, as she followed Christ. Yet such is the object of the following memoir,—such the individual, whose manifestations of spiritual life and growth, we would trace from their first germ, to their most perfect expansion here, as far as *perfect expansion* can be

expected, while compassed with frailty in the chilly atmosphere of this lower world; we would notice the agency of physical infirmity in contracting the sphere of these manifestations, as well as that of time in maturing their fruits; and we would kindle into joyful contemplation, when we think of the happy spirit, escaping from the burden of mortality, entering into the joy of its Lord, and commencing its eternal song of grateful adoration to *him* who had washed her in his own blood, and in whose finished righteousness was her only hope of salvation.

May the compiler of the following pages be so assisted by the Holy Spirit, in his endeavour to portray the exceeding loveliness of the character he has undertaken to delineate, as that he himself may catch the inspiration which it breathes, while he endeavours to promote the glory of God, in exhibiting the meekness, and humility, and devotedness, for which it was so eminently remarkable, that others, seeing her good works, may strive to imitate them;—that the young may be encouraged in the pursuit after holiness; that the feeble may be strengthened; that the retired may be stimulated to greater activity; that the experienced Christian may more deeply feel the importance of, and seize the occasions for active duty and usefulness; that each may be constantly seeking after greater conformity to the Saviour's image; and that all may glorify God, by ascribing all they have and are, to the Father of lights, from

whom cometh every good and perfect gift; who giveth more and more liberally to those who ask, and seek, and strive most earnestly; and who has reserved a crown of unfading glory for "him that overcometh."

Few memorials exist of Mrs. Newnham's earlier years; and these few are obtained from her own papers, and from the testimony of her companions: but as she had completed her seventy-fourth year when she died, and had, therefore, wept over the removal of many of her first friends; and, moreover, since she had herself destroyed her own youthful productions, it is not surprising that these gleanings must be scanty.

Born to move in good society, Mrs. Newnham was acquainted with its worth and with its follies—with its virtues and its frivolities—with the boons which it offers, and the dissatisfactions it entails—with all the sober gratifications which it yields, and with their insufficiency to satisfy the cravings of a mind aspiring after immortality. Placed by family connexion in a circle of high moral value, and acquainted with those whose notions of moral sanction and obligation might perhaps have been called *strict*, she was most studiously preserved from the contact of vice and vicious example, so that she has frequently drawn a disadvantageous contrast between the laxity of modern religious society, and the carefulness which, though in fashionable life, was diffused

over all her public movements, by those who exercised a guardian eye over her; and that not the glistening anxious eye of *maternal affection,* but of *friendly interest!* A mournful fact, from which the modern Christian may well take a lesson of greater circumspection!

In this circle of early friends, her society was courted; she constituted its life and its link: the sprightliness of her manner, the sweetness of her disposition, and her intellectual acquirements, rendered her a desirable companion, and a bond of union, among those by whom sound judgment and intellectual worth, united to great cheerfulness, were highly esteemed. At this time, she was remarkable for a playfulness of humour, quick association, and ready wit, which in a less benevolent disposition would have degenerated into satire; but which in her, who would never voluntarily inflict a wound, and was always ready to apply a soothing balm to irritated or painful feeling, served only to give point to her character, and to enhance its intrinsic loveliness.

Mrs. Newnham was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, and a poetess herself; her excursions of pleasure, her relish for the beauties of nature, and all the little interesting incidents of life, were usually commemorated in poetical strains. Of these effusions none remain; but they are spoken of as pleasing to the circle they were intended to amuse. These manifestations rendered her a favourite in society; and,

as it will be seen hereafter, shed a chastened lustre over her later years.

The character of the extracts in her common-place book, at this early period, shows that even then the mind was imbued with thoughtfulness, and that it set a high value upon truth; it is not beauty of composition only, which seems to have guided the selection, but *this*, united to moral and religious truth. To account for this early preference, it may be worth while to mention, that she always ascribed her first knowledge of virtue and religion to the instructions of a servant whom she believed to have been a truly pious woman, and who took pains to instruct her in the ways of wisdom. The seed was thus sown, and the soil prepared for that breath of the Holy Spirit, which awakened the slumbering spark of vitality, and developed its hidden energies. This strongly elucidates a position elsewhere maintained, that an impression once made upon the organ appointed for the manifestations of mind, is *never entirely lost;* and indicates, on the one hand, the importance of having pious servants around the young, that this impression may be in favour of *the truth:* and on the other, the danger arising from attendants of an opposite character, lest the indelible brand (indelible by human means) of vice should be implanted there, and should only sink the deeper, by every effort to disengage it from the surface.

Thus amiable in natural disposition—thus pre-

pared by education—thus sedulously guarded and guided from the contact of debasing example, and thus disciplined by study, by the choice of books, and by society, the mind was ready to receive the whole truth, when promulgated in the church of Farnham, by that eminent servant of God, the Rev. W. Gunn. This event happened in the year 1790-91, and soon led to one of the most important circumstances of her life, viz. *her separation from the Establishment.*

Under Mr. Gunn's teaching, the subject of this memorial first learned to *feel* that she was a sinner, notwithstanding all the beauty of virtue, for which she had been so remarkable: she discovered her own inability to keep the commandments of God; she knew that a breach of these commandments involved the anger of a just and holy Being, and that she had nothing of her own to offer, whereby to appease that wrath, or propitiate his favour; but she was also taught, that a ransom had been provided; that God had revealed himself as reconciled to his offending children in the person of his dear Son; that Christ died to save repentant sinners, from the love, and power, and penalty of sin; that he died to redeem all those who would accept the offers of mercy, and who came to him in humility, disclaiming all righteousness of their own, and *believing* that he was able to save them entirely. Finally, she was taught that this *believing* (*faith*) was the gift of God, and that

it was promised to all those who waited upon him, in dependance upon his covenanted grace.

The attention having been fixed on this subject, she soon discovered a perfect coincidence between this scheme of doctrine, and that promulgated by the fathers of the church, and especially its reformers, in our truly beautiful and spiritual liturgy; but this very discovery served to make the contrast more glaring, between the preaching she had formerly been accustomed to hear, and that of Mr. Gunn. When the mind was led to consider the subject, and to distinguish between preaching which was coincident with the formularies of the church, and that which was opposed to them, the natural consequence was, a conviction of the truth of the former—a deviation from truth in the latter; and a humble adoption of that form of doctrine which has been termed *evangelical.* And most truly *evangelical* it is; for it is this alone which can convey the glad tidings of salvation to perishing sinners, through the finished righteousness of a crucified Redeemer! It was now, therefore, that Christ became her only hope, her all-satisfying portion, her pattern of perfect holiness and obedience to the law of God; whom she humbly, but earnestly strove to love, and serve, and imitate, to her life's end.

From this period may be dated the commencement of her spiritual public life: new views, and new duties opened before her; and she entered into them

with her whole heart; with all the energy of her natural character, and all the zeal of a new convert; —a zeal, which, though modified by time and other physical circumstances, and improved and guided by the subsequent development of judgment, still shed its glowing radiance over the evening of her days.

It pleased God to permit the removal of Mr. Gunn from the parish church of Farnham in 1792; and he left his sorrowing flock, hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of life, to the preaching of his successor, a minister of a very different character, and avowedly hostile to evangelical truth. The effect of this change may be easily appreciated; the pulpit and the desk no longer echoed the same doctrines: this discrepancy was not felt, so long as ignorance had blinded the minds of the hearers, but now, that the veil had been taken away on the part of those who had received the truth of the gospel as it is revealed in Christ, a most painful chasm in the service was experienced. Those who had been accustomed to be fed with wholesome doctrine, keenly felt the privation arising from receiving in exchange a moral lesson; nay, more, they nauseated the poisonous fruits of erroneous notions. Those who had felt their need of a Saviour, and had received *Him* as their Lord and their Redeemer, could not be contented with the meritorious efficacy of good works, and with a system which exalted man's power to *save* himself, and depreciated, in a similar proportion, the

value of the only Saviour. It is not surprising, that the hungry souls of those who had been recently awakened to the awful realities of their situation, and who particularly felt the necessity of being taught and led into *all truth*, should be induced to *consider* whether *any lawful means* could be adopted, by which their souls' health might be maintained, and they themselves might be led to the fountains of living waters, where they might grow and flourish in the courts of the house of their God.

This *consideration* taking place in the minds of *all those* who had loved the doctrines of the cross, and now lamented their absence from the pulpit—a difference of opinion would immediately occur between them, as to the *lawfulness* of themselves seeking the means of supplying the acknowledged deficiency; a line of conduct which would involve the necessity of separating from the *walls* of the *Established Church*:—neither is it for us their successors to sit in judgment, or to decide between *those* who *conscientiously* thought it right to separate themselves from the great congregation, in order that they might secure that preaching which they had been first taught to love within the revered pale of the established religion; and *those* who *conscientiously* thought the evils of dissent of so great magnitude, that they were bound rather to pray always, and to wait patiently for the restoration of sound doctrine to their own pulpit;—or *those*, who preferred steering a middle course, who *conscientiously*

wished to consider themselves as consistent sons of the church,—to attend her services in the *morning*, and her sacraments at all times, but to go to chapel in the *evening*. All these different opinions might be *conscientiously* maintained. Happily, religion is a personal thing, and each is responsible only to his common Master and Lord. It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment; there is one that judgeth, even God; and it is our unspeakable mercy, that we fall into *his* hands, who will graciously overlook our errors and infirmities, and who will not strictly judge the sincere, though weak and mistaken conscience of *his* child, who humbly seeks *his* gracious guidance and direction.

It is well, that there exists no *exclusive form*, under whose exterior, the church of Christ is *alone* to be found in the world; its life, its health, its growth, may perfectly consist with many varieties of external polity; and its character is not that of the national Church of England, or the national Church of Scotland, or any other national church; neither is it the peculiarity of any dissenting sect; but wherever there is "a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments are duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same,"—*there* will be found a portion of the church of Christ. The principal feature in the character of this church is its love to Christ: "Be-

loved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The nearer any national or sectarian church shall approach to these characters; that is, the greater the number of individuals within its range, who love Christ, and express that love in affection to his children, the more substantial will be its claim to be entitled the Church of Christ. O that all professing Christians would recollect this, and that in all their actions, and feelings, and intercourse with others, they would strive to exhibit a greater resemblance to that God *who is love;* that they would dismiss all their little heart-burnings and jealousies; that they would altogether forget the *possibility* of being opposed to each other; that they would remember that they are fellow-travellers, on closely parallel though unequal roads; and that although it may be the property of parallel lines never to meet, yet that they *may terminate:* and it is certain that these *will terminate* in heaven's atmosphere, where all is light, and love, and peace, and joy; where the weary pilgrims on these respective lines will forget the labour of the way, and will lose all their prejudices and suspicions, their doubts, anxieties, and fears, in the love of the Lamb that was slain, and in the one employment of praising God. From this land of bliss, they will look back on the

past, and wonder, perhaps, that they have been sustained by the same good hand,—have built their hopes on the same foundation,—have been animated by the same glorious prospects,—agitated by the same fears,—worn by the same infirmities,—guided and governed by the same laws,—and stimulated by the same desire of conformity to their Saviour's will. Then indeed will they wonder at the little accidents that have kept them apart through life; and would deeply regret, if regret were possible in heaven, that there ever could have existed one harsh thought, one suspicious feeling, in the bosom of those who owned one common Lord for their Master and Redeemer. There is, however, one advantage in these parallel roads, to the Christian, while "compassed with infirmity," which may not be overlooked, viz. that resulting from the stimulus of example. Each wanderer in this world's wilderness is seeking the same city which hath habitations, whose builder and maker *is God;* and each would not willingly be outstripped by competitors, who run in the same race, and place every hope at the same goal.

The subject of this memoir was among those who upon consideration and prayer, and with a humble desire to be guided in her decision, did determine according to the best of her judgment, that she was *conscientiously* called upon to separate herself from the Establishment, in order that she might procure those advantages which she had once enjoyed within

the sanctuary, and the removal of which she had so deeply deplored. Fully entering into the train of reasoning which led to this result, yet differing as we do from her on the imperative necessity of this measure, we cannot sufficiently admire, and esteem, and love the disinterested principle which led to this conclusion; a conclusion which severed many a natural tie, and which was largely opposed to her interests; a conclusion against which almost all her social feelings were marshalled; and which placed her at once in the ranks of a despised and persecuted people. With her, however, was peculiarly marked the characteristic of one of Christ's flock, for her love was always called forth in favour of his church, and of his brethren, by *whatever name they were named, and under whatever garb they might appear.*

In this separation from the church, there was nothing of the spirit of *political dissent.* As a *polemical question* it was never entertained by her; the inquiry as to the eligibility of Ecclesiastical Establishments was never considered a pursuit worthy of calling off her attention from the great object of "working out her salvation with fear and trembling." It was the desire of this object alone which governed her determination; it was the spirit of love to Christ and his church, and a simple devotedness of heart to the service of her Master and Redeemer, which placed her under the banner of dissent. With this fact in view, it will not excite surprise, that she never at-

tempted to make proselytes: with all her varied opportunities of influence, a sectarian spirit was never visible: the one exclusive object of her study and her prayers, was to bring souls to Christ, and to exert her utmost influence to awaken the heart to his claims, to obedience, and superior affection: the precise locality, or form, or exterior dress, in which these spiritual manifestations were to be found, was entirely a secondary consideration. Hence it was, that in all her instructions to her children, (and the writer of the present memoir most gratefully acknowledges his infinite obligations to these instructions,) her simple object was to train up souls for Christ—to make faithful servants for *his* kingdom—not to produce a *dissenting bias*. Hence it was, that the most perfect freedom of choice was left to one, who from an early age, did not attempt to conceal his preference to the Establishment—hence it was, that during the course of his life, he cannot recollect a word which would attempt to influence these views: she was only anxious that upon the principle of her own separation, which she always reviewed with satisfaction, her children should not be contented with *hearing error*, should not be in danger of confounding the essential distinctions between the Word of God, and the wisdom of man; but that they should love and esteem *the truth, more* than the *exterior garb* with which it might happen to be invested; so that when *truth was gone*, their attachment to the garb should not render

them satisfied with any thing short of spiritual holiness.

Hence also it arose, that in her invaluable instructions to the young, at a future period of her life, not a syllable was ever breathed which could bring the question before them; hence it was that she was anxious to bring these children to church, and actually succeeded in accomplishing this object, in a degree far greater than those who had been placed under the favouring auspices of a national school; hence it was, that she zealously promoted a Prayer Book Association among the children of her school, in order that they might be supplied with the formularies of the Establishment; and hence it was, that towards the close of her life, after enumerating various plans of usefulness which were going on in the parish, under the superintendence of its then ministers, she rejoicingly exclaims, "So you see, we live in a *new world*."

It is most natural that a separation from the Establishment, with these views, should have been conducted in such a way as to retain its sublime and spiritual formularies. Hence, in the first instance, the basis upon which the public worship of the separatists was founded, was precisely that of supplying the existing deficiency in the pulpit; always preserving the order for public worship of the day, but selecting a minister whose sermon, should not only not be in *contradiction* to these formularies, but which

would explain and enforce them, and seek to deepen their impression. At this time, however, great enmity had been shown by many to evangelical truth; and its professors became the peculiar objects of that painful principle: a most unfortunate error in judgment induced them to think that the cause of the church might be promoted by harsh opinions and illiberal treatment of the separatists, forgetting that these principles *must be inimical to the church of Christ*, and therefore could not promote the interests of the Church of England, as a branch of that universal Catholic Church. The spirit of persecution was developed, and showed itself in various ways, which could not but deeply wound the feelings of those who conscientiously seceded in the love of the truth. And since man is not perfect here below, and infirmity cleaves to his fallen nature, the regular result of this persecution would be a gradual alienation of affection from the church, and an increasing disposition towards conformity with the usual forms of worship in dissenting chapels; so that after a time the liturgy was discarded, and gave place to the regular system of conducting public worship among the Independent Dissenters.

If this *effect* were to be deplored, the *cause* is still more deeply to be deprecated! What an infinite mistake is it, and what a perversity of intellect, of feeling, or of prejudice does it argue, when any can arrive at the conclusion, that the cause of the church

of Christ, can be promoted by *anti-christian weapons;* or that the bad passions of human nature can ever be useful in advancing the peace, and holiness, and charity of the gospel!

Thus driven by circumstances into the ranks of dissent, Mrs. Newnham became a most important pillar of that church, to which great respect is due, for the real good it has accomplished among those to whom it has preached the gospel,—and for having maintained a nucleus of evangelical religion in Farnham, for a series of years, during which it was excluded from the *pulpit* of the establishment. Her general character, her exalted talent, and exemplary piety, soon gave her a natural influence, which she would not have sought, but would have rather shunned, from her love of retirement, and from her deep humility, which led her very greatly to undervalue her own powers, and means of usefulness. Various circumstances contributed to draw out these energies; and by degrees she became a most useful agent in visiting the sick, instructing the ignorant, supporting the feeble, reclaiming the wandering, directing the hesitating, warning the careless, comforting the afflicted, and leading the dying to *Him*, who is the resurrection and the life. Her manner upon all these occasions was peculiarly attractive; and the simple object of all her visitations, was to exalt Christ, and to promote his glory, by bringing many souls to his kingdom. Her sphere of usefulness was constantly

widening, and there are many yet living who can bear testimony to the efficiency of her visits;—while very many have entered into the joy of their Lord, whom it had been her delight to support in much tribulation, and to lead to *him*, who is the refiner and purifier of *his* people, "that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."

And since the secularities of the church of God must not be forgotten; and as the labourer is worthy of his hire;—and since it is important that these *voluntary* arrangements should be conducted by a person of influence; this duty also was devolved upon Mrs. Newnham, after a few years; she became the treasurer of the chapel, and undertook the final management of its accounts,—an office which she continued, to the last, to discharge with zeal and fidelity towards contributors, and to the great comfort of their minister.

About the year 1796, the Rev. Mr.———, having preached some sermons (and particularly one) for the avowed purpose of putting down methodism, as it was opprobriously termed, and having shown himself egregiously ignorant of the doctrines of the separatists, or capable of wilfully misrepresenting them, she addressed to him a letter vindicating those doctrines as the sentiments of the church, as well as the truths of the Bible; and showing that his scoffing at the doctrine of *faith*, was as unsound in *reasoning* as it was *anti-scriptural*. This letter hav-

ing been much talked of and misrepresented in private, it was thought right to circulate it more extensively, and it was placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. ———, of London, for the purpose of publication. This gentleman, to whose judgment it was submitted, deemed it expedient to curtail and alter the original, according to his own views; so that only a garbled copy was published, which, as it has been separated from the real manner and customary style of the writer, fails of producing the effect which it would have done, in its pristine form, when aided by those adventitious modes of expression; modes, however, which give point and emphasis to character, and to all the habits of thought and feeling. Nevertheless, and in spite of these unfortunate circumstances, there will be noticed these peculiarities: the avoidance of all the keenness and bitterness of controversial disputation; that benevolence which so eminently characterized her mind; the great scripturality of her views, and her appeal to *its highest authority;* and her prevalent wish to exalt the Saviour, and to glorify his holy name: these, in every situation, were the first desire of her heart,—the great object of all she thought, or said, or wrote, or did.

But further, not only was Mrs. Newnham usefully employed in visiting the poor, the ignorant, the sick, and the afflicted,—but she was the friend and counsellor of the ministers, whom it pleased Providence to

place in succession over "those few sheep in the wilderness," with whom she was more particularly associated. Her knowledge of the world, and of the internal structure of society; her intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and all its windings and obliquities; her sound and cool judgment; her steady and unyielding principle; her quick tact at discovering the peculiar difficulties of a situation, and the best mode of escape from them; and her unwavering preference of that which was *right*, to that which was palatable, or which might seem to be expedient, rendered her a friend of no common order:—in this character, her worth was duly appreciated,—her advice was sought,—her counsel was esteemed.

This friendship was peculiarly deep towards the Rev. W. L. Prattman. In him she found a congenial mind —a mind of somewhat similar calibre with her own— a mind, with which she could wholly assimilate; and the result was an intimate friendship, which nor time, nor distance, nor absence could impair: they only served to deepen a regard, which was founded upon Christian principles, and which death itself cannot dissolve. The removal of this gentleman from Farnham was a source of great grief;—how deeply, yet submissively, she felt upon this occasion, and how justly and properly her esteem was founded, will be seen by a reference to her correspondence.

The web of disinterested friendship was also woven

with Mr. Prattman's successor, the Rev. Joseph Johnson, whose respectability and faithfulness of character stand far too high to require a *comment*, and would only be sullied by panegyric.

We must notice here, Mrs. Newnham's prevalent desire to be rendered useful to her *connexions*. The spiritual, eternal welfare of those who were near and dear to her, rested as a heavy burden upon her heart; and she lost no opportunity of leading their attention to the things which concerned their everlasting peace. Particularly, did she most anxiously remember them, when interceding before the throne of God. Here it was that she knew her strong foundation: prayer she found to be the element in which she lived and breathed; and she delighted to bear in remembrance her own wants, and those of others, before *him* who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. But while she deeply and experimentally acknowledged the privilege of prayer, she did not abate one atom of her diligence in the employment of means suited to accomplish the end proposed. In her strong confidence in God, and in her knowledge that the power to work every change, as well as to sustain every feeble principle, rested in *him alone*, she still acted in the persevering employment of means, with such diligence, as if the entire result *depended* upon their nice adaptation and efficient development. No opportunity was ever lost of speaking peace to the troubled soul, of awakening the attention of the thoughtless, of improving the daily

troubles of life, or of showing, that in all the difficulties and perplexities of this world's contumely, the only sure solace was in God: "trust in *him* at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him." In the accomplishment of this, and many other important objects, she had frequent recourse to her pen: her letters were "weighty and powerful; and it is much to be regretted, that the most interesting portion of her correspondence, of this nature, has been destroyed.

In the year 1813, a new sphere presented itself for her exertion, in the formation of the *Female School of Industry;* an institution which fell under her immediate superintendence, and which for nine years occupied much of her time, and thoughts, and prayers. An attempt having been made in that year, to form a *Union School,* upon the liberal principle of *not compelling* the children of dissenting parents to learn the church catechism; and *of permitting* them to be conducted by a monitor to their own place of worship; and the attempt having miscarried, it was resolved, to try, at least, the establishment of a female school upon a small scale, and upon such a basis. How completely the experiment succeeded, is yet in the recollection of very many; how entirely it engaged the best affections of the heart, and secured her constant daily exertions, is best known to him "who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins."

The principle upon which the Female School of Industry was founded, was that of Christian charity,

in order to render the blessings of instruction accessible to all, without involving any compromise of their principles. It was recollected, that by far the greater number of children would be church children; and therefore it was provided, that the mistress should invariably belong to the Establishment, and that she should conduct the children to church; while those of dissenting parents should be taken to chapel, by a monitor. It was further provided, that a spirit of sectarianism should be excluded from the course of instruction; and that the subdivisions of the Christian world, and their distressing mutual prejudices and peculiarities should be kept out of view.

On this ground, it was thought wise, with respect to catechisms, equally to exclude from public instruction, the church catechism, and that usually termed the assembly's catechism; and to adopt that of Dr. Watts, which would convey to the children, in a simple form, the truths of Christianity, but which would not awaken in their minds a spirit of prejudice, an emotion of jealousy against others,—or a feeling of self-complacency—a "stand by, for I am holier than thou." In fact, the object was to imbue the mind with the principles of *spiritual religion*, not with the peculiarities of any particular polity; and to exhibit Christianity in its loveliest form, divested of those excrescences which have been unfortunately engrafted upon its surface, by the imperfections of mankind. Happy is it, that these can only be ex-

crescences which a few years *must* remove: the God of the Christian is the *same everywhere;* he has revealed himself as a God of love; and real religion knows nothing of uncharitableness, nothing but the light, and love, and harmony of the Saviour's presence, and the happiness of heaven: every intermixture of motive or action, which may appear upon earth, is *to be* ascribed to that primeval sin, which first sowed the seeds of discord, early produced hatred and murder, and still lurks in most intimate union with that *principle* of our nature which is averse from God and holiness.

There were those who could not comprehend this *tossing* overboard the peculiar and non-essential views of each sect; this steady limitation of religious instruction, to the unvarnished simplicity of the Bible, and its great truths, in its own language. Hence a charge of inconsistency was preferred against the patrons of this institution, as if *they* had made a sacrifice of principle at the shrine of liberality. "This very charge, they not only allow, but distinctly rejoice in admitting; they will rejoice to be *inconsistent,* if *consistency* be defined to be *adherence to a party;* and while they admire the beauty of other celebrated human compositions, they rejoice in *consistently* assuming the basis of the *Sacred Writings,* as the only ground of faith and practice, as the *only common ground* on which every Christian would rest his hope, and on which all Christians can *consis-*

*tently* unite their efforts in doing good and showing mercy."*

It is allowed, that there are elements of evil afloat in the human mind, and it was assumed by the conductors of the Female School of Industry, that the best prospect of curing the disorders of the mind, was afforded by education; not simply by a process of training its manifestations in one particular direction, under one peculiar aspect, and exclusively along the walls of one especial building, but by "imbuing it with the characteristic features of religion and of the Bible; and with *these principles,* drawn from the pure source of divine truth, which form the basis of the Christian character; principles, which constitute the bulwarks, and the distinctive doctrines of the Established Church,—that Protestant establishment which will excite veneration for its antiquity; that establishment which is amiable for its candour, and worthy of the highest esteem, for its pure and fundamental adherence to the great truths of Christianity."†

Christian charity formed a peculiarly prominent feature of Mrs. Newnham's character. With her, it was not an occasional act, nor the native impulse of excited feeling, nor the simple duty of relieving the wants, or ministering to the sorrows of others; but the uniform habitude of the soul, the constant dispo-

* See Annual Reports of the Female School of Industry.

† Ibid.

sition of the heart to love God and her neighbour, awakened into life, and cheered into activity by the grace of our God, and by the all perfect example of our Saviour. And although an occasional cloud of human infirmity may have rendered the native lustre of this principle *dim* and *undefined*, from the painful influence of wounded feeling; yet we rejoice in the existence of such a character, and we joy that she is removed from every painful emotion, while we look forward in hope of the multiplication of such individuals, and of the universal diffusion of truth, when every envious feeling, every prejudice, every contracted and illiberal sentiment, every sordid principle, shall be lost in the boundless influence of Christian charity.

Another principle, anxiously cherished by the subject of this memoir, was, that the heart being prone to evil and averse from all that is good; and that all its daily and hourly associations being on the side of passion and feeling, no real good could be expected, except by a change of that heart, and a conversion from darkness to light. From this flowed a consequence which she deeply felt, and which ever influenced her conduct: viz. that a system of *mechanical instruction*, however valuable might be its subject, was altogether *useless*, and would probably prove *injurious*, by furnishing the wicked with cultivated talents, which, not being employed to the good of society, would necessarily be retained for its injury. There is

no such thing as bringing the powers of *machinery* to bear upon the human mind; and custom, and habit, and routine, will exert their influence in *diminishing*,—nay, almost in annihilating, the consciousness of impression. There is no such thing as a moral steam-engine by which moral changes can be effected. It is true, that children may be mechanically taught to read and write,—that they may be thus taught to repeat their catechism, creed, collects, and other beautiful little summaries of Christian faith and practice:—*and yet no moral effect has been produced!*—very clever little automatons *may* have been created; but these little living, moving, speaking, and acting puppets, have not been furnished with one religious principle,—one sanction for their moral conduct,—one motive to guide and govern their actions,—one emotion to regulate their hearts.

It was Mrs. Newnham's constant design to supply this deficiency in existing *systems* of common instruction, by teaching the principles of divine truth. Deeply did she feel the awful responsibility under which she laboured, and most zealously did she strive to redeem the time, because the days were evil. She felt that all successful education must depend upon the associating principle; and that the resulting moral effects, would be in proportion as this principle was exercised, and as the objects presented to it were deeply tinged with the characteristic hues of religion, and of the holy law of God. A memorandum of

"Hints for conversation," with these objects of her solicitude, has been found among her papers, and is here inserted, as a sample and a proof of the value of her instructions, and of that real benevolence, which, though it did not shrink from the glare of public observation, evidently flourished best beneath the roof of her humble school: it was there it expanded its leaves, and shed the sweetest fragrance of its blossoms; it was there it obtained fresh supplies of nourishment and strength while it alleviated the wretchedness of ignorance, and conferred blessings on the miserable victims of sin and moral disease; it was there, that the blessings she imparted, peculiarly recoiled into her own bosom;—and it was there, she participated the happiness arising from giving, rather than receiving.

FIRST SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION.

"To talk to the children about God;—to tell them he is good, almighty, and eternal;—that he made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.

"God is a spirit: he is every where present; he sees you, though you cannot see him; he knows every thing you do; he hates sin, he hates naughty children: he is full of mercy, and loves good children; he permits you to pray to him, and to call him your Father in heaven; he can give you all that is good for you. Do you desire to be more acquainted with

him; to be his children, and to love him above all things, and to please him always?"

SECOND SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION.

"To talk to the children about themselves; *who* and *what* they are. A few years ago you had no life at all; your life depends on God;—seek to be acquainted with him. He made you, he can destroy you; you are weak and sinful creatures; you are subject to pain, sickness, and death; you have deserved the anger of him who made you; you are proud, you are self-willed, you are angry when you are corrected; you envy any who are better thought of than yourselves;—when you have done wrong, you try to hide it, even by telling a lie:—all this is contrary to the will of God, and in anger he might take away all your comforts; even life itself. Pray to him, confess your sins; entreat him to lay aside his anger, and to love you, notwithstanding all your offences."

THIRD SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION.

"To tell the children what their wants are. For your bodies you want food and raiment; you want to be made warm in cold weather,—to be kept dry in wet weather;—you want health, and to be preserved from pain and sickness. You cannot keep yourselves alive; it is God alone who can do this. Seek these

things by prayer. You cannot suppose God will watch over you every day and every night, and preserve you from evil, if you never ask him, nor desire his love.

"You have likewise spiritual wants—wants for your soul. You want pardon; you deserve punishment here and hereafter; are you not desirous of being delivered from it? Pray to God for pardon through Christ Jesus. Who is Jesus Christ?—He is the great mediator; he is the great peace-maker between God and man; through him you may be reconciled to your offended God."

FOURTH SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION.

"Do you never tell a lie to hide your faults or to deceive others? or to be praised for what you never did, and cannot do? Are you not sometimes obstinate, refusing to do as you are bid? Do you not find yourselves too ready to commit new sins, to learn bad words, to get bad habits, to be idle, to be quarrelsome, to long for fine things, to be proud, unruly, envious; to take what is not your own? Therefore you want pardon for the past, and grace to keep you from sin in future: you should pray to God daily to give it you. He has promised his Holy Spirit to help you; and without this help you cannot do your duty to God, or to your fellow creatures. Your body must die, but your soul cannot die; it must live for ever. You will be judged hereafter by our Lord Jesus Christ, who will receive you into heaven or condemn

you to hell, as you have kept or broken his commandments. But you have broken his commandments. Endeavour then to obtain a good hope, that God is your friend, that he loves you, and is reconciled to you: but you must not expect God to give you these blessings, and save you, if you do not earnestly and sincerely pray for them."

This rough copy of *mere* hints for development in conversation, is sufficient to show the great importance of such invaluable instruction, communicated almost daily for nine years, to an average of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children.

Again; Mrs. Newnham was not an enthusiast in her expectations. She was well aware, that her utmost efforts could only place the children in a situation favourable for receiving the truth; she knew full well, that something more than a mere improvement of the faculty of attention, and a development of the mental powers, was necessary to constitute a virtuous member of society, and a faithful soldier and servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hence, she escaped the disappointment, which has so generally fallen to the lot of the more sanguine friends of systematic education, arising from the failure of the anticipated moral results;—and she discovered that the moral benefit accruing to mankind, would be proportioned rather to the *wisdom* with which education was directed to its right objects, than to the *zeal* with which its mechanism was extended. And, after all, she felt herself a

feeble, helpless agent; and, in dependance upon Almighty aid, most cheerfully acknowledged her own incapacity to change the heart,—while she earnestly prayed, and strove to be directed into the way of all truth, to be enabled to arouse her charge to *reflection* on their situation, and to lead the operations of this faculty into trains of thought fitted for the heirs of immortality.

In a sense of her own weakness, and of the infinite power of the word of God, she was anxious to supply the children with that book which would prove a light to their feet, and a lamp to their paths; which would instruct them in the way of virtue, guide them in every difficulty, strengthen and preserve them in danger, afford them comfort in sorrow, and finally lead them safely to the haven of purity and peace. In thus nourishing the sacred principles of a religious education with the water of life, she trusted that the dew of heaven would distil upon the tender leaves of opening reason; and that when the Sun of righteousness had risen, with healing in his wings, it would be again exhaled, laden with the fragrance of moral worth, to the praise of the glory of *his grace*, who is God over all, blessed for evermore. And since the funds of the Institution, though equivalent to its ordinary expenditure, were not equal to the additional demand which would have been produced upon them for a supply of Bibles;—and since, moreover, this invaluable treasure is more highly esteemed, when

purchased by some little sacrifice of personal gratification, than when gratuitously received; a Bible Association was formed among the children, from which was collected in eleven months the sum of *twenty-seven pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence*, and ninety-two Bibles were distributed. After this period, the Farnham Bible Association having been formed, the funds of this little combination, although continuing to be received as before, were merged in the details of that more recent institution, and the Bibles subsequently received from its stock. The management of the funds, and other little arrangements, still remained with the subject of our contemplation; and it is not easy to pourtray the delight occasioned to all, by witnessing this ample distribution of the word of God, to those who are the peculiar objects of his paternal care—even to those of whom he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But we have by no means contemplated the full extent of Mrs. Newnham's influence in this important public situation. As soon as children had supplied themselves with Bibles, the attention was directed towards collecting their weekly penny, as the most efficient mode of furnishing them with Prayer-books, which were obtained for them at a reduced rate. Nor was this a deviation from the liberal principle upon which the institution was formed. A reception of the Prayer-book was not insisted upon as a passport to

favour, or a qualification for admission; but it was a source of peculiar gratification to facilitate the dispersion of this first of uninspired compositions, and to afford ready access for its sacred principles to the young and tender mind. During the first year, thirty-six Prayer-books were distributed by these means, and a considerable number in every succeeding year. The principle upon which this was founded, will be best shown by an extract from the Report of the year of its first establishment.

"It has been elsewhere proved, that educational prejudice may be valuable,—that it may be important in supplying the young mind with steady principles of action, ere it will have acquired sufficient firmness and knowledge to select its own principles. With this view, it is an object of the *parent*, and the *friend of education*, early to bias the young mind in favour of religion and virtue, by communicating those views of divine truth, upon which the security of moral conduct can alone be safely founded,—by occupying the mind with lasting prepossessions in favour of the beneficial impressions of the sacred writings,—and by promoting uniformity of opinion on the tendencies of religion and piety,—so far, at least, as the ever varying medium of the mind of man will admit of uniformity; for it must ever be remembered, that the same truths will present in some degree a different aspect to almost every individual who thinks at all. With these convictions, it is conceived, that the dif-

fusion of the beautiful formularies of our national church among the children, and calling their attention to the purity and excellence of her liturgy,—to the simple eloquence of her devotional petitions,—to the concise, yet comprehensive summaries of Christian faith and practice she promulgates,—to the simple construction of the language which conveys her scriptural sentiments,—and to the firm unhesitating principles of religion which she maintains,—will produce an unquestionably good effect, in extending more widely the knowledge of her doctrines, and in obviating the misconceptions which may exist with respect to the nature of the worship she prescribes. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants; it is the ultimate standard of truth, and by it, every human opinion, every human institution, must stand or fall. From its decision we have no appeal, and to this test all opinions may be brought. But there is a certain prejudice in favour of the Prayer-book, for which, though we dare not compromise the superiority of the sacred volume, we shall do well to avail ourselves of its influence. The Prayer-book will be often heard with attention, where the writings of inspiration would be scarcely ever, if at all, perused; and surely then, it cannot be unwise to employ this beautiful composition, though it be confessedly imperfect. The Bible is the word of God; the offices of our church are constructed on the *principles and the doctrines of the Bible*. The

latter, indeed, are to be tried by the former, and when their coincidence is so happily established, a secondary standard of appeal is erected; confessedly inferior to the former, because it is dependant for its perfectness on the judgment of a frail, imperfect being, but still extremely valuable, inasmuch as it affords to the poor, the illiterate, and the unthinking, 'that received exposition of the faith and practice' of the church, which wise and good men have of old time determined to be conformable to the word of God, and which will assist in guiding their minds to a proper judgment of religious truth—will afford a more accessible means of rousing the careless and the indifferent, and will furnish an invaluable manual of devotion, to him who sincerely desires to worship God, in a simple, humble, and unaffected manner. With this view of the value of the national liturgy, it has afforded your committee real pleasure to render it accessible to the children of the school; and they trust, that in a short time, none will be without it; and that thus provided with the Bible and the Prayer-book—thus *educated in the principles of both*, they will grow up to evince, by their good conduct, the wisdom of the motive which has dictated a supply of both,—a motive coincident with the grand uniform conviction of the necessity of a principled education—an education not of form, but of truth—not of external observances, but of heartfelt piety and virtue. Unshackled by the fetters of system, let the light and the breath

of heaven find access to the darkest minds, and cheer the most oppressed and labouring heart; expose the sickly faculties to their healing influence, kindle the warm affections of the soul by this grand source of light, and life, and heat; and let the principles of morality spring up, grow, and flourish, in all the luxuriance of youth and beauty, diffuse their fragrance through the cottages of our land, and lift the incense of their fruit to the throne of the Almighty. Deep and expansive be the stream of *our charity*; let it not be interrupted by the broken rocks of prejudice—let the incantations of party be dissolved—let the unamiable antipathies of our nature be torn up—let the barriers of jealousy and suspicion be crumbled before the overwhelming tide of benevolence—and let every heart beat responsive with the animating prospects of futurity; let every exertion be mingled and united in the smooth and ample stream of love to God, and to mankind at large."*

We must here notice some collateral advantages arising from this institution, and in which Mrs. Newnham was the prime and secret agent: and in the first place, by exciting the children to teach their parents to read, and the parents themselves to receive these instructions. The want of an adult school for Farnham had often been lamented, but had never been attempted, from the impossibility of finding a sufficient number of voluntary teachers. A substitute for

* See Female School of Industry Reports *in loco*.

an ordinary adult school was thus formed at once. The little teachers were supplied with proper books—with the best directions how to proceed—and with precepts and admonitions, as to the conduct expected from them in conveying to their parents instructions which they themselves had received, and of which, but for the goodness of God, operating upon the hearts of subscribers, even they would have remained ignorant. There is substantial reason for believing that these simple instructions have been largely blessed; and surely, it was a most interesting and affecting sight, when the lisping tongue of infancy was thus engaged in perfecting the praises of the Most High, by leading the aged parents to the fountain of living waters.

This system of moral discipline, and the attention to moral delinquencies; the correction of evil propensities; the subjugation of the passions; the cultivation and improvement of the temper and disposition; the education of good habits, and the necessary opposition to those which were evil; involved a routine of daily duty, which it is scarcely possible to appreciate. In all these situations of difficulty, Mrs. Newnham excelled in steadily pursuing the one great object before her, *principled and progressive improvement.*

Notwithstanding this primary attention to the wants of the immortal mind, those of the body were not overlooked. Each year, a specific charitable fund had been raised, for the purpose of supplying the

children with some article of useful clothing,—generally a frock. Although the expense incurred by furnishing the children with bonnets and tippets was defrayed out of the *general fund*, because these articles were necessarily attached to the *school costume;* yet Mrs. Newnham made it a point of conscientious scruple, that not one farthing derived from this source, should be applied to any object, however valuable, which was not comprehended in the simple idea which subscribers would form of a school expenditure; and therefore a separate private subscription was always set on foot for this latter purpose.

And in addition to all these multiplied duties, a *clothing fund* was established, to which the children were stimulated to bring their weekly penny, as soon as they had supplied themselves with a Bible and Prayer-book. The details of all these several institutions pressed heavily upon the time and attention of Mrs. Newnham, and seemed sometimes too much for a physical system not strong by nature, and enfeebled by various causes of sickness and anxiety. Yet she proceeded in the strength of the Lord God, and was most amply repaid, by witnessing the good arising out of these several modes of charitable influence. It is not easy to estimate the amount of personal and bodily labour, as well as mental effort, involved by many of these duties: but they were considered as a talent entrusted to her care, for which she would be accountable, not on the ground of its

*preservation*, but on that of its active employment and improvement. Her whole heart was engaged with the hope of bringing some of the dear children committed to her care, from darkness to light, from a life of sin, to a life of righteousness in Christ Jesus. The memory delights to linger over scenes like these, especially when it contemplates, that this succession of duty and of conflict has now been exchanged for the hymn of praise in the kingdom of glory. We may almost wonder at the multiplication and extension of her calls for exertion, while we admire the zeal and promptitude, fidelity, diligence and perseverance, with which every fresh claim was attended to: and indeed our wonder would be unmixed, did we not perceive, that her charity contained within itself the germ of its universality and continuance; since it proceeded from God; since with her, benevolence was not a simple *act* of kindness, but an *uniform principle* of action; since it was interwoven with every feeling of her heart; since its influence extended over all the tempers and dispositions of her mind; and since it had been ripened into habit by uniform and reiterated associations.

On this part of Mrs. Newnham's public character it remains only to state the effect produced, by the dissolution of her connexion with this sacred object of her care. Circumstances, which it is unnecessary, and which it would be painful to detail, rendered it expedient to close the institution at the end of the

*tently* unite their efforts in doing good and showing mercy."*

It is allowed, that there are elements of evil afloat in the human mind, and it was assumed by the conductors of the Female School of Industry, that the best prospect of curing the disorders of the mind, was afforded by education; not simply by a process of training its manifestations in one particular direction, under one peculiar aspect, and exclusively along the walls of one especial building, but by "imbuing it with the characteristic features of religion and of the Bible; and with *these principles*, drawn from the pure source of divine truth, which form the basis of the Christian character; principles, which constitute the bulwarks, and the distinctive doctrines of the Established Church,—that Protestant establishment which will excite veneration for its antiquity; that establishment which is amiable for its candour, and worthy of the highest esteem, for its pure and fundamental adherence to the great truths of Christianity."†

Christian charity formed a peculiarly prominent feature of Mrs. Newnham's character. With her, it was not an occasional act, nor the native impulse of excited feeling, nor the simple duty of relieving the wants, or ministering to the sorrows of others; but the uniform habitude of the soul, the constant dispo-

* See Annual Reports of the Female School of Industry.

† Ibid.

mination of a seed sown in early life, in the subject of the present Memoir, may we not reasonably hope, that the Spirit of God will have blessed these exertions, to the eternal welfare of the rising generation; and that much fruit will hereafter appear to have been the result of their early culture? Meanwhile, it is delightful to reflect, that some who have already arrived at the termination of their course, and had entered into their rest before her, have ascribed, at their last hour, the foundation of their peaceful hopes in death to the instructions they had derived in the Female School of Industry; while others, yet moving in the active duties of their several stations, have acknowledged their obligations for their principles, to these unobtrusive lessons of simple-hearted piety and benevolence.

For very many years, Mrs. Newnham had been accustomed, in her own little circle, to provide for the wants of the sick and the poor, particularly during the helpless period of their accouchement. Her increasing acquaintance with these wants, arising out of the school, bringing her more into contact with this destitution, rendered necessary an extension of her means; and consequently, a more public lying-in charity was formed. To this she contributed the full extent of her influence; and as often as the distance was an accessible one, she would visit the cottage of her patient, ascertain and relieve her wants, and seek to render the opportunity for reflection, and

the occasion for immediate gratitude, useful to the sufferer. Indeed, the mass of misery with which she thus became acquainted, was very great, and it may be truly said of her, that she "went about doing good."

Her exertions in this way were manifestly too great; and her family almost rejoiced in the limitation of those efforts, which naturally arose out of the abandonment of the school, and the subsequent merging of this benevolent society in that larger institution of more general application, which had been formed for Farnham and its neighbourhood. Advancing years and infirmities now curtailed her charitable missions: although her will remained the same, the power to act according to its impulse had diminished, and God had graciously contracted the sphere of her agency, so that she might not feel the privation.

In every part of her public life, two absorbing principles present themselves as motives for her conduct; viz. love to God, and the prevalent desire of being useful, and of contributing to the happiness of *mankind*. Here there was no alloy, no intermixture of doubtful motive, or equivocal principle. A simple feeling of humble dependance upon God, and a wish to consecrate every power, and talent, and opportunity, to *his glory*; these were the governing principles of all her public conduct, and rendered her most deeply esteemed in the circle to which her influence ex-

tended. And yet her constant feeling was that of having been an unprofitable servant, and of having left undone that which she ought to have done. In her entire forgetfulness of self, and selfish inclinations, how deeply did she enter into the spirit of the righteous: "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? or, when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

---

We have now to look into the interior of Mrs. Newnham's character, and to trace its operations over the respective duties of the *wife*, the *mother*, the *mistress of a family*, the *friend*, and the *private Christian*.

As *a wife*, she was devoted to the comfort, the present and everlasting happiness of her husband. She felt it to be a privilege, as well as a duty, not only to yield obedience to his requests, but to anticipate his desires, to seek out his wishes, and to comply with them ere they were embodied in the tangi-

ble form of words; to remove, as far as possible, every source of anxiety and uneasiness, and to place within his reach as many of the little comforts of life as could be procured. In thus ministering to present wants and desires, she by no means overlooked the necessities of the mind, its watchful culture, its growth in holiness, its expansion in every benevolent affection. And so kindly, and easily, and affectionately, yet powerfully, were her plans arranged, that she succeeded in effecting her purposes, where others would have failed from want of the necessary tact; and simply, because, first, she had a conviction of truth on her side; and next, because she condescended to study the character of those around her, and to select proper periods for action, and had patience and perseverance enough to pursue steadily every great object before her.

As a *mother*, her first desire seems to have been, the impression of religious truth, and of the advantages and importance of religious worship upon the mind. To this *end*, her primary cares were extended to the development of thought, in order that the ground might be prepared for the seed she was about to sow. She knew full well, that the manifestations of mind were made through a material medium, and that unless the powers and aptitudes of that medium were cultivated, it would be inadequate to the maturity of principles she most earnestly desired to stimulate into activity. It is probable that she did not enter upon

the process of ratiocination by which we arrive at this conclusion; but by whatever route this was accomplished, the result formed a practical principle, by which her conduct was regulated.

As soon as the mental powers were capable of receiving and associating ideas, the earliest food prepared for the immortal spirit was of that character which maketh wise unto salvation. Whether the Almighty was pleased to bestow his blessing upon these labours, it is not for us to determine: but the writer of the present Memoir can bear testimony to the deep impression produced by this course of religious instruction. All the little circumstances and localities, especially of the Sunday afternoon meetings, are possessed in vivid recollection: the spot in which they took place; the affectionate evidences of maternal solicitude for the best interests of her family; her early lessons of piety; her deep anxiety to secure the attention of her children; her glistening eye, which seemed to tell of joys ineffable, when looking forward to a futurity of blessedness; her earnestness of manner, her fervent prayers to the Giver of all good things; the infant's prayer, the infant's song of praise; and the emotion of the heart with which these were accompanied;—are fixed with indelible marks upon his memory. Perhaps it was but the emotion of the moment—the transient wave of excited feeling; but be it so,—the impression has been permanent, and it is surely valuable, that

even the passing emotions of childhood, especially if attended with deep feeling, should be on the side of virtue and truth, rather than in favour of error and folly. Upon these occasions, one portion of the duties of the day consisted in a committal to memory of the collect for the particular Sunday; and these beautiful little summaries formed with the sacred writings the groundwork of religious instruction. The art of rendering these little meetings pleasing, had been so completely gained, that their return was anticipated with desire. Sunday was a day of real enjoyment, not of wearisome occupation, or of listless inactivity: and if at any time circumstances should have interfered with this arrangement, severe disappointment was the consequence.

It was not enough for Mrs. Newnham to instill religious principle; this was always contemplated as the foundation for moral lessons of daily utility. With her, the reception of *doctrine*, and its application to *practice*, were coincident ideas; she had no conception of an ideal Christianity which was to consist in a measure of irrational belief, that would leave the heart untouched, and the conduct unimproved:—consequently, she very narrowly watched the various mental manifestations of her offspring, and wherever she detected moral delinquency, her efforts were directed to nip it in the bud;—wherever she discovered moral difficulty, the sustaining efficacy of her council was always experienced. She was a most watchful

guardian over the conduct; she knew the temptations to which early infancy is subjected, and she sought to diminish their influence, by calling into active life *the principles* which should be opposed to this influence. She was well aware, that in childhood no impression was unimportant, however slight, however scantily associated it might appear: and therefore her peculiar care was to avoid these impressions of evil—to shield her children from contact with vice and vicious example, and to preserve them, as far as possible, from inhaling its atmosphere, or sipping its poisoned chalice.

Mrs. Newnham was fully aware of the importance of *early habit.* It was not enough for her, that the principle should be instilled, or that its application in action should be explained and enforced:—her piety, though of a high devotional order, everywhere maintained its practical character; she was aware of the tendency of the human heart to rest satisfied with a system of inoperative belief,—and therefore, while with one hand she implanted the principle, with the other she trained the tender shoot, shielded the early blossom, and cleared away its incumbrances, so that it might expand itself in the morning of Christian practice. The nice attention and delicate tact, with which this was accomplished, without seeming to direct or *govern,* can only be equalled by the tenderness and firmness with which every deviation from the path of rectitude was pointed out and adjusted.

Particularly did she feel the importance of habits

of *order* and *self-denial*. She well knew, that a creature of impulse, the agent of momentary feeling, would become the sport of every changing impression; and that each succeeding emotion would prove a new wave, under whose influence the character might be stranded on the rocks of vice, or might be carried back with the retiring flood, so as to pass its day between the alternations of progress and recession, and never to advance in the path which leadeth to eternal life. She knew that no reliance could be placed on individual conduct, unless a habit of order shall form the basis of its manifestation, so that whenever the occasion shall call for it, its professor might be enabled to appeal at once to the principle, the motive, or the law, which ought to influence action, under any given emergency. Hence, it was her constant aim, to develop habits of precision and cleanliness and regularity, even in the minutest arrangements of her children, as well as in their thoughts and actions, in order that, being interwoven with the character, they might be ready, at any time, to give a reason for the hope that was in them;—that they might be delivered from prejudice, and that their actions might be placed on a firm and rational basis. She was especially cautious, that all their little opinions should be founded on reason; and that they should be accustomed to form a reasonable judgment, and to trace the conviction which was its result, through all the successive stages of ratiocination, by which that result had been obtained.

Thus did they arrive at the habit of never forming an opinion except upon conviction.

Again, with regard to self-denial, she was aware that without its early influence, the character would retire into itself; and the benevolent affections would be withered and contracted into the coldest selfishness. She was convinced, that the only means of happiness for her children, was to bring them up with few wants and desires, in order that they might not suffer from the privation of the supposed luxuries to which they had been accustomed;—she felt that there could be no generally amiable member of society, except a principle of self-denial formed the groundwork of conduct;—she knew, that without its influence, there could be no really good relative feeling and bearing in all the little trials of life; she knew that wanting this principle, there could be no genuine *charity*, since this does not consist in the overflowings and superfluities of the rich, but in the willing gifts, which can only be obtained by the sacrifice of some personal enjoyment;—and, more than all, she knew, that there could be no abiding choice of the chief good; no perseverance in well-doing; no progress in holiness; no conformity to the example of Christ; no loveliness of Christianity; no preference of others happiness to our own, and of obedience to Christ, *over* all the temptations and perplexities, and pleasures and errors of a world that lieth in wickedness;—unless the foundation of the character were laid in the

cultivation of this principle. Hence, in all her nursery arrangements,—in the food and dress of her children,—and in all their little occupations and pleasures, she was still anxious to keep in view this principle, anxious that they should practise that, of which she herself gave them so beautiful an example. She most wisely considered, that their future situations in life might expose them to circumstances, in which the privation of their accustomed comforts would be deeply felt;—and while she was anxious they should have every rational enjoyment, she consulted their ultimate happiness, rather than their present gratification. How deeply the writer of the present memorial has been obliged to this principle, in very many circumstances, for his carelessness about these little exterior arrangements, it is really impossible for him to estimate; and he would humbly hope too, that the principle has had a more extensive operation upon his character.

A third most important object with Mrs. Newnham, was to regulate and control the passions—to watch over the earliest manifestations of the heart—to repress its exuberances, and to cultivate its feeble actions: and while she was pre-eminently desirous that the principle of divine grace should grow there, in order to regulate its movements; she was not unmindful of the fact, that much may be done, by attention, and watchfulness and systematic care. She was deeply sensible of the desperate wickedness of the human

heart; and had she not been so, a quiet observance of its manifestations would have shown, that *man*, even in his childhood, is "very far gone from original righteousness," and that the thoughts of his heart are only evil, and that continually. Hence, it was her great design to keep so watchful an eye over this troubled sea, that she might discover its peculiar morbid tendencies in each individual; and that she might not only bear them upon her own heart, before the author and giver of every perfect gift, but that she might know how to regulate her own treatment of individual character. Her wise discrimination of motive, her accurate adjustment of the respective claims of human action and passion, were here brought to bear with such exactitude upon each peculiar manifestation, that there is good reason for believing she was enabled to see a very beneficial result.

In all these researches, and with a deep feeling of her own responsibility, she knew that in the Lord was her strong confidence; she felt her own insufficiency for these things; and she looked unto the *strong* for strength, and wisdom, and righteousness; upon *him* she waited all the day. Earnestly did she intercede with the gracious Author of every blessing, for her children and herself,—that they might be the children of their heavenly Father, and that she might be enabled to bring them up to his glory,—to lead them and guide them in the way in which they should go; to train them up in the nurture and ad-

monition of the Lord; to repose them in safety, through all the storms of life, under the guardian care of him who will never leave his people, nor forsake them: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust."

Mrs. Newnham used to pray much *for*, and with her children; she waited upon God, and she taught their lisping accents to pray for themselves. She knew full well, that this was the only means of obtaining for them the blessings she most earnestly desired, and the only safeguard in difficulties and trials; for she had known by experience, that she could not live in a spirit of prayer, without growing conformity to the example of Christ, and increasing obedience to his will; while, on the contrary, if the spirit of prayer flagged, the Christian became feeble in his purposes, and uncertain in his conduct. More especially, if from want of watchfulness she had been betrayed into delinquency, and had not repented of the evil, did she feel that she could not pray; the possibility of near access to the throne of God seemed taken away, and her only safeguard from the incursions of temptation was removed.

Mrs. Newnham applied this principle to practice, and earnestly sought to cultivate the *confidence* of her children; and she succeeded in obtaining it to the fullest extent. They felt that she was their friend, and they were not afraid of unbending all their hearts, their little cares, and sorrows, and delinquencies:

they were sure of being treated with compassionate tenderness; and the repentant wanderer ever met with encouragement to return, though never with that compromise of principle which would overlook the nicest distinctions between virtue and vice—between rectitude and obliquity. Yet with such sweetness did she arrange the office of correction, that they did not hesitate to speak the truth, and to confess their faults: they knew that they might *confide*, and the mutual advantages of this openness were deeply felt in the multiplied occasions of usefulness to the one, and in the growth of confidence, and candour, and honesty in the other; deepening the roots and expanding the leaves, and producing the flowers and fruits of intimate friendship and union;—and, may we not add, extending the agency of religious principle?

To advance this plan, and the valuable results which accrued from it, Mrs. Newnham was in the habit of encouraging her children to write notes to her, which she answered, always with a view to the promotion of some substantial good, and yet in so cheerful and lively a manner, that these little epistles were esteemed as especial treats. Indeed, in her general management of her children, *cheerfulness* formed a most important ingredient; and although she would frequently enter a caution against that laughter which is mad, and "which is a force done to nature, and therefore most frequently ends in a sigh,"

yet she would diligently cultivate the happy smile which springs from a contented mind, and which ought so largely to rest upon the countenance of the young, before the elasticity of the heart has been broken, or weighed down by the perplexities of time. This plan is well deserving of imitation: the instruction which results from it is more abiding—more deeply influential in its character, than that which simply falls upon the unattracted ear, and which too often passes unheeded through a thoughtless brain.

Mrs. Newnham used to accustom her little circle to examine themselves—to recall the events of the day—to see where they had been wrong, and to pray that God would "search them and try them, and see if there were any way of wickedness in them, that they might be led in the way everlasting." And when, at a future period of life, they were taken from her daily care, she exhorted them to continue the practice, while she interceded for them, lest they should "have cursed God in their heart."

Once more, the Christian mother was exhibited in Mrs. Newnham's attention to the character of her children's *reading:* she knew the importance of this faculty, and that it should be well directed, and she was very particular as to the nature of the food subjected to its amalgamating action. All that could poison or demoralize was studiously kept out of sight, while the attention was directed to that which was

useful and instructive; she by no means disdained that which was blended with amusement, though she never contemplated this as the best mode of conveying instruction to the mind. On this ground, she was very cautious in the admission of works of fiction to the nursery library. At that time, some of our purest works of imagination had not been published, and the system of *religious novels* for children had not commenced; yet she would have looked upon this source of instruction with doubt and jealousy, because she was fully aware of the importance of *straight forward reality* with the young, and that every deviation from its narrow path was attended with a secret loss of reverence and attachment for pure and unadorned *truth*. Besides she used to think that many of these little books were too highly wrought—too stimulating to the fancy—and too indiscriminately placed within the reach of sensitive, impressible, unformed minds. Nevertheless, Mrs. Newnham did not forget the imagination, and its occasional indulgence, with one of the best works of fiction, under her own eye, and read aloud under her immediate superintendence; and this was considered as a great indulgence, and happened so infrequently, as to *relax without enfeebling* the moral and intellectual energies.

Mrs. Newnham's first object was to form pious characters; her *next*, to apply this highest wisdom to practical purposes—to cultivate a spirit of charity and disinterestedness—to develop the benevolent affec-

tions—and to enlarge the boundaries of intellect. With a watchful eye did she consider the peculiarities of the several mental systems entrusted to her care, and suit her means of influence and operation to their particular manifestations, so as to foster talent, encourage genius, repress follies, and, above all, to produce in each a deep and abiding sense of responsibility for every talent given, constantly multiplied by every favourable opportunity for its exercise.

As years rolled on—as the period of infancy had reached that of adolescence—and as youth had insensibly glided into manhood; as the situation of her family became more exposed to temptation; as they mingled with the great world, and were more frequently placed in circumstances of doubt, trial, and perplexity; she became more and more anxious, that they should walk in the paths of wisdom and uprightness, and that their hearts should be found right in the sight of God. Many circumstances dear to memory, attesting this anxiety, remain in the lively recollection of her family; but the prevalent desire of her heart will perhaps be best shown by the following paper, dated February 3rd, 1819.

"On this day I am sixty-three years of age: I make it my prayer, that I may live to him who died 'the just for the unjust.' May my long acquaintance with the insufficiency of earthly objects to confer happiness, and my experience of the pain connected with every earthly affection, prevent my mind

from lingering on this low ground—loosen its bonds —and leave it at liberty to rise towards that better country, where

> 'Jesus the forerunner waits
> To welcome travellers home.'

"I have long lamented the too anxious interest I take in the views, the desires, the minds, the affections, and the conduct of my connexions; the pain attached to minute observation—the want of power to control exuberances—to remove dissatisfactions—to guide the aspiring, and cheer the drooping, has burdened me heavily. May I so cast these cares on the all-sufficient, the only-wise God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ, that from this time I may not encumber my own very weak mind with things too much for it to sustain; but by daily 'prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, make my request known unto God,' with confidence in his loving-kindness. May I look at those things that are not seen and eternal: then shall I find rest; my weary spirit shall repose in the love which has promised to bear and carry the sorrows of those who trust in *him*, who is faithful to his promises, and pitieth our infirmities.

"O my heavenly friend, I would commit myself to thee, to be led and governed by thine unerring hand; bless me with *thine image*, and thy favour; bless also my husband, my sons, and daughters; grant each an interest in thy covenant, and in thine own time lead

us to that home, that happy home, which thy people enjoy at thy right hand."

As a *mistress of a family*, Mrs. Newnham's anxiety for the best interests of her servants and dependants was conspicuous, and her uneasiness occasioned by ever remarking that the privileges of a religious family were disregarded, was oppressive to her own mind. She *had* been blessed with servants who feared God, and waited upon him continually; but there were also others of a different complexion of character, who did not highly estimate the value of a religious family, and public worship. When she witnessed this state of apathy, it was a great trial, and she often lamented over what she thought inconsistencies in a Christian household. She ever sought to give instruction to the ignorant—to smooth down prejudices—and to set such an example of faith and patience as should win attention by its gentleness and loveliness—should command respect—should ensure affection—and should place a barrier against the incursions of evil. Mrs. Newnham was ever accessible to her servants, her ear was open to receive complaints, and in all their difficulties and trials to point out a way of escape, where that escape was possible; or to view the dispensation as from a God of infinite mercy, and to bow submissively to him who ordereth all things well: she was particularly anxious to impress upon them the necessity for conscientious uprightness in all their dealings, for keeping the commandments of

God, and for living a life of humble dependance upon him.

*As a friend,* Mrs. Newnham was steady and uniform in her attachments. She did not lightly think that every fresh and passing acquaintance should be dignified with this endearing title; but having once given her heart, and having once woven the web of friendship, nor changing circumstances, nor time, nor distance, nor calumny, nor adversity, nor prosperity, could ever alienate her affection. The more rudely it was shaken, the more deeply it became fixed; the more it was assailed by the wintry blast, the more closely did she cherish it; the more it was tempest-tossed on the waves of conflicting emotion, the more earnestly did she seek anchorage in that safe haven, where the billow of passion shall have broken itself on the rock of ages, and shall have been hushed to repose by the zephyr of the Spirit of God, and by the tranquil rising of the Sun of Righteousness: it was in this joyful anticipation she found comfort and peace of mind.

This leads us to notice another attribute of Mrs. Newnham's friendships: they were Christian friendships; and as such, they were built on a sure foundation, and for ever exempted from those changes which would otherwise result from alternations of animal temperature, from the summer heat of violent intimacy to the freezing point of the coldest selfishness: here, there were no fitful transitions, but a strict ad-

herence to steady principle; and this gave a heavenly character to all her intercourse. Her correspondence is constantly marked by the progress of the way-worn pilgrim, and the weary traveller to the heavenly Zion; ever herself pursuing the right road, ever desirous of assisting others in difficulty, and of glorifying God in that communion of kindred hearts which approaches the most nearly to our conceptions of the blessedness of heaven; and which in all probability forms but a preparation for a renewal of similar intercourse in that brighter, better world, whence sin and sorrow shall have fled away, whence all alloy shall have been removed, and where the soul shall luxuriate in the *love of God.*

As a *private Christian,* the subject of this memoir was eminent for the *fervour of her devotion:* prayer was the atmosphere in which she lived, and breathed, and flourished. In all her difficulties and trials; in all the daily emergencies of life, as well as on those more important occasions which marshal for their accomplishment all the energies of natural character—all the applied means of sustaining power—and all the supporting influence of confidence in the power and protection of the Most High; in either case, she was accustomed to approach the throne of grace, and to pour out her complaint before him who lends an attentive ear to the voice of his people, and whose ear is ever open to their cry: in every difficulty she waited

upon God for guidance and direction, entreating that having discovered the way, she might be enabled to pursue it.

"Her delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did she meditate day and night." The sacred Scriptures formed an object of constant research, and up to the very close of her existence, she would still discover new beauties. But she not only delighted in this study, as a satisfying pursuit; she sought to *obey* the commandments of God, and to carry this spirit of faith into all the emergencies of life. Her constant aim was to afford an increasingly perfect example of the Christian character, formed upon the model of Christ's imitable *perfections*. Yet none was ever more deeply impressed with the spirituality of that law, or more perfectly sensible of *her own* inability to keep it, except by the grace of God, communicating both *the will* and *the power* to walk in his statutes, and to keep his precepts diligently. Prayer and reading the Scripture, seemed to afford the great means of her support, while she was constantly seeking after strength, and wisdom, and righteousness.

Again; Mrs. Newnham lived a life of humble dependance upon Almighty aid; she had no confidence in herself; she knew that she was a feeble, erring mortal, and found she had no strength except that which was derived from living near to God; and

therefore she sought that support which is alone to be obtained by quiet confidence in his presence and blessing.

She was fearful of offending God. The natural timidity of her character was here beautifully set off by that love which *casteth out fear*, because fear hath torment, but which implants a tenderness of conscience, that can only be a result from nearness of access to the throne of God, and from a closer walk with him. This fearfulness of doing what he has enjoined not to be done, or of leaving undone what he has commanded, gave a great part of its interest to her character, and occasioned a great degree of watchfulness over her thoughts, and words, and actions, that they might be such as were consistent with the best hopes of an aspirant after holiness, and of that immortality which is to be found in the mansions prepared for those who love and serve God, and who follow his footsteps to realms of unfading glory.

She was desirous of cultivating love to God, and to show the influence of this principle by her prominent desire of being useful to her *neighbours;* that term, which includes *every one, every where*, in the whole family of man, who has a soul to be saved, a heart to receive the expression of kindness, or a bodily system capable of suffering sickness and sorrow. To a heart naturally susceptible of sympathy had been superadded the delicacy of Christian prin-

ciple, and she was thus eminently qualified for these labours of charity. Her great aim upon all these occasions, was, to live to the glory of God, to exalt not herself, but Christ crucified, as the only source of real comfort to lost sinners.

Mrs. Newnham had a deep sense of the sinfulness of her own heart, and of her daily, hourly need to "watch and pray," lest she should enter into temptation. She felt the necessity of being daily sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and discovered more and more his preciousness to the sinner. She knew that she did not sin willingly, and that in all her imperfections and frailties, she had an Advocate and Intercessor at the right hand of God, who would plead her cause, and would present his finished sacrifice, as *her righteousness in him.*

This conviction of her sinfulness, occasioned a great degree of humility on the one hand, and of perseverance in well doing on the other; for after all that has been done for the Christian, and all the glorious transformation of his character, he can but be humbled at finding himself so immeasurably distant from his great Pattern; so full of imperfections, so much under the influence of remaining corruption; with such a rebellious will, so fond of present scenes and trifles, so little animated by his coming prospects; —and then, he cannot but be stimulated to greater activity in doing the will of God, greater patience in suffering, and more perfect conformity to Christ.

Mrs. Newnham had naturally a mind of great power, and was particularly delighted when she met with pre-eminent talent exerted in the defence or confirmation of the gospel, or otherwise employed for the support of the best interests of religion. At the time of her death, she had been reading "Wardlaw's sermons on man's accountableness for his belief," &c. and had expressed her great delight, from the effect of the union of piety and talent, thrown into that little work.

Once more, she had a lively conviction of the mercy of God, in bringing her to accept his offered grace, and in enabling her to hold on her way; and a consideration of this attribute, led her to be careful not to abuse this mercy, but to labour and strive to the utmost, so to run that she might obtain the prize. While she highly valued the doctrines of grace and faith, as her greatest treasures, she felt that the only proper way of demonstrating her belief in these truths, was to strive to enter in at the strait gate, to grow in conformity with Christ, to be more circumspect, to seek after a more heavenly temper and disposition, and to struggle against the influence of that remaining evil, which would still seek to lay claim to supremacy.

She was in the habit of writing reflections upon the sermons she might have heard on the Sunday, and found it a very useful method of giving heed to the things which she had learned, lest at any time

she should let them slip. A few specimens of these reflections are subjoined, in order to show the writer's own mind, and to encourage others to a similar plan, which can but be attended with beneficial results, in engrafting the word of God, and therefore adding to the fruitfulness of the Christian, and to the means of his defence, in every time of warfare with his spiritual enemies. Her favourite authors were Howe, and Baxter, and Leighton, and Owen, and Bates; with the works of these writers she was ever pleased, and would frequently recur to them with freshened delight.

Mrs. Newnham's was not a life of joy, but its principal characteristic was that of peace, and humble dependance. She "came up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved;" but it seemed as if her heart was incapable of expanding itself in joyful manifestations, while breathing the loaded atmosphere of this sinful world: so long as she inhaled its breezes, her confidence remained unshaken; she could trust in God, but she did not always rejoice. This peculiarity is to be accounted for partly by circumstances acting on her particular temperament, and partly by the very attributes of that temperament.

One of these physical peculiarities was a *fear of death*, not as a *moral*, but as a physical evil. From the former, she was mercifully delivered by her sure trust and confidence in *him*, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. But she

shrank from the idea of *dissolution*, from that struggle which must occur between the powers of the constitution, and their destroying cause. This arose, doubtless, from a mistaken view of death, from looking at it as a period of conflict between body and soul, and of rudely dissevering their connexions, rather than as a natural evil, arising from decay, or disease; the dismission of the connexion between the immaterial spirit, and its manifesting organ, being merely the *consequence* of that death, and resulting from that organ ceasing to be a proper vehicle for its manifestations; this effect, being *a result* of the physical change, but not forming an essential ingredient of that change.

We are now drawing towards the close of this aged Christian's earthly pilgrimage. Her valuable life had been spared to her family and the world, very many years beyond what could have been calculated upon, from her feeble frame, from her visible decay, from her many infirmities, and from the repeated attacks of disease. Nevertheless, her zeal, activity, and energy, were shown upon many occasions to the last; and the very morning on which she was taken ill, she had been thus occupied in a duty which required considerable firmness, yet delicacy of tact and management; and she had completed it with entire success.

It is remarkable, that this object related to the cause of missions, and to the reasons for declining a

missionary sermon from Mr. Johnson's pulpit. Emphatically does she state, "we grieve that we are unable to promote the prosperity of the valuable mission you advocate, with silver or gold; our prayers for the success of the efforts making for the poor Moravians, will not (we trust) be lukewarm or indifferent."

"E'en when
The swiftly liberating angel came,
It seemed his solemn embassy had staid
For thy last labour; the yet recent task
Of that dear hand, which, at the setting sun,
Sank paralyzed, until it rise from dust
In deathless honour,—was *a task of love.*"

SHEPPARD.

Yet, notwithstanding this vigour of intellectual manifestation, whenever it was particularly called forth, it was clear that the intellectual power was waning; and a degree of feebleness of judgment was observable in ordinary or common circumstances. This she felt herself, and knew that her mental powers were weakening. *Mental powers weakening!* we submit to the misnomer, but we speak of it with astonishment! The *Christian's mental powers weakening, on the confines of immortality! The aged Christian, having fought the good fight of faith, having finished her course, and now about to enter into the joy of her Lord, and to receive the crown of victory—her mental powers fading!* that is, *her*

*capacity for spiritual enjoyment diminishing! her fitness for heavenly employment decreasing as she approached its happy bourn of perfect knowledge, perfect holiness, and perfect love! Monstrous inconsequence!!* In plain and simple truth, the long excited brain had become feeble, and clearly showed that this earthly house of her tabernacle was ceasing to be a kindred habitation for the immortal spirit; that it was diminishing in its capacity for exhibiting the finer shades of the ripening Christian's character, and therefore that she was approaching the period, when her gracious God would free that spirit from its mortal incumbrances, and transplant it to that etherial region, in which it could breathe freely, and inhale the joys of Paradise. This view of the subject, is still further confirmed by the fact, that from the moment of her fatal seizure, the feebleness, I had almost said the childishness, of intellectual manifestation was most marked; to such a degree, as to tell of impending danger to the writer of this memoir—a danger that would not otherwise have been marked, by the apparently simple nature of the attack.

On the fifteenth of March 1830, after completing the engagement above alluded to, Mrs. Newnham was seized with pain in the stomach, to which for many years she had been occasionally subject; only that the present attack seemed somewhat more severe, and appeared to be accompanied with that intense and instantaneous effect upon the nervous system, as

when the patient has received a blow to the constitution, from which it has no hope of successful re-action. She had taken her usual remedies without relief, before the writer saw her, and more powerful means were therefore employed. These had the effect of calming the pain, and in a few hours she dropped into a tranquil sleep, from which, on the next morning, she was much refreshed and comforted. But there still existed symptoms of an alarming nature, for which the appropriate means were employed, though ineffectually. It does not seem that she apprehended the near approach of her own dissolution,—for during this day, although she expressed herself as feeling "very ill," yet she talked over the execution of a favourite scheme for the promotion of a dear relative's health, as if it was only *procrastinated* for a little while, instead of being superseded, as it must necessarily have been, by her death. This illness was not attended with very violent pain, or great distress; indeed, as she used to say, "she was a capital sleeper," and now slept away a considerable portion of her time.

On the morning of the seventeenth, one of her near relatives repeated to her a favourite hymn—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,"

in which she expressed great pleasure;—and on it being remarked to her, that God did not willingly afflict his children, she exclaimed, "No! in all their

afflictions he was afflicted:"—but it was now evident that the case was a hopeless one, and towards eleven o'clock of that day, she sunk into a state of unconsciousness from which she never roused, till nearly six o'clock in the evening, when the last breath was drawn, and the disenthralled spirit quitted its frail habitation for the mansions of the blessed. So peaceful and easy was this dismissal from earth and all its turmoils, that her most anxious and watchful relatives, they who had hovered around her bed, and whose anxious hopes were suspended upon every fleeting breath, knew not the precise moment when dissolution occurred. Although unconscious, there was no *oppression* of the brain, no visible uneasiness; not a sigh, not a groan, not a struggle, not a convulsive movement of any kind—not a gasp or any alteration of breathing, marked the period, when that peaceful change occurred which set at liberty the captive spirit, that longed for immortality. That happy soul had probably appeared before its Saviour, and had been welcomed by the acclamations of the redeemed, before the first tear had been shed by her mourning relatives, from the decided consciousness that she was gone! Indeed, to use her own words on another occasion, "she had often longed for heaven, and how softly and kindly did the gracious Lord remove her soul from this poor world into his blissful presence: it was like being taken up to heaven without dying. How shall we form an idea of the wonder, love, and

grateful adoration, with which her happy spirit ascribed glory to him who had loved her and washed her from her sins, in his own blood."

This was a moment of intense suffering for those most nearly connected with her, and the tears of mental agony flowed fast:—and why did they weep? Not surely for the glorious exchange she had made, of "joy unspeakable and full of glory," for the sorrows and anxieties and bitterness, of the minute portion which she occupied of this dim speck—this little atom in the creation of Omnipotence. O no! they could say, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his glorious name,—they could join in the song of

> "Hosanna to Jesus on high,
> Another has entered his rest,
> Another has 'scaped to the sky,
> And lodged in Emmanuel's breast."

But they wept as those who had lost a dear friend—as those who mourned heavily for their mother—as those who could no longer enjoy her peaceful, heavenly counsel—as those who were bereft of a great blessing, as those who had suffered the tearing up of deeply-rooted affections. And they wept in hope: the tear of anguish was irradiated by the faithfulness of him who is "mighty to save;" and while in agony of soul, they were enabled to cry, "Thy will be done," they looked to her present joy, and felt that they too should *rejoice*—that they should rejoice in

another triumph of divine grace; that the aged saint's conflict with sin and Satan was over; the battle fought, the victory won; her everlasting rest obtained in the strength of the Lord God, and through the blood of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and through faith in his name.

Her end was peace: she was mercifully spared any knowledge of the organic conflict which she dreaded;—she was ready and waiting—her light still burning, and her lamp trimmed. She had not to go and buy oil at midnight when the bridegroom came:—it was not necessary she should have long notice of the approaching change; and she and her relatives were graciously saved an infinity of pain, by not contemplating *together* the coming separation; by not foreseeing the evil with a community of suffering. She came to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, prepared for the heavenly garner; her work was completed, and she had only to enter into that rest, which remaineth for the people of God:—and how calmly, and peacefully and gently did she glide into this enjoyment; with what tender mercy and loving kindness was she taken to the bosom of her Saviour! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "May we die the death of the righteous; and may our latter end be like *hers*."

There are those who would have been more pleased, if the dying testimony to the faithfulness and love of God, of the aged Christian, who had long walked

" by faith and not by sight," could have been added to the bright manifestations of living holiness and dependance, and confidence. And why?—Why is this dying testimony of disease, and clouded mental perceptions, more valuable than the long train of testimonies afforded by a life of continued and earnest seeking and striving after holiness; by a life of thankfulness for mercies received, and of dependance for mercies to come; by a life of faith, and patience, and trust in God;—by a life of active usefulness upon right principles;—by a life of loving and serving God, and following him through much tribulation, to a land of light, and life, and glory everlasting? Surely, surely, the latter species of evidence must be more to be relied upon, than that which is so generally characterized by the influence of existing physical circumstances, by the febrile glow of excitement, or the chill of exhausted power, or the clouds of perverted manifestation. But no! the *expiring* function is to be considered the *perfection* of that function!! When will this delusion terminate? When will reason and judgment triumph over feeling? When will a lengthened series of *Christian deeds* be preferred to a few transient *Christian words*,—deeply marked as they almost certainly will be by *the state of the brain*, without whose agency not even utterance can be given;—that manifesting organ, varying in its condition according to the particular viscus, which shall happen to form the seat of irrita-

tion, threatening the continuance of life; and which, by its own early death, will necessarily link in with itself, all the other organs and functions, in general death? May the light of truth cheer our darkling way, and enable us to remove every stumbling block from the path of ourselves and others!

---

It remains for us now, only to draw a sketch of Mrs. Newnham's character, and of its especial attributes.

1. She was a great admirer of nature and nature's works.

Every object around her spake of mercy and of love, and raised her heart to *him* whose ceaseless agency is *every where*;—the greatest wonder of whose creating power is *man*,—and that wonder almost shrinking into nothingness before the mystery of redeeming love,—God manifest in the flesh to take away the sins of his people. To Mrs. Newnham, every plant, every flower, every revolving season, the gradual recession of darkness before the returning sun; and the equally gradual abstraction of light behind that retiring luminary;—the joyousness of all nature when the time of the singing of birds had come; the early promise of spring; the development of summer; the maturity and decay of autumn; even the suspended animation of winter; with all their variety of la-

bors, duties, and enjoyments, told of the footsteps of Almighty goodness, and awakened emotions of wonder and delight, of love and gratitude, in her bosom, which led her humbly to the Saviour's cross, to seek that new creating, sustaining, and reviving spirit, which would make her fruitful to the praise of the glory of God's grace. Her fondness for natural scenery, gave a delicacy to her taste for the sublime and beautiful, which none but the Christian can fully experience;—for although every Christian is not a man of taste, yet the intensity, and accuracy, and delicacy of that faculty, where it exists, is greatly augmented by the influence of Christian principle and motive. Her relish for the beautiful extended itself to composition: she had a nice taste for the fine arts; and while she formed a just estimate of poetical merit, her highest delight was to find this talent applied to Christian purposes,—and above all, to dwell on the inimitable beauties of the Sacred Writings.

2. This quality produced in all probability, or at least was essentially connected with that *elevation of thought* for which Mrs. Newnham was remarkable. Her's was no every day character—no common place mind;—*nature* had done much for her; *religion* had done more;—and both combined formed a character seldom to be paralleled. Perhaps the sublime is so nearly allied to beauty, as not easily to be separated; and yet it is not every lover of natural scenery, who possesses a mind sufficiently expanded, to

comprehend the sublimity of thought. There are those, upon whom, without understanding the principles of a work of art, a fine painting produces a generally pleasing impression, though they cannot enter into a scientific explanation of the grounds of their pleasure; and there are others whose pleasure arising from a similar contemplation, is notwithstanding, derived from the sublimity of conception; the justness and accuracy and keeping of its action; the variety and delicacy of emotion which it occasions; the vigour, and passion, and energy, and grouping of the characters; their expressive countenances all harmonizing to one grand effect; the chasteness and vividness of the colouring; the influence of light and shade, and many other circumstances involved in the just exercise of imagination. Yet surely none can doubt that the pleasure of the latter, although both have derived their gratification from the same source, will be more refined, of a deeper tone of feeling, and of a higher value, than the general and generalising emotions of the former. So it was with the subject of this Memoir; all her conceptions were attended with an elevation of thought, which carried her out of herself, and out of the beaten track, to hold communion with those master spirits of whom the world was not worthy, and to hold converse with her God. Yet she could condescend to think and speak as a child; and in all her intercourse with children, particularly with the children of the poor, whose minds were not moulded for a high

stretch of intellectual agency, she would bring down her own views to theirs, so that she not only succeeded in engaging their attention, but she interested their understandings likewise, and secured their affections to the course of her instructions. And to those who were more immediately about her, and whom she judged capable of wider daring, she was constantly endeavouring to raise the tone of their intellectual and spiritual manifestations,—to elevate their modes and habits of thought,—always proceeding upon the principle that to whom much had been given, of them would much be required;—always keeping before them the responsibilities attached to situation, and that the glory of God was enhanced by the highest reach of the faculties, and by their application to the highest pursuits, more especially when leading to immortality, and to those pleasures which are at the right hand of him who sitteth on the throne for ever and ever.

3. We notice the prevalence of strong *maternal feelings.*

It was in the bosom of her family, that Mrs. Newnham's virtues luxuriated, and were concentrated; to their present and eternal happiness, she was most feelingly alive; her correspondence will show, to a certain extent, the operation of these principles—but it is only the faintest shadow of resemblance to that active affection, which did not betray itself in an empty show of kindness, but in constantly seeking to do

them good—and in her uniform solicitude for their welfare. Was any one of them in any kind of difficulty or distress? Did any source of affliction rest upon them? Were they forming a hasty and harsh judgment, and acting upon it precipitately? Did they appear forgetful of the chief aim of their existence? Were they basking in the sunshine of prosperity, or suffering from the blasts of adversity? Did the world's smile rest upon them, or were they experiencing its calumnies and misrepresentations? Were they actively contending in their various stations, with the peculiar enemies and temptations which might assail them,—or were they supinely yielding under a false impression of the vanity of resistance? Did she fear that they might be too deeply occupied with literary pursuits on the one hand; or, on the other, that they would be unmindful of the mental talent confided to them? Was she fearful that success might induce forgetfulness of God, or that disappointment might create a distrust in *his* providential mercy and love? Did any cloud of dissatisfaction, any expression of uneasiness, any mark of pain, rest upon the countenance, from whatever cause arising? Was there a doubt on her heart, of their being walking in the same road to God and heaven?—In all these, and in many other instances, the strength of her affection was manifested, not in speaking peace when there was no peace, or in prophesying smooth things, but in finding an appropriate remedy, whether of warning, instruction,

reproof, or counsel;—she knew no happiness, if the contrary principle existed in any around her. Her constant aim was to be a peace-maker, and to promote the best interests of all in her little circle of home, and she was most successful in her efforts, because,

4. She had a *disinterested spirit.*

She was ever ready to sacrifice her own little comforts and conveniences to promote the happiness of others, and never hesitated for a moment to abandon her favourite schemes, if they chanced to interfere with *their views;* that is, always supposing that she did not make a sacrifice of principle. For,

5. She knew how to unite firmness with gentleness.

She was well aware that to yield to a certain extent, is to gain influence; but to lose it, as soon as it involves a compromise of truth, or consistency of thought, or feeling, or action. When once her judgment was convinced of the propriety or impropriety of a certain line of conduct, no persuasions, no consideration of feeling, no desire to gratify the wishes of her nearest friends, no motives of expediency, no question of present comfort or advantage, could induce her to change her views, or to act differently from that which her conscience directed. Yet this firmness was not allied to obstinacy; and especially if it seemed to interfere with the wishes of others, it was supported with so much gentleness, and carried through with

such undeviating sweetness of manner, that the value of determinative uprightness was acknowledged, and even loved by those whose inclinations were opposed by its exercise, and perhaps, whose favourite schemes were thwarted.

6. The influence of this firmness in thought and action, this yieldingness of the heart, yet undisturbed fixedness of purpose, and tranquillity of mind, during the various storms and calamities of life, was operative upon others in proportion as they trusted in the soundness of her judgment,—and to herself, in a ratio proportioned to the repose which she had sought and found in God; in proportion as she leaned on the Saviour, and trusted her all in his hands. This occasioned her opinion to be relied upon, and her counsel to be sought in the various trials and difficulties and intricacies of life. She had not lived so long in the world in vain; she had not in vain known its ways, and its maxims, and its mis-judgment, and its prejudices, and its follies; her ear and her eye had been open to its modes of thought and action, and she had derived, from lengthened observation, a lesson of caution not to act with needless offence, while yet she never yielded to its spirit.

This acquaintance with the human heart, and its intricacies and windings; this personal knowledge of sorrow; this actual contact with the difficulties and trials necessarily entailed by living in a sphere of active live; in fact, by living in the world, though

soaring above its decisions;—gave a value to her views, and a soundness of judgment to her conclusions which made them to be relied upon. On many trying occasions, (and what life is exempt from trial? and if it were, what a wilderness would be that heart in its dreary, selfish solitude!) the correctness of her views, though questioned at the moment, was demonstrated by events: and the influence of these trials in purifying the heart, enlarging the thoughts, and clearing away the mists of selfish inclination, constantly augmented the accuracy of her judgment, according to the multiplied occasions on which it had been exercised. It is not contended that that judgment was infallible; *freedom from error* attaches to God only; but it was as little liable to mistake and error as human infirmity would permit; and perhaps its chief excellence consisted in the immutability of the principles upon which it was founded—the principles of essential truth; a lower standard she never chose: "to the law and to the testimony" was her constant appeal.

7. This correctness in judgment, this promptitude in decision, this firmness in action, were dependant greatly for their perfection upon the *quick penetration* with which she seized and associated the motives and springs of human action; and upon the *presence of mind*, which enabled her to turn those discoveries to good account.

Both these qualities were conspicuous in Mrs. Newnham: when others had to work out their con-

clusions with labour and difficulty, she went to them at once; she saw the various points of approximation and of contact; as well as the cause of discrepancy of opinion: in fact, to borrow a somewhat antiquated term of science, she saw the hidden workings of the principles of attraction and repulsion in action, and knew how to employ them, so as to secure an harmonious effect upon the one hand, or an opposite agency on the other. She discovered the nicer shades of character which others overlooked, and she saw their prospective influence. Hence, her knowledge of the human heart was great; and it was rendered available for her own safety, for the good of others, and for the glory of God; while her great presence of mind enabled her to apply at once the knowledge thus obtained, and to carry forward her principal objects. Doubtless these were natural qualities; but they had been heightened by time and opportunity—they had been chastened by religion, and they had been consecrated to the glory of the Giver.

8. *Warmth of social feeling*, and *constancy in friendship*, formed attributes of Mrs. Newnham's character.

These friendly manifestations were to be found in her earlier years; but it is scarcely possible to appreciate, except by those who knew her most intimately, how much they were deepened by the increasing solidity of her views, and by the diffusion throughout her whole heart, of that love which results from union

to Christ and his people. The circle in which she moved was a small one, but it was not the less perfect, or the less valuable, because all its parts could be comprehended at a glance, and because attention to one portion of that circle would not necessarily occasion forgetfulness of another. Neither did it produce that effect; for however deeply Mrs. Newnham was interested in the *welfare* or *pursuits* of any one of her friends, her interest in that one was never such, or at least was never so manifested, as to wound the feelings of another. The prejudices of affection did not blind her to the failings of her friends; for although we must make some allowance for that partiality which so naturally arises from peculiar sympathy, yet in spite of its influence she would readily detect obliquities of thought and action, and, when detected, she would endeavour to remove them. Her heart was always overflowing with human kindness; but she would not permit the indulgence of this emotion at the expense of allowing one deformity to remain, which would admit of being adjusted.

The *constancy* of her friendship was often tried during a long life, in which various circumstances had occurred to put it to a severe test. But it was unfailing: and however events may have interrupted the intercourse of united hearts, or suspended the mutual interchange of affectionate attentions; still the principle has remained; still the flow of friendly feeling from its purest sources to its best objects has

continued uninterruptedly, and will continue to flow on unseen, till its intercourse shall be restored in those pure realms, where nothing painful ever enters, and where all is happiness, and peace, and love, and joy.

In speaking of the constancy of Mrs. Newnham's friendship, it may be necessary to state, that she always made a marked distinction between *friends* and *mere acquaintance*: the former *she would not lose*; the loss of the latter she would regret, when any little narrow or selfish motive on their parts, should have occasioned their separation: but she consoled herself by the consideration that "*they were not friends.*"

9. To the last was observed a *cheerfulness of mind*, a playfulness of association, which enlivened her intercourse with her friends, and threw a beautiful lustre over the character of the Christian.

In a mind more selfish, and less benevolent, this property, which existed in early life, and which then led to sallies of wit,—of those quick and often grotesque groupings of thought and action, which excite a smile, is too often betrayed into a want of consideration for the feelings of its object, and is then apt to degenerate into satire. But she had too much native kindness to permit her wantonly to wound the feelings of any, especially of her friends; and therefore her wit was so chastened as to be innocuous; and when it was placed under the regulation of Christian feeling, it became that mild light, which gave a dis-

tinctness, and a vividness of colour to its objects, but whose beams did not scorch, and whose meridian rays could be borne, not only without shrinking from them, but even with an addition of comfort. As the shadows of evening were fast closing around her,—an evening, too, which was not without its clouds,—still the occasional gleam was visible: it was the settled habitude of the soul, and though often obscured by circumstances, was seen and hailed at every parting of the clouds, as an evidence of the presence of that sunshine of the breast, which springs from walking with God. It is lovely to see the Christian character so adorned by the *cheerfulness of its views.*

> " Religion never was designed
> To make our pleasures less."

10. The noxious weeds of *prejudice* were not suffered to grow in a heart thus warmed with benevolent feeling to man, thus devoted to Christ, and his cause.

The narrowing influence of this painful principle of man's degenerate heart, was deeply mourned over in others, and perseveringly striven against in herself; and whenever circumstances tended to awaken this feeling, she would always endeavour to invent some *good,* though *mistaken* reason, for conduct which appeared to be its offspring, but which she always hoped, arose rather from *error* of judgment,

than from that hasty and imperfect determination, which is formed upon a very partial view of the facts of the case, and which constitutes the principle in question. The withering agency of prejudice over the social affections, and thus contracting the growth and expansion of Christian love, she deeply felt, and fervently prayed, that it might not occupy her own bosom. And in her peculiar circle of influence, whether of those who thought precisely as she did, or of those who differed from her, it was her undeviating aim, to soothe irritated feeling, to bring together those who ought never to have been separated, saying, "Sirs, ye are *brethren*, why do ye wrong one to another?"

11. As Mrs. Newnham's heart was free from prejudice on the one hand, so was it full of the spirit of *charity* on the other.

This *charity* consisted in thinking well of all men, till she was compelled to think differently. It was not that purblind principle, that will not see a fault in its object, and which, in order to preserve it within the kingdom of virtue, either widens or contracts its boundary, to suit the particular kind and degree of action and passion, which may happen to become the subject of its consideration. It was not a principle, which, for the sake of maintaining what has been miscalled peace, but which is really the dead calm preceding the storm, which lifts the billows to the skies in its fury, and sweeps away

every barrier before its overwhelming force; which confounds the essential distinctions of right and wrong; and which, in the expansiveness of its liberalism, really and practically avouches the principle, that "*whatever is, is best*;"—but it was a heaven-born principle, which hoped all things; which would not believe that offence was intended, till it could no longer be denied; which ever imputed the best intentions to conduct, and which, when that conduct was manifestly wrong, still gave credit to the belief, that the motives might be pure, though the judgment were mistaken. It was a principle of regard for those who were walking in the same way with herself; of high esteem for those who were pursuing the same object by a different route, and with the employment of somewhat varying means; of pity and compassion for those who were evidently wandering from the right way; and of love to all. It was a source of the deepest anxiety to her, when this principle was wounded, and when she was compelled to see the professed followers of Christ, erecting some tiny non-essential into the test of their religion, amplifying and multiplying its powers, till the insect in the philosopher's telescopic tube, had become the enormous monster in the centre of vision, which was to destroy even the sun itself; and constituting the absence of this empty trifle, a proof of the want of interest in the chief good itself. Her spirit would weep over those who acted so much in opposition to

the spirit of Christ, and she would wonder how such a state could be produced; but there was no harsh or unchristianizing feeling towards them. She knew that mankind at large, could not see the same objects with the same instruments, and that the difficulty was increased in proportion to the distance of the object; and she was aware, that the slightest imperfection in the instrument would occasion a difference in the impression it conveyed: she, therefore, smiled at the idea of uniformity in matters of religion, except on two points; viz. first, that of making Christ the beginning and the end, the author and finisher of our faith, the only way of salvation; and secondly, that of making the existence of Christian love, a test of the entire and legitimate influence of Christian principle.

12. Mrs. Newnham was remarkable for patience and fortitude under sufferings and afflictions.

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward;" and therefore it will not be expected that the subject of the present memorial should have enjoyed an exemption from that which is the common lot of humanity; and which is in itself the highest proof of the Divine mercy and love, in weaning his children from the exclusive pursuit of earthly things, and in knocking at the door of their hearts, and saying, "My son, give me thine heart." In the hour of sorrow, she was accustomed to say, "Be still; it is

the Lord; let him do with me what seemeth good in his sight." She was easily bowed down, yet she did not distrust *his* mercy, or faithfulness; but earnestly sought, and strove, and prayed, to be able to leave all in *his* hands, and to say, and *feel from the heart*, "*Thy will be done!*" This exemplary submission of the will to God, and cheerful acquiescence in his appointments, was frequently manifested, and always brought peace to the wounded bosom: she found that Christ was indeed a "strength to the poor—a strength to the needy in his distress—a refuge from the storm—a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall." In this hiding-place did she seek, and did she find peace and quietness, when her conduct was misconstrued, her motives misrepresented, her principles questioned, and her sincerity more than doubted;—on these occasions, particularly, she exhibited such meekness and humility, so opposed to the natural tendency of the human heart, as to be found only as manifestations in the Christian bosom. She appealed to the great Searcher of hearts, desirous of being left in *his* hands, and of doing, or bearing, whatsoever should be most conducive to his glory, and to the extension of his kingdom. This last is the hardest lesson to the pride of human nature; but she had learned it in the school of Christ, and she strove to be like *him*.

13. Mrs. Newnham's character was prominently marked by a *perfect sincerity and singleness of heart.*

Her simplicity of purpose formed a remarkable contrast with the *duplicity* of the world, and with the mixed motives of those, of whom we would hope, that they had been redeemed from the love and power of sin, to serve the living God, in sincerity and in truth. In such a character, intrigue was impossible; the possibility of appearing under two different aspects to different persons, was out of the question; the assumption of any character but her own, would not be comprehended, and were *all* classed by her under *one* general term of *falsehood*, which she hated: she herself was a remarkable instance of veracity, and she abominated every approach to a lie. This gave her an openness, and ingenuousness of communication, which, had it not been allied with prudence and caution, would have exposed her to the machinations of the wicked and self-interested. Feeling also *her own truth*, she could not be disposed to believe, that *others* would deviate willingly from the real facts, and thus was exposed to the danger of becoming a dupe of the designing, and the unprincipled. Yet how amiable the failing! Well may its possession excite our admiration, because we infer that it must have originated in a mind too pure to entertain ideas of falsehood,—too much under the influence of Christian principle to admit motives and

actions of a doubtful character; or in one which had been preserved from contact with the world, and its selfishness, in all its various and extensive ramifications. This sincerity of heart, and singleness of purpose, were manifest even to those who could not appreciate the entire worth of these attributes;—and what was singular in her case, was, that these properties were admired;—and that she so well knew how to employ them, as that she did not create offence; but that, on the contrary, she often disarmed prejudice, and prepared the way for a more sustained attention to religious truth.

14. Lastly, Mrs. Newnham's theological views were deeply *practical*.

She could not comprehend wherein consisted that religion which was not so; much less could she tolerate the idea, that the glory of God is enhanced by the moral delinquencies of his child. She would mourn over the wanderings of her own heart, and she would strive to become more watchful over its manifestations, and to pray more earnestly against its influence:—but she could not realize the thought of supinely allowing, nay indulging, these impressions under the mask of faith; and with a belief, that the work of grace, in effecting her salvation, would be augmented by such allowed evil. In fact, a child of God, redeemed from the world, and sanctified to *his* service, can never undervalue the importance of working out his own salvation with fear and trembling;—

can never sneer at good works, as the fruit, and effect, and evidence of faith in Christ. Still none more deeply felt, that of herself she could do nothing, and that it was only through Christ strengthening her, that *she could* receive *him* as her Saviour; believe in *him* as her prophet; embrace *him* as her atoning sacrifice, or obey him as her king. Yet she felt, that although *all* was *of grace*, and that *faith* was the *gift of God*, she could not expect these great blessings to be communicated, except in the employment of means; and she knew, that although it was God alone who could give *the increase*, yet it was hers to labour and strive, as if the entire success depended upon her own exertions. Thus was she preserved humble at the foot of the cross of Christ; thus was she kept diligent in her path. The self-same principle occurs constantly through life: a defined, yet uncertain, and contingent boon is placed before us; we know that we have not the means of obtaining it; yet it is our duty to strive to the utmost, as if certain of success; or at least, certain, that success might depend upon our exertions. And in the present instance, we labour and toil; so run we that we may win the race; so walk we, that we may obtain the prize; so strive we, that we may receive the crown of victory, which God the righteous judge will give at the last day, to those who have laboured, and prayed, and striven, and "who have overcome."

Mrs. Newnham had a deep, abiding, and influential sense of her own sinfulness, and in humble faith and dependance upon the Holy Spirit, she came to Christ for the pardon of all her sins,—and for holiness of heart, and life, and conduct;—for that deep practical religion, which would bring into subjection to Christ, and Christian motive, every thought and intent of the heart, and would produce that obedience to his precepts, and dependance upon him, which spring from the principle of faith in his name. She was intimately acquainted with her own heart, and knew, and lamented its infirmities and failings;—she considered herself, while humbly resting in hope on the finished sacrifice of her Saviour, as a monument of divine mercy, and a miracle of divine grace:—and that she was principally called upon to show forth this grace to others, that she might live to his praise who had called her from death unto life. And since she rested on Christ as her redeemer, so she came to the Holy Spirit for sanctification and comfort. She could not entertain the idea of standing still, but ever felt, that she should be constantly growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of Christ.

A lively hope, rather than full confidence and joy, seems to have been the prevailing characteristic of Mrs. Newnham's religious character: *here*, it was her delight to dwell in Christ; to live in him; and realise his comforting, and sustaining, and reviving, and

purifying influence, rather than that state of excited feeling which produces the rapturous emotions of joy; a state greatly modified by physical influence, and one which would have been highly uncongenial with her peculiar physical temperament.

To sum up all, she was uniformly dependant upon Christ; casting all her cares and burdens and anxieties upon him, who cared for her, and desirous of living to his glory; of consecrating every faculty and talent she possessed to *him;* and of being found in *him;* not having on her own righteousness, but the righteousness which is of God, through faith unto salvation. Thus, to employ the language of one who knew her most intimately,—"Talents of a superior order, excellent judgment, sound discretion, eminent piety, active benevolence, integrity, firmness combined with extraordinary meekness and gentleness, patience and resignation, exquisite conscientiousness in the sight of God and man, self-suspicion as to corrupt or unworthy motives, deep sense of sin, humble, and (especially in later years) unwavering confidence in her Saviour, spirituality of mind, devotional and family religion, zeal in the cause of Christ; the noiseless, modest, unpretending and unconscious yet in reality constant, delightful and efficient application of all her energies to doing good, in every relation she sustained;—these and so many other excellencies shone forth in the spirit, and temper, and

conduct of your *mother*, and I may add in not a few respects, *mine*, that I know not on which most to dwell, while I may yet add, that doubtless she was, though not perfect, a Christian of a very high order, in whom the most amiable natural disposition was enriched, and adorned, by eminent gifts and graces.

" Mrs. Newnham had the rare property of giving advice, not only without inflicting a wound, but without even being perceived."

---

In the publication of the following papers and letters, something like an arrangement has been attempted, according to the earlier or later period of their being written;—but from there being no date to the greater number of documents, it has been very frequently conjectural, and doubtless oftentimes erroneous. In the impossibility of classifying these according to the order of time, the plan that has been adopted, is, to give first, some selections from papers found in the desk of the deceased, and then extracts from her correspondence. In the first class are included a few hymns; some reflections; and some occasional papers, the object of which does not appear to be precisely known.

## HYMN.

O could my drooping spirits fly
To the divine abode ;
O could my heart be always nigh.
And feel the love of God !

With rapture pure, without a cloud
On him, to intervene ;
When shall I sing his praises loud,
And nothing change the scene ?

But O my soul, in love rejoice,
The love of Christ so free,
And praise on earth, the pardoning voice
That spoke so sweet to thee ?

May I with hope, await the day
When Christ shall call me home ;
And pray, while on this earth I stay,
My thoughts may never roam ?

O thou, the sinner's only friend,
Preserve me near thy side ;
Thy Holy Spirit daily send,
My wandering steps to guide.

Keep me, for I can never stand
A moment, without thee,
In every danger be at hand,
And whisper peace to me.

Thou God of peace, thou God of love,
Thou God of truth and power;
Teach me, in what thy holy will,
And how to love it more.

---

## HYMN.

I long to say my God is *mine*,
I long to be acknowledged thine;
O if my soul, till this sad hour
Has never felt the Saviour's power;

Has never felt his pardoning love;
Has never felt its guilt remove;
Descend, celestial dove, descend,
And show me now, the sinner's friend.

Show me the love, with which he warms
The heart, which doubts and fears alarm;
Show me the power, by which he saves
The soul, which his compassion craves.

How shall I cast my troubled soul
On him, who makes the wounded whole?
Speak with thy voice, almighty power;
Speak the glad word in this lone hour.

Then will my leaping heart rejoice,
When I can hear thy pard'ning voice;
Then will it delight to prove
How much forgiveness kindles love.

## THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

Jesus, immutably the same,
Thou true and living vine,
Around thy all supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish and bear fruit,
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

Nothing can I do without thee,
My strength is wholly thine;
Withered, and barren should I be,
If severed from the vine.

Upon my leaf, when parched with heat,
Refreshing dews shall drop;
The plant which thy right hand hath set,
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

Each moment watered by thy care,
And fenced with power divine,
Fruit to eternal life shall bear,
This feeblest branch of thine.

## HYMN.

O for a proper estimate of care,
To think of sorrows as they really are ;
To view them as the rod of tenderest love,
More kind than fathers use their sons to prove.
From Him who knows the stubbornness of sin,
E'en though not cherished, still it lurks within,
In unbelief, in murmuring and pride,
And blind self-will, that overflowing tide,
Which dares to dictate to the God of love,
Who sees our strong resisting wishes move.
And does his tender pity yet remain ?
And is his loving-kindness still the same ?
And does he yet display his mercy mild,
Forgiving every day, his wayward child ?
Intending to subdue the stubborn will,
And every root of bitterness to kill ?
O may I bless him for his sovereign rule,
And bow submissive in his humbling school.
Thankful for every lesson he has taught,
Cry, " Peace, be still," to every rebel thought;
It is the Lord, do with me as he will,
His tender mercies are around me still.
When tribulation its abode takes up,
May patience dwell, and meekness, faith, and hope ;
And when my dross and tin are purged away,
May I rejoice in an eternal day !

## HYMN.

With humble and with grateful heart
Teach me to thank thee, and adore
Thy power, which can such grace impart
As makes the sinner sin no more.

Have I not often cried to thee?
Have I not said, the power is thine?
Turn him, dear Lord, and let him see,
Thy love and mercy all divine.

Banish despair, and say 'Rejoice,
I will the penitent forgive;
Leave all thy sins, and hear the voice
Which bids thee to repent and live.'

Preserve him Lord! us both preserve,
And teach us how to prize thy grace;
Make us thy children dear, to serve,
And trust, and love thee all our days.

Give us the peace of being thine,
And bid our hearts in thee delight;
May thy bright sun within us shine,
And keep us holy in thy sight.

So shall we both together live
In prospect of the bless'd reward,
Till we at length in heaven arrive,
To dwell for ever with the Lord.

## HYMN.

"He that believeth on the Son of God, hath the witness in himself."—1 John v.

Grant me this witness, heavenly power,
From all delusion set me free,
Have I not known thee till this hour?
Deign in this hour to visit me.

Was I mistaken when I thought
I had the seal that I was thine?
With joy and hope my God I sought,
O tell me, that thou yet art mine.

Show me the wide extent of love
With which thy pitying heart is filled;
Look from thy mercy-seat above,
And tell me, I am still thy child.

Banish me not, my gracious God,
But all my doubts and fears forgive;
Didst thou not use thy chast'ning rod,
That I might learn to trust and live?

May faith and love possess my heart,
Obedience, holiness, and peace,
Thy Spirit, O my God impart,
And bid my sinful murmurs cease.

## REFLECTIONS.

### I.

"O wretched man that I am; who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord," &c. &c.

The apostle, when he wrote this chapter, seems to have had in view the tumultuous actings of the mind of a real Christian; and the painful conflict described with so great a weight of expression, is truly descriptive of that which is sometimes experienced by him with so much bitterness. The Scriptures do not conceal the sins of believers; they are made known to us, as examples that we may be warned; and as proofs of the rich mercy of God, who has succoured his people in times of the greatest danger, and received them graciously, though they had rebelled against him.

It is impossible to be too strict in self-examination, that we be not led into a fatal mistake. The light of nature may occasion a great contention about his sins, in the mind of one who hears the gospel; yet he loves them, and is not willing to part with them; but the special grace of God gives a clearer light—a knowledge of his holiness—a hatred of sin as offensive to *his* nature—and a willingness, and desire to part with

it, however interwoven with the strongest affections of nature. Yet, notwithstanding this struggle, sin exists in our members, and wars against our minds; it is a burden day by day; it rises in our thoughts, intrudes into our public duties, and is urgent for admission to our retirements: if it gains the consent of the will, it becomes more clamourous, and if any acts of sin are unhappily produced, the fetters of the mind are made strong; and memory, though often treacherous in recording spiritual blessings, is frequently too fruitful *here* in bringing to mind words and actions, and opportunities of sinning long since past, and producing some returning sense of the allurements which had been found most captivating, and which oblige him to cry aloud for deliverance; he cannot rest without it, and when obtained it is a subject of praise. The power of God is sufficient to preserve from temptation, if *he* thought fit to exert it for that purpose; but he is glorified by the trial of the faith of *his* people, and they are taught many useful lessons respecting their own corruption and weakness, and are kept humbly dependant on the strength offered to them for the purpose of subduing their enemies. It is their cross if they bear it in the strength of the Lord, and they shall at last rejoice in being more than conquerors.

## II.

"I know in whom I have believed, &c."

The believer entrusts his salvation and glory with the Redeemer; he trusts *him* for divine instruction, forgiveness of sin, &c. Sin has defaced the image of God in *his* creature man, blinded the mind, and perverted its faculties. The believer trusts in, and commits himself to Christ, that he may not draw back unto perdition: he knows that his Saviour is worthy of unwavering confidence; his person, his power, his love, his merits, assure him of it; the testimony to his ability and willingness to save his people runs through the whole of the sacred volume: and the Holy Spirit is the author of an experimental acquaintance with him, in the believer's heart.

## III.

It is not in the power of nature to subdue *one* sin; the act of sin may be controlled, but the principle remains in full strength, though the garb of decency may be thrown around it, until, by the power of the Spirit of God, the knowledge and love of Christ take possession of the heart; and then sin is feared and hated; there is no room for it to dwell in its old habitation, because the heart has admitted a

guest which eclipses every idol, and who fills the mind with *his* own fulness: so that being taken up with the chief good, every faculty is busily employed in active search after fuller discoveries of *his glory;* till, by frequent gaze on the object of love, whose perfections first dawn upon the mind; then expand over the affections; and finally assimilate the conduct; the redeemed sinner is at length matured for the inheritance of the saints in light.

## IV.

It is not *faith*, but the object of *faith*, which saves us; it is not our prayers, but the gracious acceptance of them, that can satisfy us; it is not that God is accessible, but that we gain access to him, that sanctifies us; it is not the promise of the Spirit, but *his holy* influence, that can dispel our darkness, make a hard heart soft, a corrupt nature pure, a dead sinner alive; or that can bring an acquittal to a condemned criminal, a discharge to a debtor owing ten hundred thousand thousand pence, or peace to the guilty conscience. The heart which struggles for freedom can obtain it only by right means: "they that run in a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize: so run, that ye may obtain." How is it to obey this injunction? It is to search the Word of God, with constant, earnest inquiry after the hidden treasures it contains, with a mind deeply humbled with a sense of its

own ignorance, sinfulness, blindness, weakness, hardness of heart, and proneness to error; always placing an implicit dependance upon the teaching of the Holy Spirit, with fervent prayer for *his* instruction.

## V.

Reflections after a sermon from "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ, &c."

Much striving to please God by the observance of his laws; much watchfulness over our conduct, thoughts, and dispositions, may be used without a holy nature:—such service is not what God requires, or can be satisfied with; it is selfish, mercenary, and will terminate in the curse which the law denounces on him who continueth not in all things which are written therein, (according to its spiritual and holy nature,) to do them. It belongs to God alone to change the heart, and prepare it to dwell with *himself*, and with his happy saints and angels.

If we labour for liberty in our own strength, our bands of iron will be never loosened; but "if the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all those who put their trust in him.

He is a jealous God, and requires the whole heart: every rival, every darling sin must yield to his power-

ful reign: he has provided a glorious way of peace, safety, and access to him, that his people may receive all the blessings he is ever ready to bestow: they who know his name will put their trust in him, delight themselves in God—love his holy law; and though they cannot fulfil it because of their lamented depravity, according to their desire, they rejoice in him who *has* fulfilled the law; and their unworthy services they perform only in love; the love of Christ constrains them, and they find their peace, and gracious reward in *himself*.

O for union to Christ! O for that hidden life which is with Christ in God, that when *he* who is our life shall appear, we may appear with him in glory. The renewed heart is dead to the world; it is dead to sin: it is taught what sin is, and is alive to detect it in all its intricacies and subtleties, and wherever it is met with, it is hated; and in proportion as the holy nature of God is unfolded to its view, it perceives the infinite distance of the creature from the Creator, and earnestly desires to be brought near to *him* who is *its life*.

## VI.

After a sermon from "Rend your hearts and not your garments, &c."

A most humiliating sermon, calculated to awaken the most affecting sense of abounding transgression.

I would lay open my heart for the reception of wounds, which ought to be inflicted on it; I would receive them thankfully, and let them bleed afresh: how much I owe to the intercession of Jesus; doubtless *he* has interceded for me as for the fruit-wanting fig-tree: "spare it yet another year, dig about it and dress it; if it bear fruit, well; if not, then cut it down:—may I lay these things to heart, cherish the deepest contrition, and submit the most secret recesses of my soul to the inspection of infinite wisdom and love, and beg to be made whole, that I may not be a troubler of the camp; that I may not go about under his constant eye—a creature on whom *he* is obliged to frown; but receiving from the riches of his grace, repentance unto life, may serve him in constant love, and enjoy the light of *his* countenance. O that I may love *him*, not in word only, but in deed and in truth; and love his people in purity of spirit. "See that ye love one another, out of a *pure heart* fervently."

Repentance is a change of mind, produced by faith, accompanied with godly sorrow; a sorrow which has respect to the love, authority, and holiness of *him*, against whom every sin is committed. The changed person, possessed of genuine repentance, loathes himself, loves the will of God, and is resolved, in promised strength, to burst through the opposition of contending passions to fulfil it: he will not be held by the strongest enchantment, however great its power, how-

ever captivating to the eye and mind of *sense;* and though his yielding conceptions have given Satan power, through unnumbered avenues to direct a poisoned arrow, yet he will not endure its momentary entrance, but will fly in haste to Christ, to extract the dart, and heal the wound. There is much struggling against sin without success. The common light of the gospel will show the sinner, that sin must be forsaken; and, desirous of this, he may put a constraint upon his actions and thoughts; but his nature continuing the same, he is weary of contending and being frequently overcome; it is Christ, and Christ only, who can make him more than conqueror: he must be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might,—without which, he will die in his sins, amidst all his toil and self-denial;

> "Only the gospel can reveal
> Where lies our strength to do *his will.*"

## VII.

"They shall look on him whom they have pierced."

How large the blessing to him that is ready to perish, to know that God is more glorified in the penitent sinner who believes in Jesus, than by the holy angels who never sinned:—all his perfections are concentrated in that plan of salvation; and there is joy to all who desire to exalt *his name.* Who but must be astonished at the patience of Christ, in forbearing

to strike his betrayers and murderers dead? When shall *I* partake of his meek and humble spirit? When shall the sound mind be in *me*, which was in Christ Jesus? Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission of sin: the high priest, under the law, took the blood of the sacrifice, and sprinkled the people; but Christ shed *his own blood:*

> "A sacrifice of nobler name,
> And richer blood than they!"

By the application of this healing balm, the conscience is purified, and guilt taken away; and when the sinner is made acquainted with its infinite sufficiency to procure pardon and purity, he rests in this rich display of the love of God;—he who for a long time has been afar off, is now brought nigh by the blood of the cross; he sorrows as he has never before sorrowed; with a sorrow that has respect to God;—he mourns that he has acted so base a part; that he has slighted, forgotten, grieved, and pierced him; that he has not sought him as worthy of the whole of his warmest affection;—he blames his depraved and hardened heart, that he has seen no form, nor comeliness in *him*, that he should desire *him*:—yet *he* was their Saviour. May *I* receive *him* as *my teacher, my* priest, *my* king!

The following is the substance of the pamphlet alluded to in the preceding Memoir, as having been published about the year 1799, under the title of "Important Hints," addressed to the inhabitants of Farnham.

> "The transformation of apostate man,
> From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
> Is work for him that made him."

It was occasioned by a Sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. ————, in which the doctrines of evangelical religion had been grossly misrepresented, and was intended to vindicate those doctrines, and remove from his mind the prejudices under which he appeared to labour. This *private communication* having been much handed about and canvassed, it was thought desirable to publish it, in order to put an end to misrepresentation; and, in the author's own words, to afford those to whom it was addressed, "an opportunity of reading it, and of trying its contents by the word of God."

DEAR SIR,

Under a painful conviction of the misery of those shepherds, whom the Lord describes as the objects of his vengeance, "who prophecy out of their own hearts, and follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing; who prophecy concerning Jerusalem, and see visions of peace for her where there is no peace;"— I am determined to hazard the opinion you may

form of my impertinence, in venturing to present a few plain truths for your consideration.

I suppose you allow the Bible to be the standard of all truth, and the book by which we are to be tried at the last day. Now, this book expressly declares a fundamental doctrine, the converse of which you indirectly teach; viz.—that "he who *believeth* shall be *saved*, and he who *believeth not*, shall be *damned*:"—and that "*all who believe*, are justified from all things, from which they could *not be justified* by the law of Moses:" But as it was in the by-gone days of the apostles, so now it is abundantly reported, that we say, "Let us do evil, that good may come." I am happy to say, this is an unjust accusation. "The favoured few, the enthusiasts you despise," *hold no such sentiments*; and in proof of this unequivocal disavowal, I appeal to the fact, that they are commonly accused of being "*so precise and righteous over much*," that they will not join, even in what the world calls innocent amusements. Where then is the consistency of charges so opposite in their nature and tendency?

All who are truly taught of God, know that "the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, teacheth to *deny ungodliness*, and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly." It is an awful responsibility, to become accessary to the destruction of the souls of men, by representing the belief of the gospel as a despicable, or ineffectual means of salvation. The

devils, you observe, do indeed *believe and tremble.* Well may *they tremble,* for "they are cast down to hell, and delivered into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." But *is this* the *faith* of the operation of the Spirit of God,—that "*faith,* which worketh by love, and purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world? No! All true *believers* have been taught, by the Spirit of God, that they are sinners in his sight,—that they have broken his pure and holy law, which reaches to the thoughts and intents of the heart,—and that they are under the sentence of condemnation. They have perceived also the wonderful love of God, in finding a remedy for the restoration of fallen man, by which *he* can be just, while *he* justifies the once ungodly, but now regenerate sinner, who *believes* in Christ Jesus. His sins condemn him: but the Holy Spirit, the comforter says, "*Believe* on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved! Look unto me, and be ye saved." His soul escapes as a bird from the snare of the fowler, and flies to the dear friend of friendless sinners, and there finds rest and peace. He ceases from his own works, being made willing in the day of God's mighty power, to receive the offers of mercy, "without money, and without price."

O dear sir, decry not these invaluable truths to your hearers; speak not peace to those who have never felt themselves wounded by the deadly sting of sin. O tell them, they are led captive by the devil at

his will, though they may not feel their chains: tell them they are blind; that Christ alone can open their eyes; that *he* is the great "author and finisher of salvation;" and that "without *faith, it is impossible to please him.*" What then will become of that self-righteousness, in which they are led to think themselves secure, in opposition to the express declaration of our Lord, that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags?" Nothing of our own must we presume to mix (as the ground of our acceptance) with the Saviour's finished righteousness, in which the *believer* stands complete. God has declared, that he will pass by the iniquities of his people, and remember their sins no more. To *believe* by the Spirit of the Lord, is to believe with *all our heart;* and when we do this, *that in which we believe* becomes the centre of our affections. When *Christ* is the *object of faith*, we fix our whole affiance, joy, and contentment in *him*. This is a great gift of God, which no man ever had by nature, nor ever can have, till he has received a new and spiritual life. The Lord and Saviour will have all the glory of his own work: his own arm brought salvation; it is full, it is free, it is accepted. If the sacrifice of Christ were not a sufficient atonement for the sins of his *believing* people, how could the thief upon the cross have been saved, whose *good works* could never have recommended him to the favour of God? How dangerous, how destruc-

tive then, to speak lightly of *that belief, that faith, that best gift of God,* which is so very valuable; for "by grace are ye saved, *through faith,* and that not of yourselves—it is the gift of God."

If God has bestowed upon us this precious gift, shall we not love him with all our hearts, and extol its excellency, by obedience and good works? Shall we not love Christ, so as to hate sin, and pray and strive after its destruction in our hearts, if *he* has done such great things for us? "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed!" If there be any thing visionary or enthusiastic in these things, then is the word of God visionary; and the Bible has become the source of enthusiasm.

Though my intention is not to advocate the cause of the poor despised followers of Jesus in Farnham, I will just ask you, if you *know* that they allow themselves in habits of sin? If the conduct of the *unbelieving multitude* be not *more exemplary* than the conduct of these *enthusiasts,* where can *they fix* their hopes of salvation?—Drunkenness, lying, swearing, &c. are the elements they love: can these works save them? Will the Lord Jesus Christ save them, if they renounce not *all,* even their best works, as the *ground* of their acceptance with him, and fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the gospel?

May we pray, dear sir, to be taught of that spirit, who will take of the things of Christ, and reveal

them to us, lest we be turned into hell, with all the people that forget God!

I am one of those despised persons, whom the unbelieving part of the world distinguishes by the name of

METHODIST.

---

The following papers have been selected from the writings left in Mrs. Newnham's desk: the precise object of many of them is not known to her friends; but they will all show the lively interest she took in the *real welfare* of others:—

As times of trial, should be times for reflection; and when enemies open their mouths, it is necessary, that the righteous should consider their ways; I have been revolving in my mind, in what manner the present disagreeable circumstances may be made profitable to you. Ceasing to dwell on the spirit and conduct of others, I would strongly recommend to you, the strictest caution in your intercourse with the world: you see "how great a matter a little fire kindleth;" and it is next to an impossibility, to be in the society of the irreligious, without suffering loss.

As spirituality of mind is increased and nourished by intercourse with God, so a careless and worldly disposition is fostered by the society of men of corrupt minds: "from such turn away." I cannot

help fearing that you are too apt to loiter, and suffer yourself to be detained in such company, without absolute necessity; by which means, their manners becoming in some measure familiarized to you, they cease to excite quick, instantaneous disgust, of which feeling, a clean heart is so susceptible, on the smallest *appearance of evil.*

No doubt you will believe, that I write to you as a real friend, and therefore it is not necessary to assure you that I am such, though I feel myself painfully unqualified for the office of a monitor; and I will therefore endeavour to point out the mote which I think exists in my brother's eye. I cannot help fearing, that your office of ——— is attended with many hurtful snares; so that outward prosperity will probably be attended with spiritual adversity,—a poverty of the most distressing kind. It leads you into company the most loathsome, which unnerves the barriers of the soul, feeds its corruptions, infringes upon its hours of public worship and private meditation, and unfits the mind for engagements so replete with advantages.

The *path* of duty is the only safe path; and he who would "war a good warfare," must be careful not to deviate from it, lest the enemy find him on forbidden ground, and prove too strong for him. I wish you seriously to consider, whether you are called to this additional employment from any necessity; or whether your lawful occupation, diligently at-

tended to, would not be sufficient to support you with credit and comfort: you are now obliged, in some measure, to neglect it, by which means it is contracted, and *your character for punctuality is called in question.* If any hint in this letter should be of the smallest use to you, it will be a source of satisfaction to your sincere friend.

---

I am glad you referred to the parable of the good Samaritan, as expressive of true love to our neighbour, in answer to my question, "Who is my neighbour?" But I would not take any pains with my young friends, if I had not a sincere desire for the enlargement of their minds; and I must give you a great deal of trouble, and cause you labour and pains, before your minds will be stored with that love of knowledge, and that relish for research, which I am anxious to promote, and which, at a future day, you will find sufficient in its influence to repay your toil.

I will add a little to the ideas contained in your answer. You observe, that people differ in their opinion respecting who is their neighbour? No doubt they do; but the Scripture, which gives the command, plainly directs us to the whole family of man for the exercise of this love; even our enemies are included: "love your enemies; ye have one Fa-

ther, love as brethren; love your neighbour as yourself:" so you see this love is unbounded in its objects, and we can be at no loss respecting the manner of its expression, for we are directed for instruction on that point to *ourselves*, "Love your neighbour as yourself;" and "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto *you*, do ye even so to them." You would take care of your own good name; you would not expose your own faults; you would regard your own comforts; you would not be easily provoked with yourself; you would do good to yourself as you had opportunity, &c.—In like manner "be pitiful, be courteous," to your neighbour.

Dwell on this command, because it is of high importance as connected with love to God; and we are told by our Lord, that "on these two commandments, hang all the law and the prophets."

---

O for an humble mind! to be meek and mute before thee,—to see and receive thy chastisements,—to kiss the rod,—to lie in the dust.

"Let each rebellious sigh,
Be silent at thy sovereign will,
And every murmur die."

May I seek the Lord only; may I grieve only at the loss of his favour, lament only his absence; be

careful only to approve myself to him, and assure my heart before him.

---

It is a very serious thing to make an open profession of faith in Christ, and devotedness to his cause: it should be done with great solemnity of spirit, with a humble, and thankful, and affectionate remembrance of him, who gave himself a sacrifice for sin. The sin which most easily besets us, must be laid aside; we must consider his character who left us an example that we should follow his steps; we must take care that the way of truth be not evil spoken of through us, and remember that the fruit and effect of religion is the only proof of our sincerity in its profession.

Early rising for reading and prayer is a good preservative from sin, and a promoter of serious, uniform conduct, and of that watchfulness which is enjoined by the Lord,—forbearing one another in love; striving to keep the narrow road; denying ourselves; being *constrained by love to obedience.*

It is easy to confess that we are sinners; but to know that we are such, is to feel sin to be exceeding sinful; to hate it in all its forms, and to bear cheerfully the reproof that our friends give, lest we should be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.

---

1. "Let us *labour*, therefore, to enter into that rest." 2. *Watch and pray*, that "ye enter not into temptation." 3. "*Strive* to enter into the kingdom." 4. "For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." 5. "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." 6. "Look unto me, and be ye saved." 7. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, *how much more* shall your heavenly Father *give his Holy Spirit* to them that *ask him*." 8. "In the world, ye shall have tribulation, but in me, ye shall have peace." 9. "Seek ye first, the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and every good thing shall be added unto you." 10. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save *sinners*." 11. "Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." 12. "Lord, help thou my unbelief."

A few passages of Scripture, for the consideration of my very old friend, praying that she may study them daily, and receive them as a guide, and guard; and be strengthened by the hope so plainly set before her.

---

A transposition of part of the second chapter of the epistle to the Ephesians, into the form of a prayer, for the use of one who fears his lost state:—

O thou who art the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, I beseech thee to quicken me who am dead in trespasses and sins, and suffer me not to continue to walk according to the course of this world; according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. Though by nature a child of wrath, forbid, that I should fulfil the desires of the flesh and of the mind; but thou, who art rich in mercy, for thy great love, wherewith thou hast loved sinners, when dead in trespasses and sins, raise me, even me, up, and make me to sit in heavenly places; create me in Christ Jesus unto good works, which thou hast ordained thy people should walk in; and suffer me not to continue without Christ, an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, a stranger from the covenants of promise, having no hope and without God in the world.

Though now afar off, O make me nigh by the blood of Christ; may he be my peace, who came and preached peace, to them who were far off as well as to them that were nigh, that I may be no longer a stranger and foreigner, but a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God; being built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; through him, may I have access by the Holy Spirit to a reconciled God and Father, which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come;

thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.

---

### TO MY FRIENDS AS A KIND OF DIRECTORY.

I do not wish to have a funeral sermon preached when I die. I feel uncomfortable at the thought of being brought into public notice: I should not like to have the imperfections of my conduct covered by a false colouring and varnish; neither should I think it proper to have them brought forward to view, lest they who expect perfection in the Christian character, should be discouraged. My opinion is, that silence is best towards one, who feels herself so defective in every action and duty of life. I could wish Christ alone to be exalted, and that a sermon should be preached from some plain passage of Scripture, that might, under his blessing, turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. Many persons who never knew the joyful sound may be there, and I wish them to be taught, that Christ crucified, is the power of God, and the wisdom of God, that they may no longer find the truths of the

gospel a stumbling block, or account them foolishness.

I have often fixed my hope on the following passage: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Should any of my dear friends think it might appear extraordinary, that nothing was said about me, they had better request the preacher to say that it was in compliance with my particular desire.

Some directions follow with regard to the ordering her funeral, which bespeak the same feeling of retiring humility.

---

The following lines were written in reply to a poetical epistle from a highly gifted relative, written on occasion of a public illumination after the battle of Trafalgar, and breathing a martial spirit.

"Is this the emblem of a nation's tears?
And this the motley garb which sorrow wears?
Mourning and mirth, and glare, and show, and noise,
A just expression of the public voice?
A softer sorrow I could wish to raise,
A higher joy! To heaven I'd render praise,
To him who gave a conquest o'er the foe,
And lent a Nelson's arm to strike the blow.

---

It is believed that the following are copies of letters actually *sent* to the individuals for whom they were intended, but from various causes, it is impossible to ascertain this positively.

DEAR SIR,

The last time, I ever saw my beloved ———, she left with me the impression of a seal, desiring me to send it to you, if she died. Trivial as the request may appear, I hold it sacred, and beg the favour of knowing, where you would wish me to direct it. It is needless, my dear Sir, to mention how valuable she was to my heart. To you, who knew her worth, I need not tell of her merits; yet I love to cherish the remembrance of her, endeared as it is by every tie of faithful friendship, and still dearer to me, in that glorious state of blessedness on which she has entered, where sorrow and mourning shall flee away. In that contemplation I seek my comfort; in the hope of rejoining her, I find my happiness.

God, when he afflicts his people, has kindly condescended to appoint means for the relief of their sorrow: he will give ear to their cry, and he does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; and has promised, that all things shall work together for good to them that love him. Is not this a Saviour worth flying to? If distresses lead us to this source of comfort, then are they blessings; on this prop we may lean, and surely find support.

Let the sudden death of my dear and ever-valued ———, teach us diligently to examine ourselves, and to pray to the great Searcher of hearts, to lead us in the paths of life: under his guidance, we shall be directed to that faith in Christ Jesus, which will lead to complete and never-ending felicity. Is not this a hope worth living for—a blessing to be sought —a happiness worthy of being enjoyed? It is a hope which is to be found only in Christ; think of it, my dear Sir, and earnestly seek it: to this hope and consolation, I commend you, and beg you to believe, &c. &c.

---

I am truly obliged to you, my dear Sir, for taking the trouble to give me so minute and satisfactory an account of the last hours of my dear friend ————; it was deeply interesting to me; indeed my mind was employed the whole day in reflecting on the sovereignty, power and love of God. Had this expression of it been withheld, it would have deprived *the happy spirit* of a few hours only of preparative blessedness, but it would have contracted the praises, which I trust, have ascended to the throne of grace, from the hearts of many who exult in the mercy vouchsafed to our dear friend, in her dying hour. It was a very gracious dispensation of our God, to have granted her the ability for leaving so glorious a

testimony to the riches of divine love; and this blessing, being apparently an immediate answer to fervent prayer, is a great encouragement to perseverance in that important duty. I fully enter into your grateful joy and satisfaction, on hearing those lips, which had been day by day accustomed to the most painful expressions of apprehension, uttering the calm sounds of peace, and settled hope. Happy spirit! translated from sorrows so poignant and so complicated, to joys so exquisite! It seems to me, that a song of praise so entirely new, must be sung with tenfold extacy. May we be stimulated to wait only upon God, for in due time *he will hear us!*

---

My dear Friend,

I am truly grieved to be informed that your spirits are so low; and I can never be acquainted with your unhappiness, or hear you complain of being miserable, without an earnest desire to lessen your sorrow. We are all miserable sinners; but that sense of disease, which leads us to seek a cure, by unwearied application, is the way to be made whole. I am anxious to make some attempt to lead you to peace and hope, and should it please God to bless it, I shall rejoice unceasingly.

You observe that nothing can be done for your relief; but I must entreat you to turn your thoughts

to the willingness and the power, which dwell in *him*, who with the utmost sincerity invites the *lost* of mankind, to ask what they will, with a promise to supply their wants; and why should not *you* receive free pardon and peace from him, who is able and willing to give them? There exists no barrier to your approaching his throne; his is no forbidding frown, but a smile of mercy—an expostulation of love, *why will ye die?* Christ suffered and died to save the chief of sinners: *you* feel your distance from him, and are troubled; then, you stand in need of help, that you may receive the hope of mercy. May you, my dear friend, be stirred up to diligent exertion, to lay hold of the hope set before you in the gospel: may every sorrowful review, and every fear, urge you forward, instead of enfeebling your expectations: may they force you to pray for deliverance; "only acknowledge your offences, and come to me for life, for I am merciful, saith the Lord. I will pour my spirit upon you. I will make myself known unto you; turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" O *refuse* not to place your confidence in him, who has paid so full a price for your ransom, and who only can deliver you from the power of Satan, that arch enemy, who knowing the enfeebling influence of fear, would keep you under its thraldom. But he must not: Christ will give thee light: the causes of hope are so many and various, that I must beg you to search them out, and ponder them in your heart, that your unbelief may vanish.

It never can be too late; for life is still given, and the offer of *to-day* is still made; "to day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." His hand is stretched out still to receive you, and his long-suffering offer to heal all your diseases is yet made in sincerity. Dismiss then those injurious fears; cherish hope in his word, and your soul shall live; and the peace of God shall dwell in your bosom richly in faith; to this happy state I hope to lead you, and I pray for a blessing on these endeavours.

---

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As the years of my life have accumulated to a number greater than the space commonly allowed to man, I have no reason to depend on future length of days; and as it has long been my desire to establish a hope, built upon that "faithful saying, so worthy of all acceptation," that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief, so the same desire extends to my dear and oldest friend; and I consider my seventy-fifth birthday well calculated for reflection on past life, and for looking forward into futurity, for we are hastening out of time into eternity: a severe retrospect must bring to mind many painful remembrances; thoughts and actions, which we wish had never been; omissions and commissions against our heavenly Father's will, which we wish were for ever

concealed. At this we grieve, but by grieving we shall never grow better: it is *hope* that purifies, not *despair*; and hope, the confidence of hope, is held out for our acceptance; so free, so unequivocal, so full of good-will to men, *even the rebellious*. This is great encouragement to rebels such as we are, or have been; and as the long-suffering of God still waits, let us employ to-day in seeking him; for we are told that the "mercy of God is new every-morning, and that it is of his mercy that we are not consumed." We are proofs of this continued mercy, for we are yet alive, and he is still saying, "Return unto the Lord, and he will abundantly pardon;" and he reproaches us for our inattention to his voice—"Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life."

Let us, my very dear friend, stir ourselves up to seek the Lord, while he may be found. I often think, when I awake in the morning, that if we have not yet received a full discharge, every day's respite is a day in which God bears with us, to try whether we will serve him or not; with how much gratitude, therefore, should we make use of his long forbearance, to obtain forgiveness. I know you have often thought there was no hope for you; but do not let Satan thus deceive you: you are as welcome as the chief of sinners! There can be no decree *against you* in particular! "Sinners, Jesus came to save:" he makes no objections! unbelief is the only sin that can condemn! He can give you the spirit of faith, the spirit

of prayer! O beg an interest in the effectual prayer of the Mediator: we cannot ask too importunately: repentance is *his* gift, ask and ye shall receive: he has every thing we can want, and "he giveth liberally and upbraideth not." May we both give additional diligence, even at this eleventh hour: we shall never repent of our labour to obtain the promised inheritance.

I am so sensible of my own negligences as to be often sadly burdened by them. It is many years since the bond of friendship was first woven, and during the course of half a century, though we have known much of this world's vicissitudes, we have proved that time and distance have no influence to break that bond asunder: may we, even though late in the evening of life, help each other forward towards a better country, and then our earthly trials will lessen in their comparative importance. We are "born to trouble as the sparks fly upward:" let us not set our hearts on *rest here*, for we cannot obtain it; neither let us write our sorrows on a rock; but let us sorrow most of all, that our troubles exert so fatal an influence on our tempers and feelings, while we forget our many, many blessings, so sadly as to cease to enumerate our mixture of good, and our condition as sinners, deserving, nay, even demanding, correction. We are selfish and ungrateful; we need reproof and instruction: we have left our Father's house; but he is still graciously calling on us to return, to watch, to

pray, to keep our minds in peace: this is, I know, exceedingly difficult to such natures as we carry about with us; but "good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he teach sinners in the way." O that faith may be granted to each of us, to "stablish, strengthen, settle us."

---

## LETTERS TO THE REV. ———

### I.

MY DEAR FRIEND;

I longed exceedingly to receive a letter from you, and yesterday I experienced a disappointment full of anxiety and apprehension, because I thought it the day on which I might have heard from you, and your letter did not arrive till this morning. I cannot express the emotions with which it was perused, nor dare I cast back a single glance to the fourth of June, that day of anguish—that day of irreparable loss. . . . . In the evening, urged by the desire of uniting my prayers with those of my friends, for an abundant blessing on our beloved minister, I gained fortitude sufficient to pass your house, to enter your meeting, and to see the vacant seat of him who

had filled it for so many years, with such divine fervour and affection. It was a meeting full of earnest cries to him, who is the helper of those who are without strength; and the great Shepherd of Israel, I hope, was there! Your spirit, I thought, was hovering around us: you knew the hour of prayer, and doubtless made one amongst us, at that throne of grace to which we have so frequently had access together. I cannot write all I feel to-day, without hazarding an increase of that weakness, and of all those painful sensations, which have so long preyed upon me as an undermining worm; but endeavouring to press forward, and look upward, I will strive to glance an eye, (alas! a dim one,) towards that heavenly rest, the expectation of which can only be sufficient to support the weary traveller, as he moves forward to the end of his journey.

It was exceedingly gracious in our heavenly Father to cheer you with the support of his accompanying Spirit. I doubt not the devotedness of your heart to him; you will walk closely with him, and he will be with you in all his sacred and reviving influences; you will diligently wait upon him, and he will grant you to mount up as on eagles' wings. We shall hereafter know for what reason he has permitted the strong bond of union between yourself and your charge to be torn asunder: meantime we hope to have your constant prayers; let us always live in your heart.

## II.

You were very kind, my dear friend, to send me a letter a day or two before I expected it; this attention I feel thankfully; and although I must confess, my mind was not strong enough to bear the perusal of so valuable a token of remembrance, and continued interest, without emotion—an oppressive recollection of ever-to-be-regretted loss; yet its contents were so calculated to strengthen and comfort me, that on a re-perusal, I am enabled to add, *I am* strengthened—*I am* comforted, and taught the wisdom and the love of God in all his dealings: what he would have me to be, that I desire to be: whatever means he sees necessary, those very means I wish him to employ; and that the great end of affliction, viz. purification of the heart, and devotedness of the life to him, may be accomplished in me, is my constant prayer and desire.

There is, I see, great sin in great sorrow: it is speaking in language of discontent to our gracious Lord, who offers himself as the portion of his people, under every endearing character, saying, "*There is not enough in thee.*" O I would prefer a hedge of thorns, however pointed, to a bed of roses, which would suffer me to sleep at ease, under the displeasure of the Almighty. That gracious God, who teacheth sinners, will, I trust, for his goodness sake, lead one who might

well have wearied out his grace, into peaceful paths. But still, my friend, my companion, and my helper, I must tell you that I now mourn, and weep, and pray, and sigh at past remembrances. I endeavour to wait patiently and humbly, as well as I may, until he say, be of good cheer. You will not, you must not, ever forget me in your prayers.

I very much wish you had said more of yourself in your letter; my only wish it did not satisfy, related to the state of your own mind. What can I say to you, my dear friend, so good as that which you have said to me? I am thankful you have such rich resources; and although I too well know the difficulty of attaining to that intimate acquaintance with the love of Jesus, as will cause the heart to sing for joy in seasons of adversity, yet, "say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him." "Blessed in his basket, and in his store: blessed in his going out, and blessed in his coming in."

## III.

Being assured, (though out of time,) that my dear friend will receive with kind regard, a letter from one, in whose welfare he has always taken so large an interest, I wish to employ an hour of retirement, in availing myself of that mode of communication which is allowed to the absent,—a privilege in which I have been accustomed to indulge, when any friend has

been for a *short time only*, out of the reach of more satisfactory intercourse,—and *now*, that absence bears the weight of *for ever*, on its sound, and is mingled with so many sorrowful ingredients, I trust the plaintive strain, united with submission, need not be suppressed; and I hope you will not think me murmuring, when I say, that the past event, which every day stamps with a still more forcible reality, can never be erased from my mind, or weakened in its afflictive impression; yet, to a gracious God I commit my cause, and to him I make my supplication, giving myself up to be guided and subdued by him, in whatever way he sees most fit. I feel myself unworthy of the smallest regard of any living creature; and distressingly so of *his* notice, who searcheth the heart, and is acquainted with its inmost recesses. What a blessing do I esteem it, that a sinner, like myself, is invited to confess her sins; and that the faithfulness and justice of God, are engaged in the forgiveness of them, however numerous. So desirous am I, of reaping benefit from every dispensation of his Providence, that I dread every thing which has a tendency to dissipate reflection: -*his* power is alone equal to what I require;—he openeth the ear to instruction; he restoreth the soul;—variety of scene may draw the mind from attention to itself, but has no power to cure the least of its maladies; it may for a time remove a *sense* of them, but they need to be taken away. As we find, that our old nature is condemned, and must

be crucified, *we* must join in executing this sentence, if we would aspire to the blessedness of being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. O for conformity to his holy image! My soul longs for that principle of action, by which, being constantly animated, it may serve the Lord without reserve;—and that seeking, finding, and communicating the rich treasure of heavenly love, I may be usefully and humbly engaged, as long as the great Disposer of life and death sees fit to continue my existence; and that after he has done with my poor services here, I may be admitted to join the song of everlasting triumph above. There, may I, in due time, see and know that dear friend, who has so often pointed out, and assisted me in choosing the narrow path of life: there, together, may we

> "View the Lord, whom angels view,
> (He there without a cloud appears,)
> And praise the Lord, as angels do,
> With joy, perhaps exceeding theirs."

And till that happy time arrive, may you walk with God, and have this testimony, that you please *him:* may *he* strengthen your hands, and prosper your work. I have a strong confidence, that he will grant you much of his presence, and will be graciously pleased to guide and keep you in paths of peace: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber."

## IV.

I cannot neglect any opportunity of speaking in some sort to my dearest friend, and therefore embrace with pleasure the opportunity of Mr. ———'s conveyance, (not from debt, but affection,) and taking a retired walk, communicate some of my every-day thoughts, without an apology for their little worth, well knowing how highly the smallest intercourse is esteemed, when viewed through the magnifying glass of real friendship. My mind has of late been very dull and insensible,—a disposition which I always feared would follow my pleasing calm; and often said, I dread nothing but dulness; for finding insensibility creep upon me, I even then felt the burden of fear. What a struggle, it is, my friend, to have such a heart to govern! How decidedly willing should we be, to give it up to his entire guidance, who is so perfectly acquainted with all its deceivings and intricacies; and who only can administer with effect, those powerful remedies which are calculated to disclose its sicknesses, and heal its diseases. I long for lively intercourse with the God of my mercies, day by day; and the dulness I still experience, leads me into doubt, and an examination of my sincerity, of which I trust I find a consciousness, and then sometimes think, this is *my infirmity*. I am fond of endeavouring to trace the designs of God in all his dealings with me, and find abundant reason to bless

*his holy name.* The ways of Providence afford an ample field for reflection: I have great pleasure in discoveries of his wisdom and love; upon these I ground my strong confidence; and roam among those seeming trifles, which are still producing *good,* and unfolding a hand divine. O Lord, grant me thy presence; all happiness is comprised in that one word. O grant me my heart's desire, nearness of intercourse with thee, and lead me in paths of righteousness, that thou mayest be glorified.

I have been lately reading a publication, by Dr. Gregory, of the Military Academy, Woolwich, on the Christian religion, in letters to a friend, with which I am so much pleased, that I wish you could read it:—it is highly gratifying, to find a man of science and intellect, undertake to advocate the cause of Christianity, when not immediately called upon to instruct the ignorant, by the sacred office of minister.

## V.

My heart overflows with thankfulness, my dear friend, for the compassionate and encouraging lines received yesterday. I did not know that instruction so kind was travelling towards me, when I merited only reproof.

I am troubled that my dejected mind should have diffused itself, through my letter; and I feel an additional unworthiness from having made you a partaker

of its heavy hours:—it is the office of friendship to *lighten* burdens, and I accuse myself of a breach of that kind law, in having given an increase to yours! Strange, that I should thus act, when every feeling of my heart cries, "Peace be with thee," my dear friend,—and all the rich variety of blessings, which the God of peace and consolation can bestow!—May we keep an eye fixed on heavenly objects, and after having done the will of God here, may we be admitted to join the universal acclamation, "To him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood." O we have no conception of the heavenly harmony! *Can it be,* that a rebel so far off from God and heaven, should be brought nigh to him, and to that holy, happy place, through the blood of Christ? I trust I can say, he hath inclined his ear to the voice of my supplication; he is leading me by a right way. Could I talk with you, how much should I tell of his justice and his love—his triumphant love! My sorrow was mingled with better ingredients, which only could be sweetened by the healing medicines of the great Physician. I hope you will be able to think I was in some measure prepared to taste, *faintly taste,* the joy and praise which your letter inculcates. I wish to speak cautiously:—but if I have been blessed with nearer approach to God, and greater resignation to his will, I would acknowledge it with humble gratitude. I want you to admit, that to gain a submissive mind under the loss of so valuable a friend and

pastor, required the regulation of a skilful hand; that it was a severe trial to prepare your house, not as aforetime, delightedly for your return, but for the reception of another;—and further, that to see your pulpit destitute of that well-adapted language, which I found so suited to my heart and taste, as well as to lose the congenial intercourse of united minds, which I still trace in lively recollection, on every frequented spot, was more than common pain. Say, my dear friend, is this a small conflict to one, who set a price on these privileges as high as worth can claim? But these reflections have not lost their sting; I will therefore leave them, and remembering that your kind interest is unconfined, I will endeavour to relate what I can respecting your church at large.

* * * * * * *

## VI.

The sight of a letter from you, my dear friend, sooner than I expected it, surprised me, and led me to pause before I opened it, in order to gain strength against any evil tidings it might convey; my fears were soon succeeded by the most heart-felt pleasure.

You can scarcely tell how very acceptable your *skeleton sermon* was to me. I have considered it over and over again, with much satisfaction, and have quite longed to clothe it with those nerves and sinews it received from you when preached:—this of course I am unable to accomplish, and yet I find a

substance contained in your sketch, of which some sermons in their best attire are destitute. I cannot help thinking, that the discourses from our pulpits in general, contain a slight intimation, rather than a deep investigation of truth; a striking declaration of awful facts, without any direction to him from whom salvation flows in fullest streams. I am afraid we are too apt to make allowances for coldness and indifference in religion. We need to be constantly stirred up to press forward with energy, and to give all diligence; for I am assured that the human mind, if not extremely pained by its own sloth, will easily catch at the idea of safety and contentment, under any slight attainments. I am persuaded that great injury arises to professors of the gospel, as well as to the cause of Christ, from the effects of *ignorance*. Will not spiritual light and knowledge be productive of spiritual affections? May not the reason of the general complaint of a want of love to God, be found in the absence of intimate acquaintance with him? And must not a spiritual eye, properly engaged on the great object of perfection, produce spiritual likeness, assimilation, augmenting strength, and growing love? O if I could but see you, I should tell you all the trains of association called up by your kind letter; but we are separated, and every day is inscribed with these sad words, "*Irreparable loss.*"

"O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I see thee again."

It would give me the greatest pleasure, could I really think I had been in any degree useful to that individual friend, to whom I am under obligations inexpressibly large; but I cannot help fearing you attribute to me much more than is due; and I feel a drooping of heart, in receiving unmerited praise. Can I attempt to do you any good at a distance?—Tell me how, and my mind will be employed in the attempt, with all the little strength it can muster. I should delight in being capable of such a service; but you know not how much I have to do with my wayward heart: its straying principle, its earthly tendency, its narrow views of eternal blessings, and all its painful regrets and sympathies, occasion its regulation to be a task as arduous, as the conquest of a world to the skilful warrior. You have not, I dare say, forgotten that I am *weakness* itself:—yet I believe and am sure, that if I am "coming up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the Beloved," his arm will support me, his word direct, his love subdue and cheer me. I thank him for his offered and communicated aid, often saying, "O Lord, I will praise thee!"

I comfort myself when I think of you, by hoping you are blessed with intimate communion with the friend of sinners, whom you love and serve: I pray that he may show you much of his glory, keep you ever near his side, and speak comfortably to you at all times, being your portion and exceeding joy.

## VII.

I thank you sincerely, my dear friend, for your letter. My wishes most cordially unite with yours, respecting a plan of improvement; but alas! the *good* must all be derived from one party; the utmost I can do is to avoid evil. However desirous I might be, of giving the best advice I could form, from my imperfect judgment of passing circumstances, mingling nevertheless with my ardent wish of being found useful to others, and faithful to him, whom I humbly profess to love and serve; yet I cannot mistake myself and my capabilities so entirely, as to suppose myself equal to any subject beyond that which the common dictates of a mind accustomed to unreserved communication, will offer according to its general tenour of thought and feeling, without the fatigue of extraordinary exertion. You do not know how weak I am; and my friends at home are anxious I should avoid mental excitement, having witnessed its very pernicious effects on my health. Still the desire of being in any way useful to you, or of supplying one ungratified wish, is a principle which will never leave its quiet retreat in my heart, though, like some others, it must fail of accomplishing its object, not from the absence of inclination, but of ability. Pride, vanity, and an undeclining earnest wish for usefulness, would forbid this acknowledgment;—but honesty has a claim of a superior order, and must be attended to.

To receive instruction from you, is to be led towards a better country. To be shown the insufficiency of earthly good; the evil tendency of its attachments; the claims of God on the heart; the peace and safety of giving it up to his just rule and guidance; the way to derive advantage from every providential event; how to distinguish the corrections of a kind father, from the frowns of an offended sovereign; and a definition of humble obedient love, (with others I can name at a future time,) are subjects on which it would delight me to have your pen employed. I exceedingly wish that our correspondence may be carried on in the fear and the love of God, and that it may have a tendency to quicken our pace, and strengthen our steps, towards that undefiled inheritance, which fadeth not away.

If you were near enough to hear my voice, I should certainly scold you for the airy castle, you have allowed your imagination to raise in your last. I cannot suffer you to sport with our sorrows; but if you can, pray tell me now, whence these first-rate *southern gales* are blowing, that we may endeavour to catch, at least, a passing breeze. I say nothing of the strengthening and refreshing properties of the south-wind, to the weary way-worn traveller; but I would humbly wait for that heavenly influence, which breathes on the plants of the Lord's right-hand planting; and which produces "love, joy, peace, and confidence." I strive to look beyond the instruments, and to hear

"what God the Lord will say." Indeed, what but pride, what but a false view of oneself, and a most incorrect estimate of our own importance, can raise a murmur, or a doubt, against any of the dispensations of Providence!! "Behold I am vile; behold I am a sinner; I have forfeited all title to thy favour, and deserve to be cast out of thy sight, never more being suffered to entreat for mercy:"—this sentiment, properly and deeply felt, places me in a situation to receive with gratitude, and to resign with meekness:—but my blessings are more than I can number; I will therefore call upon my soul, and all that is within me, to bless his holy name, and to forget not all his benefits.

## VIII.

It is with peculiar thankfulness and pleasure, that I once more address a few lines to my dear friend, towards whom so long and painful a silence has been enjoined. My family were all of opinion, that any undertaking which would interest me deeply, should be avoided. I yielded to the necessity which my own weakness (so sensibly experienced) confirmed. My ——'s anxious tenderness caused her to exercise a larger and longer care, than *I* thought of real importance; yet I relinquished my own wish, that I might not wound an affectionate and dear child, whose health and happiness were so evidently connected

with my recovery, by engaging in an employment which filled her with apprehensions.

My illness was of a very alarming nature, exactly calculated to awaken every faculty of my long oppressed soul: surely the care of a heavenly Father was visible to me at this instructive season. I had no other impression than that of immediate death, and thought the cry at midnight was "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." My heart appeared to contract every moment with intense violence; and why, O why, did it expand again, but that it was the Lord's will I should continue a little longer here to serve his cause, to improve his providences, and to bless him for his faithful care. My mind was brought into a state of peaceful and affectionate passiveness, beyond what I had ever before experienced.

My heart has long been exercised beyond its powers, and this violently increased action has left a great weakness still. I was scarcely allowed to speak for many weeks, and am still obliged to observe a very guarded use of speech, action, or interesting thought: but I trust a continuation of peace will strengthen it, at least to rejoice, with those who do rejoice.

I cannot fail affectionately to partake in the great goodness of God to you, my dear, ever valued friend: that *he* should make you so abundantly useful, and employ you so extensively in so great a cause, is to me a never-failing source of consolation. May it

also prove the means of a large increase of joy and peace, in that glorious world, where I have some good hope, through the astonishing mercy, and forbearance, and long-suffering of our gracious God, of meeting my faithful friend, never to part again.

## IX.

I had been daily wishing to hear from you, my dear friend, for some time, but amongst all the thoughts which arose in my mind respecting your silence, the fear of negligence had never gained admission. I knew how to appreciate your variety of important engagements, and could have satisfied myself very well, but for the apprehension of indisposition, which would frequently force itself upon my mind;—and notwithstanding the opposition I attempted to make against so painful an intruder, I had experienced much anxiety on your account. I am truly concerned to find by your letter, received on Saturday, that my fears and anxieties were well founded. We all feel when our dear friend feels; and as we have rejoiced in all the good that our God has done by him, so we must claim the privilege of weeping, and of indulging sympathetic woe, when the smallest cloud arises to chequer the scene. We hope, nevertheless, that it will soon blow over, and make way for a brighter sun; for we do indeed, from our very hearts

believe, that a servant so highly favoured, will be long employed in his Master's service.

We have been taught, my dear friend, in some measure, the fleeting nature and insufficiency of earthly good; and yet (so slow of heart are we to believe) it is a lesson often to be repeated, that this is not our rest; and every such lesson is, I think, designed by our gracious instructor, to increase our daily dependance upon him, and lead us to drink so deeply of that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God, that we may be satisfied with its pure springs, and hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for any treasure but that which has a heavenly origin; and that we may, as obedient children, love and delight in our Father's will, whether it may cross our views or favour them, being assured of the perfect wisdom of his government. Alas! I grieve, and am ashamed to say, how far I fall below this pleasing eminence; yet may I be taught to aspire till my mourning be turned into joy and praise!

## X.

To converse freely with my dear friend, was always considered by me as an indulgence, and a source of great delight and advantage; and now that the valued walk is no longer permitted, I have recourse to paper with thankfulness, as the only means of free communication, though it be but a faint and tardy

substitute for the quick and lively interchange of thought afforded by colloquial intercourse.

When I wrote last, I was afraid to mention the fourth of June, although full in my view, because of the poignant distress excited by its recollections. I dared not to retrace its variety of bitterness, nor the weary months which carried with them a constant apprehension of the approaching hour, and almost disabled me from sustaining the most afflictive stroke I was ever called upon to bear: but "the Lord does not cast off for ever;" though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion, according to the multitude of his tender mercies. O may I thank him more for his goodness to so great a rebel. I lay my heart open to the great inspector, and intreat him to reign over it—to be its only Lord and King, and never suffer it to stray from its allegiance. I submit to his method of refining, and would, with yourself, endeavour to take a grateful retrospective glance at the last year. I am happy when I can trace the hand of the Lord; and I could not dare to refuse an acknowledgment of the unerring wisdom of him, who I trust has been your guide: though Providence appeared so unfathomably dark and mysterious, that not a ray of light beamed on my clouded eye, yet in all the subsequent circumstances I discover the traces of a divine counsellor, and grieve that I should have opposed his omniscient designs of usefulness with so much obstinacy. I charge my soul to bow before his will, to trust his

love, and to retain a lasting thankfulness to him who has, I hope, opened my ear to discipline. May *we*, my much esteemed friend, be ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever he leadeth at all times: I thank him for having made you increasingly a burning and a shining light, and that he has provided many to rejoice in your light. May we war a good warfare.

I have been much pleased lately, in reading Boston's Fourfold State, with that part in which he treats of how to be on friendly terms with death. When I supposed myself dying, I wanted only the presence of the Saviour; and now that I am alive again, I still want him to fill and animate my heart, leaving no vacancy, no lifeless or inactive portion, so that considering time as a talent once more entrusted to me, of which I shall have to give an account when the great Master calls, I may take heed to the important admonition, "*to redeem it.*"

## XI.

I am very glad, my dear friend, that our correspondence has resumed the order of time, which it promised to maintain. I was afraid you would be tired of my letters and anxieties; yet I could not suffer that which I esteemed a treasure to elude my expectation without inquiry.

I feel much obliged by the idea you have given me of your evening sermon, and trust that it conveyed

a sense of the distinguishing love of God, which drew my mind into a more fixed and determined gaze on the chief and all-satisfying good, than I had previously possessed. This undeserved favour, this costly love, invites my best affections, and ensures my rest: *here* would my heart be fixed; for this would I sing and give praise; and "blessed are they who believe, for there shall be a fulfilment of the promises." The love of God is a never-failing source of praise: the soul which has tasted this nourishing food, finds it good to live upon. How will such an one celebrate the actings of divine love towards him, in the consideration of his misery! It is said, that the Lord pitied not the angels that fell, because their nature was not to be relieved; but he pursued his delight to save sinners of mankind, until his own soul was heavy and exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. May we, my very dear friend, and all ours, enjoy a holy composure of mind, by virtue of spiritual principles, and be enabled to keep at a great distance from every thought and disposition that would obstruct communion with the Lord; and, rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing constant in prayer, may we press forward towards the possession of an everlasting inheritance.

## XII.

I have often thought of you, my dear friend, and wished to acknowledge your welcome letter, but have

been hitherto prevented by a variety of circumstances which would not yield to any regulation I could make. Many events have occurred since I last wrote in which our feelings have been much exercised, and in which you will take some interest. We have suddenly lost Mrs. ———, of whom I was very fond: she had been poorly for some weeks. I saw her frequently, and found her increasingly happy—more than ever earnest after usefulness, and forming plans which she was not permitted to execute. She retired to rest apparently better; but she awoke shortly after—complained of pain in her heart—and was a corpse in half an hour! I followed with pleasing reflection the happy spirit to its everlasting rest, and could have longed to share the sweet surprise, the wondering, enraptured gaze with which it was permitted to dwell on those astonishing discoveries which God has prepared for them that love him. O how easily did she pass from earth to heaven! How varied are the dealings of God with his people: some are removed, scarcely tasting death, while others appear to be even at the door for days and months, yet contending, lingering, dying hourly. Such has been the case with our old friend, Mr. ———, for a very great length of time—struggling with corruptions, severe sufferings, and distressing fevers, from all of which he is now delivered: he died on Friday, so easily, that he was thought to be asleep. I am most happy to relate the goodness of a faithful God to him in his greatest

extremity, in appearing to dispel every cloud: the whole of the week before his death, his confidence was firm, his prospects bright, and a hope that is now realized filled him with joy and peace which never failed him, after the rich communications with which he had been blessed. Thus, my dear friend, we see those with whom we have taken sweet counsel, removed to a better world, having fought the good fight, and kept the faith. O may we conquer till we die, and finish all the glorious war!

Your kind letter revived my drooping spirits; it was indeed extremely like my dear friend: his whole character stood before me; and I found afresh how skilled he was in cheering the faint, and leading the diseased to that balm "which is in Gilead," to the great Physician there. I need such a variety of healing medicines, that I almost forget there is a balm for every wound; and that the mercy and grace of a covenant God in Christ, simply depended upon, is sufficient for the chief of sinners.

## XIII.

I received your letter, my dear friend, on Tuesday last, with sincere pleasure, and am most willingly obedient to your request, of writing very soon. I endeavoured to place a conspicuous date on the top of my last, fearing otherwise it might escape your eye, and I had calculated on hearing from you a few days

earlier than I found my expectations realized; but I never have to wait long, (for which I thank you,) and I can always find an abundance of satisfactory reasons for delay; and the welcome which I long to give to the communications of a valued friend, loses nothing of its sincerity or warmth by being for a short time withheld.

I rejoice that you are so actively employed in a cause so great and good; and that you have such evident proof, that yours are attended with the approbation and blessing of him whom you desire to serve, whose service is perfect freedom. My heart is awed to silence by every expression of your usefulness. There is joy among the angels of God: the glorious Redeemer is giving an effectual blessing to those means you so diligently employ; and he sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied. Such usefulness gives a value to life, and I trust that your "soul doth magnify the Lord, and your spirit rejoice in God your Saviour," for he hath regarded you and the low estate of the people among whom you dwell.

These things tend greatly to heal the wounds, over which *time*, simply considered, has no power; but I am satisfied with the wise providence of him, who orders all things according to the councils of his own will, who has not suffered the righteous to be moved, and who has brought so much good out of apparent evil; yet I am now quite free from a wish that you could, consistently with the divine appointment, have

remained with us—manifested abundantly the light of sacred truth among us, and guided your affectionate and feeble sheep, through this thorny wilderness, to the everlasting rest prepared for the people of God.

## XIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your letter with sincerest pleasure; and so far from wishing to discard the kind and welcome friend in haste, I attended with great interest to the whole of his communications, and at last, complained that the speaking paper should have ceased so soon: such is my prevailing desire for a more constant interchange of thought, even for a return of those days, with which I was once so undeservedly favoured; a mixture of profit, pleasure, and pain, (of which those only who have tasted, can form a perfect idea,) remain on my mind in characters not to be erased. Had I improved those hours as diligently as I prized them highly, *two* ingredients would have formed a useful part of memory's stores; and although regret that they return no more, could never quit a residence it has possessed so long, yet pain would have been mellowed by the peace of submission, and the recollection of usefulness; but a failure in the improvement of blessings, conveys a smart more keen than their simple loss ever would yield. Since we are prone to forget God

in the reception of his favours, to enjoy *them unreservedly*, and not to glorify *him* in that enjoyment; and since we so frequently attempt to rest, when he has forbidden repose, because it is polluted; how kindly has our heavenly Father planted thorns and briars, amongst the flowers of the way, to wound the wandering feet, and recall them to the strait and narrow path which leads the pilgrim home! How cautious and humble should the erring mind become! how carefully should it walk by this rule, "Lean not to thine own understanding!" how earnestly and confidingly should it be coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved! May this, my dear friend, be our peaceful situation, and then we shall be prepared for every event of his providence.

## XV.

I often have cause to reflect on the varied circumstances of my life, which, while it has appeared, to outward observation, to glide on with even pace, has been really full of heart-aches, and heart-evils, which would form, if combined, a catalogue of sorrows sufficient to weigh down the most robust and sturdy. Much, indeed, has been encountered by me; a mind like mine has made it more painful than words can express. To whom do I owe my life and my hope, but to him who has watched over me; who has borne with me, who undertook my cause, and cor-

rected me for my profit? With what continual occasions of praise does this furnish me! Surely, "not as I will, but as thou wilt," should be my constant language! Indeed, I trust I find much happiness in being under the care of *one* so wise and kind, to order all things, for me and mine. I find increasing satisfaction in committing every event to him, not only concerning myself, but also concerning those I love, because he hears prayer for them also; and it is sweet to engage a never-failing friend on their behalf, who *knows not distance, whose eye can keep, whose arm can strengthen, whose word can teach, whose spirit can uphold,* and *whose love can refresh and console.* May you, my dear friend, ever experience the "soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy," which a Saviour's rich communications alone can give; and *he* will give most liberally to those who walk with him, who keep his statutes, seek their hiding-place from sin, and the storms of this world's trials, under the shadow of his wing, and delight themselves in doing all the good pleasure of his will.

I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. ———; I often look at the flowers I had from her garden, with an interest somewhat different from the look I give to any other flowers that blow. I sometimes think I shall perhaps have that great joy of seeing Barnard Castle, and my friends there, one day or another: but this thought always brings a tear,

which may not flow; do not, my dear friend, forget to pray that I may always possess a well grounded hope of meeting where there is no more parting for ever.

## XVI.

Not one apology, my dear friend, is necessary for your long delay in answering my last: your valuable employments are so beneficial to society; that I consider myself highly favoured in having any portion of your time allotted me, and ever feel a grateful sense of your long experienced, and much enjoyed kindness. I never review the hours of interesting interchange of thought, without regret that those hours are gone: but have they left no other trace than sorrow? no improvement—no blessing behind them? O yes! many an instructive lesson has been inhaled with the passing gale, not less salutary than the breeze of gentle spring: but I was called to relinquish what I so highly prized; with how severe pain, and with what a reluctant spirit, my own rebellious heart can alone bear testimony.

Since that time of sorrow, I have passed through scenes of distress, which, had I not previously recovered some of my lost strength, must have overwhelmed me. You, my dear friend, to whom I have been accustomed to communicate every thought as it arose in my mind, are so well acquainted with its

peculiar frame, that you cannot be at a loss to comprehend, with how minute a sympathy it has entered into the surrounding sorrows, with which it has been so intimately connected. I cannot withdraw my eye from scenes which so deeply affected my heart; day and night some trace of inexpressible astonishment, patient waiting, or disappointed hope, and dejection of spirit, is present to my view, and will not allow the big tear-drop to cease from flowing. But I am most anxious, under these circumstances of earthly depression, to find the animating voice of the love of Christ, giving power to the faint, and revealing himself as an all-satisfying portion, as a friend so full of consolation, so dear, so faithful, and so communicative of wisdom, delight, and praise, that I and they who are dearest to me, may say in the best sense, "I am full and have need of nothing; for the Lord hath replenished my sorrowful soul, and filled my hungry soul with goodness."

## XVII.

When your letter arrived it was a pleasing sight, and it was perused with affectionate interest. We are always wishing to see you, my valued friend; and my own family, with a few others, who most highly esteem you, are agreed in the conclusion, that a week's conversation with you would be worth whole

years of epistolary communication, even though these messengers could pass and repass as swiftly as the winds could convey them; but this is a "hope deferred," that "maketh the heart sick."

I wish you could think within yourself, how much *more good* might be done at Farnham, if you were to lend your helping hand and heart, than can possibly be effected without your aid; and that you would say, "I will go and assist in the good cause which increases its demands for exertion,—and my friends are few and feeble; they exert, indeed, all their energies, and spend their strength, and time, in training up their *large family* in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; I will go over and help them; I will cheer, comfort, joy, and rejoice with them." O, my dear friend, here are attentive children to nourish up to eternal life; here are Bible associations, &c.; and what a delight would it be, for you to assist in cultivating the growing scene, and to reap at the time of harvest: let us persuade you to live with us again, preach to us, pray with us, and help us.

I can but be sorry that your engagements of a secular nature are so numerous, because of the tendency of the human mind to bear the impress of that with which it is most conversant. Spiritual society and meditation has great power in forming the soul to a heavenly mould; while it is difficult to discard the recollection of perplexing earthly cares, and

to shake off the contracted load which fetters and impedes the rising mind.

I know you will forgive me for expressing a wish that your other pursuit should be limited to a narrow sphere. I know that you study metaphysics in subservience to the great end of our creation—to glorify God, and to extend your means of usefulness; yet as heavenly-mindedness is not altogether connected with such engagement, I think it should be sparingly pursued, lest it bring into a state of apathy and listlessness, those animating graces, which speed the soul towards its prepared enjoyments, and which give out their fragrance with the voice of truth, to direct poor pilgrims as they pass along the valley thick with snares; for you know, my dear friend, how much communion with God has to do with preservation in times of danger. That we may enjoy the blessedness of meeting in heaven, is a desire which often occupies me; but a distressing dulness of mind, prevents my *delighting* much in the pleasures of religion, and makes me sometimes very painfully fear, respecting myself, that "I shall faint and lose the race." I frequently have cause to cry, "Quicken me, O Lord, according to thy word." I am troubled and bowed down greatly; but I would have my soul more humbled in me, and I would wait upon him, whom I wish to serve, and whose favour I value more than fine gold. Pray for me earnestly, that I may receive more light and life.

## XVIII.

Your kind letter afforded me, as usual, my dear friend, the sincerest pleasure; and arriving on the very day I expected it, left me no room for the exercise of suspense, or of fearful imaginations, to which I feel myself increasingly prone, while my weak reasonings are not so effectual as they ought to be in dispersing these phantoms. Thus, I am sometimes the subject of pain from my very blessings, perversely extracting evil from good. Such is my heart: I could not live under a minute inspection of its perversities, if there were not revealed *one*, who can have compassion on those who are sick, and can heal all their diseases. What a word of power was that which commanded the unclean spirits, and they obeyed *him:* and what a directing, comforting, and transforming word, is contained in the sacred page for those who seek the blessings it unfolds. I grieve to think how little I have improved the light and knowledge bestowed upon me: for this reason, perhaps, I am so often cast down; but because his compassions fail not, therefore am I not destroyed. This is the way of the dealings of love unknown; he causes the trials of his providence to humble and prove his people, and all the thorns and briars of the wilderness to quicken their pace towards the promised rest, and to excite close attention to, and perfect confidence in, their guide. I often think of the great variety

of blessings which accompany a dependant mind. I cherish it with great delight, when I am so happy as to feel its peaceful influence; to commit myself, my family, and my friends, to the guardian care of one, in whose faithfulness I confide, whose wisdom cannot err, whose love cannot deny, and whose tender mercies are over all his works: this has been a favourite employment of late, and has led me into satisfactory views of the ways of his providence.

If my spirits were good, I would not let you off easily for your mistaken or perverse ideas of the light under which we live. You call it the light of the sun, but if so, the clouds and darkness which hover around it, render its rays invisible; rather would we say, the northern star is bright and clear, and we have watched the shining of that star, so that we have no hesitation in affirming its steady brilliance to be most certain, and valuable, in guiding the way-worn traveller, and irradiating his rugged and benighted path. May we and all ours, be of the number of the upright in heart; and then in the darkest seasons light will arise, by which we shall stedfastly discern the mark towards which we press, for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus.

## XIX.

The sight of a letter from Barnard Castle, (expected and longed for,) conveyed a pleasure to my

mind far superior to its common enjoyments; but its sad contents gave rise to the most sincere concern and sympathy. We have of late been so much the subjects of sudden sorrow, that we are almost in the habit of expecting some circumstance of distress; and by this time, we ought to be enabled to say, "I will not be afraid of evil tidings: my heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord:"—but we are soon moved away from our stedfastness, and we find the difficulty of saying from the heart, and without mental reservation, "*Thy will,*" *not mine,* "*be done.*" I hope we shall let our profiting under chastisement appear to those with whom we associate, and keep our proper situation as petitioners, not *directors*; delighting in a settled dependence on the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation, whose character removes "far as the east is from the west," every suspicion of want of skill, power or love, in his dealings with his people; and shall we not cordially unite with the designs of so wise a friend, who makes his own glory and the good of our souls, his peculiar care? Can we have a wish to counteract such a plan? Not a deliberate wish, I trust; but alas! how much selfishness remains unsubdued! I have continual mourning on this account. When shall I love God supremely? Do not, my dear friend, forget to pray for me.

## XX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Many fears and painful surmises had occupied me respecting your health; and it was good news indeed, to find you were restored to your usual engagements. I am fond of tracing the great intention of him who afflicts (not willingly) in every correction of his Providence; and, above all, of admiring the wisdom and the love, which thus instructs his children, draws them near to himself, and undermines the foundation of that independence which they so often assume: for "vain man would be wise,"—and his conduct too frequently says, "our lives, our health, our friends, are *all* our own." But not so:—there is *one*, who has an undoubted right to the disposal of all we have, or can enjoy:—and I suppose the great design of affliction, is to place us in our proper situation as the creatures of a day, and to bring us to confide in, and to love the kind hand, which undertakes to lead even the most feeble Christian, by the right way, to unutterable bliss. May we rejoice, and walk in perfect peace, under this unerring convoy!

## XXI.

I rejoice unfeignedly, my dear friend, in now thinking of yourself and Mrs. ———, under a thankful sense of the divine power and love, so recently dis-

played in securing you from threatened injury. I contemplate your little family all again united, and rejoicing around you; and I think of yourself as very happy in these enjoyments, though exposed to many circumstances of an opposite nature, in this world of vicissitudes; where, however, the chief good is immoveable and unchangeable; and that friend whose loving kindness is so great, is never out of the reach of the desiring mind. With such blessings promised and given, what shall we say of our evil heart of unbelief, prone to depart from the living God? What would *you* say, my dear friend, to such a heart? Yet such a heart is mine; and while sensible that it loses much by sorrowing, it is still inclined to sorrow, and to be careful about many things. My religious pleasures are short lived;—a shadow passes by, and they are gone; "unstable as water, I cannot excel:" yet a recollection of that goodness and mercy which have followed me all the days of my life, cheers the dull spirit; and I do trust that that guardian hand which has held me up in time of greatest danger, and that mercy which has forborne to consume me in times of greatest provocation, will at last conduct me safely to the haven of rest:—then, indeed, I shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away:—then I shall see him as he is, and be like him; and then the sweet delight of meeting dear friends without an intruding fear, or separating prospect, will be sublime; their intercourse will be

full of instruction; while "to him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," will be the cheering chorus of eternity. May I live in the expectation of such blessedness; and may such exalted bliss be yours, and mine, and all ours, for ever and ever. May so bright a prospect animate us when faint, and keep us still pursuing till the perfect day appear.

## XXII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I had been expecting a letter from you, with some anxiety on account of the unusual delay: the uncertain tenure by which we hold our earthly possessions, and the sudden removal of some which I have painfully witnessed, have contributed to fasten on my mind an expectation of change, in some measure favourable to the committal of myself, my family, and dear friends, with increasing confidence, and a deepening sense of peaceful safety, to that friend of infinite faithfulness, wisdom, and love, whose unwearied watchfulness has so long preserved us, and ("from seeming evil, still educing good") has taught us to desire of him, that he would undertake the entire guidance and direction of all our concerns; well assured of our own insufficiency, and liability to turn aside from the right way. While I could earnestly desire the tumults of the mind to be allayed by the

words of Christ, " peace be still," I would not lose one drop of Christian sympathy, or Christian charity— those cordials allowed to sweeten the pathway of wearied pilgrims. Were I near you, my dear friend, with how great satisfaction, should I attempt to impart something of this soothing principle in the midst of your severe trials :—but this being impossible, I partake of the blessed assurance, that the strength of your heart and your refuge is in God. Had not the Lord been on your side when the tempest roared, and the billows rose, and the winds blew, and the floods came, they would have utterly overwhelmed you : he is refining you as silver is refined ; he is spurifying you in the valley of affliction. Let us call to mind the greatness of our obligations to this skilful refiner and purifier, and engage ourselves in the cheerful retrospect of his goodness ! He has opened his liberal hand and supplied our every want ! Doth he not also pardon sin, and promise strength for the conquest of its power ? May you be enabled to look beyond distressing providences, to him who is " touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

## XXIII.

Your letter, my dear friend, has given me sincere concern, and has awakened all the sympathy of which I am capable. That I enter into all your sorrows most affectionately, you need not be told ; neither will it be any alleviation of your distress, to know that

another participates the affliction you are called to suffer; yet if that participation leads me to seek support and consolation for my friend, from *one* whose pity bears on its wing a healing balm, it may not be altogether unavailing:—*in this way*, I desire to be not only a sharer, but a helper still. A wound so deep requires a constant supply of grace to heal; and a display of love so great, of wisdom so unerring, are words so cheering, that only *he*, who speaks as never man spake, can utter. May he still the tumult of the mind, and provide a peace which the world can neither give nor take away; you have not forgotten, that "whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth, and, as a father, chasteneth his son in whom he delighteth."

We receive many a painful lesson, before we are effectually taught to yield *our will* to the will of our heavenly Father; but every branch that beareth fruit must be pruned, that it bring forth more fruit; and I know, that under the fostering care of one so skilful, the pure gold will sustain no loss. My heart longs for power to comfort you, under the severe trial of watching a dear suffering child, and witnessing the decay of her life; but feeling with regret my inability to do so, I can only mention a source of consolation which no doubt excites your gratitude; the hope that your dear little Mary is a traveller to a better country, where she will, at so early, so happy a period, join the triumphant chorus, "to him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins," &c. &c.

## XXIV.

I am truly glad, my dear friend, to find that your little Mary is better; and I am encouraged to hope for complete recovery. *How* anxiously you have watched over, and how feelingly alive you have been to the state of her soul, I can fully conceive. I can also truly appreciate your unremitting prayers and endeavours, and I trust that the prayer of faith has reached the ear of a compassionate Redeemer, and has drawn down the supplicated blessing. Do not faint by the way, my dear friend: you are tired of this vain world; you are a weary pilgrim through its thorny brakes;—so am I:—but let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not. That you are a traveller in the narrow path, I have not the smallest doubt; and although you meet with many briars in the road, and are wounded by many a thorn, yet the sun of divine favour sometimes shines upon you through the obstructing clouds, and you rise above the feelings and depressions of the painful hour, to adore the kind and infinite friend, whose hand chastens, but whose everlasting arm supports, and whose promise is most acceptable, under the severest pressure, "I will give you rest:" a crown is prepared for you; a crown of unfading glory; you earnestly long to receive it before *his* appointed time is come; but if we hope for that we see

not, then "do we with patience wait for it." Cherish hope and expectation, my dear friend, and I am sure, your Almighty guide and comforter will strengthen you to endure all his will. Forgive me for wandering so far from my place, as to be giving advice to one, from whom I always wish to receive it; and from whom I ever need it;—and yet, while asking your forgiveness, I would *aspire* to become an *example*, and I hope that you will follow me in this path, and that you will encourage me to rise above those low-thoughted cares which continually surround me, and weigh me down to this poor earth's surface.

## XXV.

Perhaps, my dear friend, you have been a little surprised at not hearing from me before; it so seldom happens that I allow a letter from you to remain so long without an acknowledgment; but circumstances peculiarly painful, have so heavily oppressed my health and spirits, that they were for some time incapable of the smallest exertion: the illness and death of my dear ———— has been the cause of this distress. His health has for a long time appeared to be declining, but his kind and patient disposition prevented him from burdening the hearts of his friends by complaining; and he so long exerted himself to appear amongst his family, that at last we all thought the approach of death very rapid:—the anxieties of

my mind respecting his soul were indescribable, as he drew nearer the eternal world; for although I had been long planning his instruction, and had seen his mind open to an acquaintance with divine truth, and had received many expressions of admiration and astonishment, at the wonderful love and sufferings of the Lord Jesus; yet I could not feel assured of his safety. I saw him with beclouded and wandering intellect; I saw him expiring; and I feared, without the rod and the staff of the Shepherd of his sheep. O how did my heart weep! how did it strive, and pray, and earnestly desire, that some good word in the hand of the Spirit, might afford relief. Under such painful circumstances, you will not wonder that my health and strength have suffered much. Yet I have to bless God for their gradual recovery, and for that measure of *hope*, which, in the midst of many fears, he graciously allows me to indulge. May I make that use of my severe trial, which will lead to my own preparedness for such an important event: so long preserved in life—the last of my family. What amazing long suffering has been manifested towards me. I turn my thoughts in thankfulness to him who has thus borne with me, and pray that I may be guided implicitly by his counsel; that building my hope upon the rock of ages, I may have nothing to do, but yield up my spirit into the hands of a faithful Redeemer.

I am sorry to find your dear little Mary is not

gaining ground; I once hoped her recovery was likely to have been effected; but now I think much is to be feared for her: I shall be happy to find that she is under the teaching of the Spirit. I have no doubt, my dear friend, that you are indeed set out on your pilgrimage to the heavenly city; and that you are encountering difficulties, and conquering enemies, under the direction, and in the strength of the pilgrim's guide: while you instruct others, you are receiving instruction; while you pray for, and with others, you pray for yourself; you get nearer to God; and with childlike confidence, you cry "my Father:"—under such protection, there is, I trust, a mixture of joy in your cup, of which you sometimes taste, and are thereby preserved from fainting.

## XXVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your last letter under an apprehension that it contained an account of the painful event I had been long expecting. Often did I trace the circumstances of distress in which you were engaged; and truly sympathize with you in all the watchful attentions, all the hopes, all the anxious fears; and the full and overflowing cup of sorrow, the real actual removal of the endeared sufferer;—just as if I had been really acquainted with all the afflictive progress of disease.

I rejoice to find there was so much mercy mingled with the chastisement, and that you can now think of your dear little Mary, as freed from every suffering, and every temptation; and uniting with those happy spirits which have already reached the desired haven, in ascribing blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, to him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. I likewise wish to consider how much good may follow this affliction to some in your own family, and many out of it; we cannot calculate the wise and kind intentions of our *heavenly Father*.

"Why those fears? behold 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep."

May your consolations abound, while your sorrows are multiplied, and while you are training up in the school of the Lord Jesus Christ, for the full enjoyment of himself in glory.

## XXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A letter from you is always received with that degree of pleasure, which a nearer approach to a long absent friend must always give to those who value his memory, and who desire a frequent acquaintance with

the thoughts of his heart, and the circumstances of his life; we take a sincere interest in every thing which respects yourself and family, and are often near you, when you do not perceive our intrusion.

We are truly sorry to hear you have been a sufferer from indisposition. I trust the sea breezes have given you a renovated share of health and strength, and that the blessing of him whose wonders in the deep you have been contemplating, has been communicated to you with all its healing powers, so that the trials you have borne, may have brought you, on this stormy surface, nearer to your expected home, and to that friend who does not willingly afflict.

We are all much interested in the memoir of your little sufferer; her sweet simplicity charmed us exceedingly; and the happiness which has succeeded to her days of mourning, is a source of thankfulness, which we rejoice in participating with you. She has entered into the rest prepared for the people of God, at an early hour;—may we, who remain, steadily keep in view that rest, till we all meet, when the last tear shall be wiped away, and the last cloud shall give way to the brightness of eternal day.

## XXVIII.

Your last letter, my dear friend, remains still unanswered, and is still remembered with that esteem and affection to which it has so just a claim. It

conveyed to my imagination an idea of weakness and depression, which gave it a peculiar interest; and I trust led me, though in a very feeble manner, to solicit for you an increase of strength, and fresh communications of joy, peace, and prosperity from that love, which will not break the bruised reed. Trust in him at all times, my dear friend, as well as pour out your heart before him, and you will find him, as aforetime, your *strong* habitation; in all your weariness, and in all your wanderings, cleave closely to him who satisfieth the weary soul, and replenishes every sorrowful soul.

You have much pleasure in those engagements which unfold the glory of a Saviour's grace to lost sinners; and it *is the highest pleasure,* to speak of him, under a sense of his pardoning love, and with a personal, though imperfect, acquaintance with the peace and purity which it conveys to the mind. Yet much infirmity prevents a return of individual gratitude to the Lord of lords, for his infinite condescension in accepting our very best labours of love;—may we be coming up out of the wilderness, leaning on the Beloved, and receiving his gracious pardon, day by day.

May we be kept humble and grateful. O, my dear friend, you would not have written all that your last letter conveys, if you had not forgotten what a hard and impenetrable heart I carry about with me; a heart which often causes me to groan and make sad

lamentation. I must ever be at the foot of the Cross: and when I hear the sweet inquiry, "Woman, why weepest thou?" I would look up and behold Jesus, my Lord and my God. I wish not to remove from that humblest place; my great want is confidence in the Saviour, and conformity to his sacred image: may I wait patiently; may my soul wait, till it is refreshed, and strengthened, and beautified.

## XXIX.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Without one expression calculated to convey to you our feelings on the perusal of your last letter, I am persuaded you will be at no loss to comprehend, from a reference to your own mind, the emotions and dispositions of ours. We would infinitely prefer your doing what your enlightened judgment decides to be the path of duty, rather than that you should be subjected to the distressing apprehension of having deviated from the directory so often consulted; and although our hearts had cherished many hopes, and had attempted to realize some of the satisfactions which the return of long absent and dear friends would afford, yet we desire to have our will subordinated to him, who leads in perfect peace. I have always been afraid of expressing half the pleasure which the *execution* of your illusive plan would have given, and which even in faint expectation gave

proof of its power to communicate, lest I might throw a stumbling-block in the way of that friend, whose path I am only anxious to free from obstructions.

We have lost our friend ———: his illness was a very painful disease of the liver. At the beginning of his complaint, he experienced a great deal of perplexed, hurried thought, arising out of his past negligences and engagements; yet in every view he could talk of himself as a sinner, he could always find in the Lord Jesus Christ a sufficiency of grace to give him a good hope of entire pardon. It was truly interesting to visit him: though his sufferings increased, yet, during his intervals of comparative ease, he gradually found his hopes brightening; and when the day of his death arrived, perfectly sensible of the approaching hour, he quitted the scene of his sufferings with great composure, and expressions of confidence; and now his faults are buried—his virtues are remembered—and every one is ready to speak some kind word in his praise.

## XXX.

My dear Friend,

If every emotion of thankfulness occasioned by your valued letter could have made itself known by expression, and could have reached your ear, you might have been wearied by the often repeated sound;

it is, therefore, well that you will only once be informed of its welcome reception. I highly prize the liberty of communicating to you my own thoughts, and still more highly prize the privilege of receiving useful and cheering communications from you; and thus an interval of three hundred miles does not keep friends asunder, or prevent the renewal of their interest in the concerns of each other. Many such soothers of the rugged path of life have been granted by him who is the supreme Good, who openeth his liberal hand, and scattereth blessings on the evil and on the good. To hold converse with such a friend is to preserve a peace of mind; for he has unbounded power to communicate a balm for every wound, and is ever saying, Come, and receive out of my fulness; come and be healed: distance is no barrier, for he is a "God nigh at hand." When I consider the invitations of the gospel, I lament that I am so little versed in their happy acceptation; and when I consider the promises, and how entirely every desire is answered by them, I have to mourn over a feebleness of mind, which damps the refreshment they were intended to convey. My memory began to search into her secret stores, after the arrival of your letter, (for therein had I treasured most of the animating passages it conveyed,) and to look again with heartfelt satisfaction on the firm foundation of a sinner's hope. I frequently recur to it, to keep me from sinking. May I cease from my own works, and enter into rest, while I

mourn bitterly over every retrospect of myself: may I rejoice that every demand of the law is fully answered, so that God can be just, and yet justify the sinner who believeth in the Lord Jesus Christ.

## XXXI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

I often reflect on the character of one who is a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, having here no continuing city; but seeking one to come; his hopes brightening as he more nearly approaches the haven of rest, and joy, and praise! How little does he regard the rugged path of life, the thorns and briers of which are blunted by the hope of surmounting every difficulty in his journey to that region where the weary cease to weep! Alas! how far am I from having attained the steady walk, the fixed aim of such an arduous uninterrupted pursuit. I frequently fear being overcome by the cares of life, against which we are warned, lest they spring up and choke the word, and we become unfruitful. And yet I aspire to the blessedness of running the race set before me, looking unto Jesus, though faint, yet pursuing—pursuing I trust the grand object, although so feebly and faintly: may I never lose sight of it, and may we all be strengthened to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life.

## XXXII.

We are much obliged, my dear friend, by your kind wishes for our happiness in our new habitation. We are aware that it is the blessing of God only that can give peace, not as the world giveth, not as worldly comforts give, but such a peace as passeth all understanding. May we gratefully use and not abuse the favours we receive, and may we be daily looking towards a better country, a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We could not rest here; the Lord does not design it as our rest, because it is polluted, and unfit for the renewed soul. O for that period, when the spirit, freed from the bondage of corruption, shall wing its way to the bosom of its friend, deliverer, and Lord, where we shall see him as he is, and be satisfied. I long to increase my treasures there, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

## XXXIII.

I sincerely rejoice in the pleasing account you give me of the success attending your ministry at Barnard Castle. It is an all-satisfying good that you bear about with you and communicate: great is its success when *he* who gave the word accompanies it with *his*

blessing; and what a high honour is put upon the servants of the Lord when they are appointed thus to glorify him. Humility is always the result of a due sense of the divine favour. Indeed, my dear friend, had it not pleased the high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, who dwelleth also in the humble and contrite heart, to accept the sacrifice, and manifest himself to you as he doth not unto the world, and to make himself a glorious name in your assembly, we might be still saying, Was that painful separation a right step? But now we are dumb; we open not our mouths. What great honour the Saviour sometimes puts on worms of the earth! "Those who honour him, he will honour;" and surely he ever proves to such favoured ones, that the excellency of the power is not of man, but of God. Is not this part of the feeling of the heavenly world? O that we may meet there,—you and all yours,—I and all mine! But is not this too much to hope? *I should not* have asked the question: nothing is too hard for him with whom we have to do; it is his grand design to save returning sinners; therefore do I hope! With these thoughts I often comfort myself; I consider the love that planned so great salvation—I think upon the love that executed it,—its firm foundation—its glorious object—the powerless condition of man to magnify the holy law—and the great honour put upon it by him who died and rose again,—and I rejoice in adoring gratitude.

## XXXIV.

I am truly sorry, my dear friend, that any indisposition should have unfitted you for active engagements; for I know that activity is your choice, and that many enjoy the benefit of your labours. How various are the methods which the wisdom of God employs to bring the minds of his people into a state of implicit dependance on his guidance, and to teach their self-will to yield to the will of their heavenly Father! A sigh escapes us; we wish that it were otherwise; but, alas! *our* judgment, understanding, memory, affections, *all* have suffered by the fall. But he forgiveth all our sins, and healeth all our infirmities; and I have no doubt that a blessing is concealed under the trial you have been enduring, which by this time is, I trust, manifest, while its painful accompaniment is removed.

I have lately felt oppressed by many sorrows: the loss of my dear friend, Mrs. ———, has not been slightly regretted by me. In her a meek and quiet spirit was proved to be of great price; she was the most cheerful, passive sufferer I ever saw, full of love to God, and confidence in him; full of affection for those friends her warm heart had cherished as worthy of regard, and from whom she ever said, she had received support and guidance in times of distress. Her death surprised me much; it appeared very sud-

den, and I felt it severely: but I recall the wish for her continuance here, and I take pleasure in the safety and delight which she now enjoys—no sin, no sorrow, no conflict. O what a blessed exchange! Joy unspeakable and full of glory, awaited the end of her pilgrimage, and she has taken possession of the promised inheritance.

## XXXV.

Every time I receive a letter from you, my dear friend, I feel thankful for the continuance of your correspondence; but this emotion is generally accompanied with an increasing wish for conversation, which proves the native tendency of my mind to deviate from the good rule, "Be content with such things as ye have." The constant exercise of this principle would prevent the warfare so often waged between judgment and conduct; and peace would be maintained through those occurrences of life, which are so prone to ruffle the disposition.

We well know that duty and happiness walk hand in hand; and such an uniform and kind friend is the former, that I wonder we should ever yield to part from her on our rugged journey. Alas! we are fallen creatures,—but may we desire to be guided in all things by him whose eye is over the righteous, and whose ear is open to their cry.

I often wish to realize, as ever present with me

everywhere, *one* whom I see not—*one* who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity—*one* who sees the inmost heart. What a preservative would be the abiding sense of the presence of so minute an observer! An eye so pure, so powerful, so gracious—never withdrawn from the righteous; who would not say, "Thou shalt guide me with thine eye?"

You remark that this life is a sea of trouble; how exactly does every feeling of my heart accord with the view you have taken of its course; but, my dear friend, it is well to consider that every billow will convey us nearer to the shores of eternity. This life is the way to "fairer worlds on high;" in it we are travellers and strangers: who ever expected to find rest, during the weary hours of his journey, and was not disappointed? Did I but feel the increase of patience and hope, I should have a happy experience of that glorying in tribulation which the apostle mentions; but were I ever to see you, I should weary you with my sorrow, that sorrow had not so wrought in me; I am often filled with trifling cares and vexations, and only feel dead and dull when relieved from them, so that I am led to fear there is no life in me.

## XXXVI.

In one word, my dear friend, I must account for my unusually long silence, by a real inability for the

smallest exertion, which I feel creeping upon me almost daily, with increasing power. *It is old age*— a guest that will be admitted, and whom I would not consider as an enemy; but quietly allowing him to commit his depredations, go on together peaceably so long as my days may be lengthened; and when the earthly house of this tabernacle shall be broken up, may I be admitted into the society of those, who are in *his* presence, at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. With how much invitation is that joy set before us: it might well be thought irresistible in its attraction to induce us to take up the cross, and to follow the Lord, whithersoever he leadeth; but alas! it is only while we are looking at things not seen and eternal, that a due estimate of insignificance is thrown over every earthly scene: the eye requires to be stedfastly fixed on the object of expectation, and where faith is weak, the evidence of things not seen is so indistinct, that the heart loses the animation of the glorious prospect, and the abiding subject of its complaint is its own *hardness, blindness, deadness.* Alas! my dear friend, these complaints are heavy and frequent with me, and as I read your letter, and considered the future meeting there alluded to, I sorrowed at my own unworthiness, and felt, on the retrospect, a fear that, after all, I might fall short of the promised rest. Yet in attempting to raise my mind to the procurer of that great salvation, and to the glory of Christ, displayed

in providing a way in which he can be just, and yet justify the sinner believing in his name, I was enabled to lift up my head with a degree of hope for which great thankfulness is due. May I consider all else of secondary consequence, but that of doing the will of my heavenly Father.

## XXXVII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your kind letter with all the pleasure which expectation realized is calculated to afford an absent friend, whose best wishes and affectionate remembrances often find their way to Barnard Castle. I should like to hear from thence, of health, and peace, and joy; but your wisest and kindest friend, "who seeth not as man seeth," has seen it good to establish your self-denial, your patience, and dutiful acquiescence in his will, by giving you the cup of affliction, and plenteousness of tears to drink. O, my friend! poor, unprofitable servant as I am, I would humbly undertake to direct you, my superior, to a sinless sufferer, "whose face was marred more than any man's, who has drunk the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out;" and whose chastisements are all connected with his loving kindness towards those whom he is drawing nearer and nearer to *himself*, the *source of all consolation*; but I feel almost out of my place in writing thus to

one who is so well furnished for the warfare, and who has placed his glorious leader at his right hand, that he may not be greatly moved.

## XXXVIII.

You requested me, my dear friend, to write soon, and I comply with pleasure; for without the kind intimation of your willingness to hear from me, the interest which I take in every thing that respects yourself and family, revived by every communication from one so evidently under the teaching of him who chasteneth whom he loveth, would result as its natural consequence in a quick return of sympathy. I feel your anxieties in witnessing the state of pain and debility under which dear Mrs. ——— is suffering. Tell her, with my kind love, that I trust the lamp will again be trimmed and shine brightly before it ultimately ceases to burn, under the guardian care of him, who numbereth our days, and directs it to the light of life; for I would not have her spirit freed so soon from its earthly tenement; for although on hope beyond the grave, she may

> "Feel the mud-walled cottage shake
> And long to see it fall;"

yet I can but desire that it may be repaired and strengthened for many years of useful life, to the perfecting of patience, and the establishment of every grace.

The uncertainty of life should be a daily consideration with creatures so dependant for every breath they draw, and whose present state of existence terminates in another of infinite importance; for man giveth up the ghost, and *where* is he? Where? May we thus answer the question: the Lord Jesus Christ died for the chief of sinners; therefore have I hope, that when these days of conflict are past, I shall yet see him as he is, and be like him; but when I consider the words which will be pronounced in the day of trial by that Judge, whose piercing eye has surveyed my inmost thoughts and actions, *I tremble.* Can he say, "Well done, good and faithful servant;" O no! my heart tells me I have been neither: what a sense then of the overflowing love of God, and of his pardoning mercy, and of the infinite value of the blood of the atoning Lamb, is necessary to keep alive a hope, that can never make ashamed. May I not loiter in the race, but be constantly seeking after the glorious inheritance of the saints in light.

## XXXIX.

I have gone so far astray from my customary method of an early acknowledgment of my dear friend's letters, that I look about me to find a reason for the too long delay; and finding no outward plea, I return fretfully for the cause, to my own weak, procrastinating mind, which desires much, and ac-

complishes so very little, that regret is the abiding consequence of reviving the past. In the present instance, I lose the pleasure of conversing with an old valued friend; perhaps I retard his reply; and at all events, am every day conscious of an unredeemed claim upon my time, which I long for a little power of exertion to remove. I will, however, at length, endeavour to express my thanks for the pleasure I received from your last. I felt instructed, warned, and urged forward under an impressive sense of the infinite importance of giving all, and every kind of diligence, to secure a hope not subject to variations or decay, but fixed upon that rock, against which the clouds may lower, and the stream may beat violently; yet it firmly and unyieldingly maintains its ground, until the glorious prospect of heavenly joy shall be complete in an everlasting participation of its fulness. I am a very feeble being; but sometimes I trust that my powers of reflection are aided by an invisible hand, and by a strengthening view of that love, which could condescend to dwell in human flesh—to open the blind eyes, and the deaf ears—to give strength to the lame, and life to the dead. The great and astonishing plan of divine wisdom in the work of redemption—its honourable, harmonious accomplishment—its safety, its holiness, and its joy unspeakable,—are subjects by which I am revived, and even lift up my head, amidst my manifold pressures. May we all be united in one covenant bond, that can-

not be broken; and, with a hope of pardoned sin, mourn that we have ever pierced the Lord.

## XL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I need not say with how much satisfaction I received a letter in your own hand-writing; it afforded evidence of your amendment, and a proof of your remembrance, both well calculated to revive the anxious mind of an old friend. But the reflections it contained on the uncertainty of life, the goodness and design of God in his fatherly corrections, and the humble self-examination necessary to the full assurance of hope, in the blessings promised to the man whom the Lord loveth and chasteneth, are of an unfading nature; for the word of the Lord endureth for ever: and I am sincerely thankful for the seasonable stimulus thus given to my dull and languid mind. My feeble faculties need invigorating; and as the countenance of a man has to his friend the sharpening property of iron, so sometimes has his letters, when absence prevents any other mode of communication. Thus your last letter in particular led me to search into many a dormant recess, which brought before my view a negligent frame of spirit quite inconsistent with the duties of a sinful, yet highly-favoured traveller, and which served to keep future animating prospects at a great and uncertain distance.

May they be continually brought nigh with grateful desire and expectation; and as the Lord has shown forth all long-suffering towards me, may he quicken me day by day, to delight myself in him, and in his paths of peace.

## XLI.

I received your letter, my dear friend, with real pleasure. It was not beyond the accustomed time; but your illness made us think *that time* longer than usual, and occasionally put a fear into our hearts that you might not be so much on the recovery as we wished. There is a union of affectionate desires, respecting our dear friends at Barnard Castle; may they receive the discipline of their heavenly Father as a corrective to increase their conformity to the image of their Lord, and to meeten them for the full enjoyment of the blessed inheritance of the saints in light.

You must have deeply regretted your inability to administer consolation to your sister in her state of suffering; but she was not without an earthly friend to render her every kind attention; and assuredly, a heavenly Friend, "who sticketh closer than a brother," was nigh her, with his supporting arm, and with a sure promise of victory. You are called to additional cares and exertions, to which I fear you are not equal, under the weight of remain-

ing weakness; but I confidently look to him, whose you are, to give you strength, equal to the day of duty and trial.

## XLII.

I thank you most sincerely, my dear friend, for your valued letter, so full of instruction, and so calculated to call home the wandering thoughts, and to incline the Spirit to search diligently after the straying heart. I have been frequently brought to self-examination, by the commendation which our Lord bestows upon his faithful followers at the last day, and have as often been greatly humbled; for where is my goodness—my faithfulness? Even to my own partial view it dies away; I cannot trace an action that has not something connected with it, that is calculated to lower me in my own esteem, and to lay me even in the dust; how, then, can the great Discerner of the thoughts of the heart, call me one of his good and faithful servants? Alas! but it is a reward of *grace; grace* reigns through righteousness—a righteousness complete in Christ; it is in this work only, that I have hope of a gracious acceptance. Yet, my dear friend, it is a most solemn thought, and I ardently long to be a follower of the meek and lowly example set before us. Could I but find one work of real faith, one labour of real love, it would relieve my often sorrowful spirit. I do not

want it as a foundation of hope; O no! but as a proof that spiritual influence has been received. Pray that I may bear fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is my helper; and may it be ripe fruit, to show that the Sun of righteousness is shining on his creation, and rendering it acceptable to the spiritual husbandman. Your letter brought to my view, an animating description of the heavenly world and its adoring inhabitants—the powers of their souls expanding *without effort:* O how unlike the feeble offerings we bring—the weariness of the body—the weakness of faith—the clog of sins, which so easily beset us, and all the countless intruders on our peace, which are more than sufficient to make poor pilgrims faint, were it not for looking to Jesus, their forerunner, who pitieth our infirmities, and in whom we come boldly to a throne of grace, for strength and grace in every time of need.

## XLIII.

My dear Friend,

I rejoice to welcome you home again. I hope the trip to the sea was refreshing to you, and to all my friends who partook of its salutary breezes, and that you will enjoy the blessing of freedom from the complaint which was so distressing last winter. Our strength is easily impaired, our abilities easily diminished, so dependent are we for the powers of en-

joyment and of usefulness; but *you* work while it is called to-day, and are prepared with submission, to rely on him who cannot err, and who never will forsake his servants, although as a wise *Father* he will refine and purify them as gold tried in the fire. Who does not wish to have the dross purged away? and yet we are prone to desire an *easy method* for the attainment of this great object. O, my dear friend, what reason have I to pray, that the eyes of my understanding may be enlightened; so that by beholding the glory of the Lord, I may be changed into the same image, and be ever willing to do the will of my heavenly Father.

## XLIV.

I have so nearly filled my letter with myself and family, that I have scarcely time or room to mention as I ought the more important parts of your last letter. I feel their value; and knowing that the counsel of God shall for ever stand, and that he will do all the good pleasure of his will, I desire to look to him for guidance in every step, and I trust that he will not suffer my feet to be moved; *he* has kept me, and given me strength equal to my day, and what shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits? is my daily inquiry. May he bless us with his loving-kindness, as we proceed on our journey to a better country; and may it appear to all that we are setting

our affections on heavenly things; so shall we become examples to our family, and immediate circle.

## XLV.

O my friend, how trifling does every event appear, however much we may have been interested by it, when we take even a glance at eternity, and view its important realities; in sickness, in sorrow, and in death, the world appears in its true colours; no pleasure does it offer then—no rest, no joy, no strength to overcome our enemies; but all its vanishing illusions leave the soul without an anchor, unless the joy of the Lord is its strength, unless it has fled for refuge to the hope of the gospel, and has there fixed its standing-place both sure and stedfast. You mention the death of that good man, Mr. ———; he, no doubt, has entered into the presence of his Lord and Master, whom he served on earth, and from whom he has doubtless received a crown of glory which will never fade; we may consider his happiness with great confidence; and such confidence will be a balm to the wounded hearts of his family.

Death is taking one and another of our acquaintance; and age is weakening the strength of others, and what is the language of these events to all? truly, is it not, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Alas! my dear friend, how many warnings, and how

soon forgotten! In my own case, I lament and grieve at the shortness, and rapid fading away of the impression made on my dull and insensible heart. Pray for me, that the love of God may be shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost, that I may not droop and die, or cleave to the dust.

## XLVI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The sudden and dreadful death of the gentleman you mention, is enough to make the stout-hearted tremble, and to draw the most unwilling mind to the importance and necessity of repentance unto life. In that day which cannot be very distant from any of us, what shall we think of those pursuits, which have most engaged our thoughts, and desires, and precious time? Alas! I grieve to consider what is stamped upon them. Could we see one page of that correct record of every idle word, should we not count all things but loss, that we might win Christ, and be found in him? Should we not lay low at the feet of him who is mighty to save, with importunate prayers for pardon? I complain of the dullness of my own mind, and I cannot stir it up to activity, and earnestness, and constancy; sometimes I am afraid that the Spirit of God does not animate it, for I cannot find an assurance of being born from above, and yet with this fear, I have no active striving after holiness; this

is a case to be lamented. Pray for me, that I may be quickened and brought nigh.

## XLVII.

Had we known, my dear friend, how long and how much your mind must have been oppressed and perplexed by roads and bridges, and the overbearing injustice of men of corrupt minds, we should have felt how severely the hidden man of the heart must have suffered from the intrusion of guests so unwelcome, and so opposed to all its bearings and tendencies—to all its spiritual desires and engagements. How great the blessing, that you have been able to trace the support and guidance of your ever present friend, through this maze of opposition, and that you have found him a prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God:—you have been hearing lessons on his faithfulness and loving-kindness, and I doubt not that others will receive the benefit of your testimony, and be encouraged to cleave to him, who alone can conquer a host of foes. Your mind must have been greatly supported, or it never could have freed itself from its difficulties, so as to have collected its power to meditate on the subjects of your ministerial labours with effect.

Your letters, my dear friend, always contain some useful advice or encouragement, or the detection of some lurking evil. In your last, there was enough to urge me forward with quickened pace, lest I faint by

the way and lose the race, which perhaps is drawing very near its close; I may well consider it as doing so at my age, and with my "often infirmities." I daily feel that I am feeble-minded; I can only rejoice in hope, by looking out of myself to one who is mighty to save; the contemplation of his perfect work can alone give me peace; and there are some parts of my life, in which I think that I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me. I am urged to diligence by your letter, and to prayer, that I may always keep in mind the near prospect of eternity.

## XLVIII.

Your last letter, my dear friend, had been expected as usual, and was received as usual, as the voice of a friend:—it instructed, and warned me to diligence, in endeavouring to retain a spirit of watchfulness:—but O how soon do I slumber and sleep! When I review the circumstances of my past life; its sins, its sicknesses, its griefs, and its mercies, I am astonished at the long forbearance of God, who has spared my life for seventy years, and has crowned it with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Behold! I am vile, is the predominant feeling, with which all my examinations conclude. I possess an ungrateful, a forgetful heart, bearing no fruit, notwithstanding the heavenly culture. I pray and strive after that habi-

tual readiness, and constant watchfulness, which will say to passing scenes: "Keep your distance, I am on a journey, and my Father's blessings by the way draw me nearer to him, and his corrections make me fear to stray from his paths."

I am sorry to hear that ——— is so afflicted; but you observe, "it is good." Blessed is the man who seeks an acquaintance with the Saviour's mind, under all the trials of life; and who, rejoicing in his wisdom, and in the sympathy of him who is "love," cleaves to him in confidence, with full purpose of heart:—the time will come when the blessed Lord will unfold all the mysteries of his providence; and then may you, and I, and all who are near and dear to us, join the everlasting chorus, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be glory and honour, blessing and praise, for ever and ever—Amen."

## XLIX.

Indeed, my dear friend, I grieve to find that many who are called Christians, sadly diminish in character by the stirring of the mud of self-love: they change from meekness to turbulence, from brotherly kindness to all uncharitableness: we know not, how much lies at the bottom of our hearts, till circumstances bring it to the light:—happy they, who know how to govern their spirit; and who, by minute inves-

tigation, discern the rebel movements, and keep them under the strong guard of the covenant of peace. We were very much interested in the account of the young man whom you visited; a circumstance exceeding all the common wonders of divine grace. "I hid myself and was wroth; and he went on frowardly in the way of his heart," &c. will apply. "I have seen his ways and will heal him:" I will restore "comfort to him, and to his mourners:" this passage I have often hoped might be applicable, and fulfilled under troubles bearing a resemblance—but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

## L.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your letter as a friend, whose visits are always welcome, but not so frequent as my wishes,—yet for whose absence I could make an excuse without doing any violence to my inclinations. The letter now before me interested me in a peculiar manner; indeed, how could one who aspires to the title of friend, forbear to sympathize with a perplexed, a harassed, and burdened pilgrim, who is withal an invalid?—But my desires have flown to sources of mitigation; and thither, doubtless, yours have long since repaired:—and the place of refuge, the secret of his tabernacle, the pavilion that hides from the strife of tongues, the taste of the brook by the way, and the

kind supporting arm of the Beloved, have kept your faith from failing, and your hope from forsaking its abode: he will not leave you comfortless; he will come to you, with the Spirit full before him; and at length having fought the good fight, you shall sing of him who has been at the head of the fierce battle, and given you the victory! O what a victory! Look, my friend, at the joy set before you, and be strong and very courageous, because there is *hope:* though the battle may be long, there will be no danger, except in relinquishing the combat. I should be truly thankful could I be the instrument of suggesting some relief in this toilsome journey: but, alas! I find myself sick and wounded, and very weary; yet with efforts after renewed strength so sadly feeble, that I fear, and am increasingly cast down.

## LI.

*March* 12, 1830.

No doubt, my dear friend, you have been giving me credit, through the winter, for a degree of patience which I do not possess; or perhaps you have been considering, that a failing memory on my part, would shelter you from the observation of nearly six months' silence. However, many excuses passed my mind; and I received your last with sincere pleasure. A welcome letter; so full of consolation to the weary traveller! Who can we find, that is not often ready

to faint by the way; and, finding fear prevail, is obliged to cry, "Lord save us, we perish?" But he is nigh at hand. I can assure you I found your letter very refreshing to me:—a word in season, how good is it; and do we not often require to be brought within sight (as it were) of a "brother born for adversity;" and of the land which excludes sin, and sorrow, and sighing, and weariness, and fear, and gives stability to hope, so that it partakes of joy and gladness yet to come? There is contained in the Scriptures, every thing to guide and strengthen us; but we do not always cling to our conductor. O little faith, how often dost thou admit an enemy, which prevents our drinking of the brook by the way, and lifting up the head with joy. I am sadly subject to great deadness of mind, and to the interruption of irritating trifles, which are every-day trials to most people,—but which I dare say, are successfully guarded against by many, whose watchfulness is more constant, and whose faith is more alive. May we be earnest in prayer for ourselves, and for every individual of our separate families, with whose necessities we are well acquainted, that not one of those so near and dear to us, may faint and lose the race; and then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song, should we each unite with the multitude which no man can number, in ascribing glory to God, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

This letter was written three days before the invasion of that fatal attack which terminated Mrs. Newnham's earthly career in about forty-eight hours. This series of letters cannot be more appropriately closed, than by a communication from the individual to whom they were addressed, to the Editor of the present Memoir, in reply to a letter from him announcing this painful event.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was much surprised at the contents of your letter announcing the decease of *your dear* mother, and *my dear* friend; an event I was so little prepared to expect, having received a letter from her only the Monday before.

To me, this sudden removal from earth to heaven, of one whom I so esteemed, and admired, and loved, could not fail of being deeply interesting.

The emotions of surprise were instantly mingled with those of grief, relieved however by thoughts of a consolatory and cheering character.

My kind, most kind, most excellent, amiable, and incomparably excellent, admired and beloved friend, is gone to heaven. Our epistolary correspondence has ended. But I feel that the link which united her soul with mine is unbroken. And persuaded of her happy state, I trust our intercourse is only suspended for a time, or rather is only varied in its character. I

speak thus, because she lives by sight; and I hope that I live by faith;—she sees him face to face, whom I hope I see through a glass darkly;—she loves and exults in him, whom I cannot say I do not love, but lament that I do not love him more:—she serves and adores and praises him, and I attempt to join with her in all these things; and though she is far above, out of my sight, there is still, I cannot but think and feel, a sympathy between her and me; a oneness of sentiment, and employment, and of pleasure, which forbids the thought of our intercourse being any thing but varied in its character, for a while,—till that delightful day come, the humble hope of which I would cherish, when those who have here lived and walked by faith, and sought and served the Lord together; and fought in the battle field together; and have prayed, and mourned, and wept, and rejoiced together; shall meet together before the face of their Lord, their Redeemer, and their God;—when he shall wipe away their tears,—lead them to fountains of living water,—and lift upon them the light of his countenance, and give them peace;—when they shall feel that there is no more curse, and no more sin, the cause of that curse, nor any tempter, or occasion of temptation; but an eternal duration of spotless holiness, and perfect felicity in fellowship with God, and with Jesus Christ, and with the holy angels, and with the spirits of the just made perfect. Then shall we have time, and opportunity, and dis-

position to remember all the way in which the Lord led us through the wilderness; and shall begin to tell with wonder and amazement and joy, of all that grace has done for us, from its rise, during its progress, and to its consummation in glory:—and then shall we look within us, and around us, backwards to purposes divine of eternal love, and forwards to everlasting ages, with a consciousness that heaven, and saints, and angels, and Christ, and God, are "ours," and ours for evermore. O, my dear friend, the thought is transporting, and enough to lift us up to the third heaven, so as to anticipate our future blissful destiny, by a taste of that fulness of joy, and of those pleasures, which are for ever at the right hand of God!!

Meanwhile, let it be our daily, hourly, incessant care, that "building up ourselves on our most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, we may keep ourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, *unto* eternal life."

Sympathising with you, and your family, in the loss you have sustained, and commending you and yours, to the special regard of a gracious and covenant God, I remain, &c. &c.

W. L. PRATTMAN.

## FAMILY LETTERS.

### 1.

My dear little ——— wishes for a letter from me; I suppose, because she expects instruction or advice, or some good thing; and indeed, such is the nature of the letter I ought to write to my dear child, who needs constant caution against bad habits, and diligence in the cultivation of good ones.

In the first place I must mention your kind sister, to whose instructions I hope you will pay strict attention; otherwise you will have to lament your time lost, never to be regained: bnt I trust you do endeavour to improve, and it is a pleasant work to her and to me, to praise you, when you do well: but you will never get forward so fast as we could wish, till you love learning, and take a great deal of pains about it: so strive, my love, to be wise and good, and think of it very often. We love you much, my dear child, and that is the reason we are anxious for your advantage.

I am sorry your cold is so bad, which I suppose is a hindrance to your studies. Poor little creature!— blow away cold, and leave —— brains clear; and

then she will make the best use she can of them; and we shall see her so attentive, and so happy, that her work will go on merrily, and a *little play* will be sweet.

2.

As this is my dear ——— twentieth birth-day, I am anxious to fix on it a peculiar mark of affection; and having endeavoured to direct her steps, and guide her mind, from the pleasing days of infancy, to the more deeply interesting period, when she is expected to bring forth fruit somewhat ripened, I wish to aid its growth, and to take away some of those boughs which may shade and injure its flavour.

A few of the valuable fruits of youth are meekness, lowliness of mind, kindness, and charity; and now, that your character is expected to wear a form more solid than in childhood, I am looking about me, to examine how far society may be benefited by the example, the principle, the judgment, the intelligence of my beloved child. O how high would I have you stand in the opinion of the wise and good! I wish not the approbation of the frivolous, the thoughtless multitude; I wish not the attention of the flatterer; let not such raise a feeling of complacency: these may foster *vanity*—but vanity is to be subdued, and in its stead are to be cultivated those amiable virtues which will secure esteem: a vain mind will be rest-

less for applause, and will readily accept it from the meanest trifler; such a disposition is at variance with the cultivation of genuine merit, and hides from view those staple qualities which will charm for ever, while the easily acquired attraction of a day will die, and yield no sweet perfume.

You, my dear child, are blessed with talents; give diligence to improve those talents, by study of character, and by discrimination between superficial ornament and solid wisdom, that you may possess a worthiness fit for friendship, for guidance, for the duties of your situation, for the benefit of all around you. Above all, I pray that you may receive the *true wisdom;* this will enrich you for time, and for eternity; this will expand the soul, and strengthen its faculties, till its beauty is complete, and its enjoyments secure in the kingdom of heaven: to this I look as the end of being, and the chief glory of existence. May you, my dear love, ever keep in view the value of the soul, and in some measure (in your ideas) separate it from the body, so that your attention may be directed to the advancement of its interests: the body appears to put in so many claims, and its claims are so readily allowed, that unless its solicitations be refused, it would engross that care and attention which are only due to a superior, an immortal principle; and it would greatly tend to diminish the culture of that ample field which will yield a harvest of golden sheaves. Alas! my child,

how weak the judgment, how blind the understanding! May we each pray for the teaching of the Spirit, that we may be able to distinguish between good and evil. The soul has many, has great claims; but its secret wants require the attentive ear of watchful, breathless anxiety for its welfare—the anxiety of absolute necessity; its silent claims must be heard; its cultivation must be attended to with diligence, under a firm persuasion, that it is a spiritual creature of vast capacities, capable of the utmost expansion; that it is, in its final destination, intended for the society of beings such as this earth does not contain, and that to sully this noble inhabitant, or to neglect its nourishment, is a sin which cannot be blotted out by sorrow.

P. S. Time has been moving onward, and has added one more year to the age of my beloved —— before her tardy mother has executed the intention, which was warm in her heart twelve months since; but she does not now think *twenty-one* a less favourable season for the reception of parental reflection than the past year, although she has to engage a mind more matured, a conduct more regulated, than at the former period. If her ideas are correct, there can be *no* time when a display of affectionate interest ceases to have the salutary influence of encouragement, strength, or guidance to the progressive judgment. I therefore fix on sending this tardy traveller, and only add my earnest desire, that you may pass through every changing scene of life in dependence

upon him, who "from seeming evil, still educes good,"—and in frequent reflection upon him, who was poor, and weary, and cruelly treated; who was prayerful in tribulation, and meek, and lowly; and who left us his example, that we might follow his steps. May we frequently consider the forbearance of God, who has never turned away from doing us good, notwithstanding our daily forfeiture of every claim on his bounty; may we look at the sad circumstance of our unworthiness, that under the crosses of life we may enjoy a patient submission, and turn with confidence to the Sovereign Lord, with an humble sense of our own helplessness. That you, my dear child, may enjoy a hope that will never make ashamed, and may be looking forwards towards a better country, with expectation and desire, is the fervent prayer of

Your affectionate Mother.

3.

My dear Children,

Considering the steps by which the most interesting of all earthly events has moved calmly on to its consummation, without even the appearance of obstacle, I trace with satisfaction the hand of him who guides with his counsel, and makes straight paths for the feet of those who desire to walk according to his will. A knowledge of this will has, I trust, been earnestly desired; and the requests of many petitioners have

been granted,—and this brings satisfying gladness to a mother's heart.

As this subject fills a large space in my mind, I will endeavour to make some of my reflections useful to those who so frequently occupy my retired thoughts. Perhaps you will not suppose, that a union of the most affectionate nature, founded on Christian principles, can require any great skill, to preserve it unimpaired to the close of life; yet, notwithstanding a commencement so favourable, and a foundation so firm, I am inclined to caution you against expecting too much; and to urge you to keep in memory, that you are fallen creatures; this will prepare you for the imperfections you will occasionally discover in each other, and will prove to you the necessity, and wisdom of cultivating mutual forbearance; the mantle of love should be ever nigh to cast its ample folds over any such discovery.

Beware of maintaining with warmth a difference of opinion: to yield is to conquer; while a small wound may retain a sense of painfulness, which will give a quickness to its sensibilities, even after it has been partially healed.

You, my dear ———, will study to make the return of your dear, daily wearied husband, a repose from his toils, a relief from his burdens, by every cheering and attentive tenderness; then home will be the resort of joy and peace; and the prevailing power of the love of God, thus governing the actions, will

strengthen by exercise, till his holy image will be more and more visibly impressed on the life.

Watchfulness and prayer united, will enable you to keep a conscience void of offence; the sorrows of life will lessen by being divided, while its pleasures will be enhanced by *participation*, and by their natural tendency to *diffusion*, till reflected joy prove its vast superiority over solitary happiness, and shall ascend in united praise to the Author of all our mercies.

Be ever the confidant (and the only confidant) to each other, without any reserve; value a union of judgment, and take counsel together: you have one interest, one God, one eternal home; pray with each other alone, and commit your ways unto the Lord, with the unwavering confidence of dear children, that your hearts may be regulated by your Father's will; then will your actions and your words be pure, nothing froward or perverse in them.

Set a limit to your expenses, within the bounds of your income; that the law of love may have free liberty of action in relieving the distressed, to whom you would grieve to say, "Be ye warmed and filled," without contributing to their necessities.

We are told to keep the heart with all diligence; and when we consider the variety of its tendencies, its deceitfulness, and desperate wickedness, we may well be thankful for the kind injunction, and for promised aid in the arduous task: for who is sufficient for the government of such an internal world? Not one;—

but the kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and his kingdom is within his people: may *he* reign over us!

I cannot omit to say, be willing to bear each other's burdens; suffer no diminution of love: you have a mutual claim by the ties of intimate connexion, and while you cherish the feeling and expression of Christian charity to all the friends of truth, there must be an obvious distinction between *general good-will*, and the expressions of duty and affection towards those whose interests and whose happiness are interwoven, and who are mutually desiring the peculiar distinction of bearing, and forbearing friendship.

I trust you both feel the *great* importance of the situation on which you are entering, though you cannot yet define, or even see its extent, nor what is fully implied in the command "to love one another with a pure heart fervently," and to "walk in all the commandments of the Lord blameless;" but he, whose word is given as a lamp to your feet, and a light to your path, will make known the whole of *his* will, to humble inquirers, in every time of need. And now I have only to add, that with earnest prayer to our heavenly Father, for his presence and blessing, his protection, direction, and smiles, on two so near and dear to me, I thankfully commit every circumstance of your future life to him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the throne of his glory with exceeding joy, at that day, when I

trust we shall all meet at the right hand of the judge. May this blessedness be granted for Jesus' sake.

4.

Having occasion to lecture myself on the subject of our late conversations, I take this opportunity of communicating to my dear child some of my thoughts on impatience, or an irritability of disposition under the daily trifling crosses of life: it is a subject which frequently fills my mind with regret, because it so often interrupts that even tenor of the way which I wish to pursue; and believing that my ——— has the same enemy to oppose, I am urged by love and duty to transcribe some of my solitary musings, which I think calculated to weaken every petulant emotion.

Under some circumstances we are peculiarly called upon to be upon our watch-tower; and even should our lot be cast in pleasant places, we may not calculate upon exemption from passing occurrences, which take us by surprise, and are not in accordance with our mind and will. Should such surprisal arouse a quickness of feeling, let it be suppressed in a moment, as an enemy whom it is necessary to keep out of the citadel: this will give a habit of resistance, and subdue the power of that enemy; and God will be glorified in the hearts of any who may obtain the victory.

We are oftener called to exercise submission in small trials of every day intrusion, than under heavy afflic-

tions, which evidently come from the hand of God, and find the conquest more difficult, because we have not so entirely discovered our total inability to walk alone, and so yielded ourselves to the inspection of the discoverer of secret thoughts, as to raise a silent desire for help, under a quick emotion, which might wound a friend, and detract from the loveliness of the Christian character; and might likewise pass for an example amongst some, who, while they kindly make allowance for natural defect in you, may also make allowance for themselves much more largely; and diminish the influence of the meekness and gentleness of Christ, in its power to charm, and to guide the pilgrim on his homeward route. I write under self-accusation; but love and duty (my grand motto) urge me to mention the subject, and to point out some motives which are calculated to raise the mind to higher ground, and to give a self-approving consciousness which resistance can never obtain.

Often call to mind, and cultivate a prayerful inspection of the perfections of that character which is "altogether lovely," and which we are invited to regard, and to imitate. "Be ye followers of Christ as dear children," is as much a divine exhortation, as "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Is he meek and gentle? so be ye; "learn of me for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest for your souls." Is he long-suffering? so be ye: "when he was reviled, he reviled not again." Was he self-

denying? so be ye: he took up his cross, and was "obedient unto death." Was he patient? so be ye: for "he bore the contradiction of sinners against himself." And now abideth these three heart-cheering graces—"faith, hope, charity, and the greatest of these is charity." May you, and yours, and all our friends, possess them all.

5.

MY DEAR CHILD,

By my writing to day, I intend you should understand, that I do not mean to be accused of neglect any longer.

And so, my dear ———, you desire me not to find fault with you. I should be a very bad mother indeed, if I saw any thing in you which wanted correction, and passed it by unnoticed. I am anxious to see you amiable, dutiful, and good; and therefore more clearly view every imperfection, than can possibly be done by a person less interested in your welfare. The first and most earnest desire of my heart is your goodness; and in order to promote this, I must desire you to give strict and constant attention to prayer, and suffer nothing to interrupt you in the performance of this great duty. Strive to obtain an adequate view of the importance of eternity, and to lay aside every thing that would retard your progress; pray to be taught the vanity, the folly, and the sin of your

heart; pray to be taught what sin is, and to hate it likewise, that none of its persuasive and deceitful forms may ever prevail with you to be at peace with it:—

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Its first approaches then must be narrowly watched; and an early and anxious application for that gracious spirit, which is pure, peaceable, gentle, and full of good fruits, will be the best preservative against the snares of youth, which are various and often fatal.

I would have you, my dear child, read the Scriptures daily with attention and prayer, to be made wise unto salvation; that you may grow up a humble, lovely, and dutiful plant, under the peculiar protection and cultivating hand of a reconciled Father in Jesus Christ. Who can teach like him? What knowledge so lasting and happy as the knowledge of God? And what hope so animating as the hope of an eternal weight of glory, reserved in heaven for all that love him? May you, my beloved child, give him your early affections—prefer his will—choose the good, and refuse the evil; and after having served him here, may you be called by his kind voice, to enter into the joy of your Lord.

1800.

6.

I thank my child for her ready compliance with my wishes, and am pleased with the mode of expression of her letter, and therefore I return an early answer. A store of useful knowledge, my dear, will certainly be a very advantageous and effectual method of clearing the *cave*, and of preventing the entrance of trifles, which are too fond of dwelling in young heads; and are too often found there, to the utter destruction of that reflecting principle, which should be cultivated and assisted by every act, and every aid. I should rejoice to see you growing up amiable, respectable, and dutiful; dear to your parents and friends; valuable to, and valued by them. When you begin to read in the morning, I think you cannot do better than take sacred history for your subject; I trust you will read it attentively:—there is nothing gained by reading much and carelessly; but a very considerable loss is sustained by keeping the memory idle, and the attention unwilling to be employed. On the contrary, where the attention is much engaged, the memory will be strengthened, and what is it not capable of accomplishing by care and diligence? I will desire your little friend ——— to be quiet, and to mind her own business; and if she is disobedient, I desire that I may be made acquainted with it.

7.

MY DEAR CHILD,

As you pass a great deal of idle time, of which you will in future regret the loss, I wish to impress your mind with the value of those ever-flying minutes which it will be impossible to recall. At this period of your life, you have much leisure, and it should be your study to treasure in your memory, a store of useful and pleasant knowledge, which will cause yourself as well as your friends to rejoice: for this purpose, you must make your days as long as you can, by employing the whole of them, and an idle hour should be your aversion.

Though I laughed at the idea of unravelling your head this afternoon; I should be grieved to find it filled with materials so trifling as straight backs, new bonnets, caps, spurs, whips, and ponies.

When you sleep well, I must desire you to rise early; to begin the day with reading the Bible or some religious book, as to be ready for breakfast at the proper time, neatly dressed, without haste:—haste or hurry will unfit you for every kind of improvement through the day, and will occasion some things to be neglected, others to be ill performed, and not one to be properly attended to.

8.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I am sorry I did not answer your letter as soon as I received it, but, on reading it again, I feel the same impression respecting its contents. I thank you for it, because it is affectionate, and was written in obedience to my request. I wish (as there was no frost to congeal your faculties) that you had exerted them so as to convey a clear idea of what you intended to express; but I am sorry to say, you left your notion of pity in great uncertainty, and the addition of pity to pity is not to be understood. I only mention it, my dear, that you may reflect before you write or speak, and take pains to gain some degree of knowledge of your subject, before you venture to communicate your thoughts upon it.

I must beg you to read, and to think much on what you read:—this will enlarge your understanding, which is capable of great improvement, and give you judgment. A great encouragement to diligence in the pursuit of wisdom, is, that a small degree of attainment produces the desire after more, till the necessary labour becomes unspeakably pleasant. How glad should I be to see my dear child superior, in her improvement of the mind, to the trifling girls of the day:—there is a difficulty attendant on every acquisition, but industry and perseverance will conquer the greatest obstacles. I correct and advise you in

love:—as a mother, capable of discovering your defects, it is my duty to point them out; and I know they are to be remedied by application. Write to me soon, and learn to be glad when I tell you of your faults, because that is the way to remove them; and if I could inspire you with a desire to excel, and to reach forward, as far as possible towards perfection, there is nothing I should not hope for, from a really aspiring mind.

9.

My dear Child,

As you have been so long in answering my last letter, I cannot write to you again, without accusing you of negligence; this you are assured has been the case, and you have felt, in consequence, the natural difficulty arising from delay. You will at all times find, that by leaving undone what ought to be done, your mind will be less willing to perform it, and yet will be uneasy, in proportion to the consequence of the thing omitted. I therefore advise you to guard against the neglect of trifles, because they lay a foundation for more important omission. I sincerely wish, my dear child, that you would diligently aim at acquiring habits of regularity and industry. Without the former, many things will be undertaken, but nothing will be well performed; and without an industrious employment of time, and a sense of its great value, how large a portion of it will pass for nothing, or

worse than nothing! Never delay till to-morrow, what can be done to-day: the present time is your own; to-morrow is a period never to be found; procrastination is the bane of every good motive and intention, while it consumes the precious hours of existence.

10

MY BELOVED ————,

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed, as a small token of love, and as a proof of my desire to contribute to the improvement and pleasure of that mind, which I would have refined beyond the power of nature or art to accomplish:—I would remind you of the sinner's responsibility, involved in the possession of the talent which God has given you; I would have the talent received, gain ten talents more; I would have the living branch bear fruit an hundred fold, and be never severed from the vine,—but, deriving nourishment from the root, daily aspire towards heaven, and lay up treasure there. May the close of every year bring you nearer to the Lord and Saviour, by a renewed dedication of yourself, and of all the powers of your soul, to his service and love, who should be your "exceeding joy." I hope you will ever avail yourself of his kind invitation to pour out your heart before him, and you will find him a secure refuge, as well as a physician possessing a healing balm for every wound. I am delighted with the present opportunity

of thinking I am cheering a dear friend, whom my heart often aches to cheer, and for whom I often long for more power to prove myself his affectionate mother.

11.

Your letter, my dearest ———, was expected and received. The day of its customary arrival always assembles us with eager haste, to hear intelligence of one with whose health, with whose conduct, with whose happiness, with whose spiritual welfare, our own peace is so inseparably connected. I need not say, that on perusing it, I felt that sinking of heart which the depression so evident in yours could not fail to produce. We are sympathetic beings, and it is impossible to mention sorrow without communicating it. I sincerely wish there was another ———— to assist, and enliven your solitary hours, being sensible how much the burden of unparticipated thought must oppress the spirits; but a companion less worthy, a mind less alive to the sensibilities of friendship and religion, would not do for you; and I trust there would be no congeniality. I often reflect with thankfulness upon the kind Providence, which provided for you a friend on your first entering into the great world of vanities, of snares, and of unblushing wickedness; at a period, when a person of specious appearance, without real worth, might have warped

your judgment, undermined your principles, and brought upon you sorrows inexpressibly ruinous But you have happily escaped the enormous pollutions that are in the world; and what shall we render to the Lord for so rich a blessing? May we unite in calling upon our souls, and all that is within us, to forget not all his benefits. And while you, my beloved ———, are travelling your lonely journey, may you drink of the brook by the way, and lift up your head with joy, because of the liberty which the gracious God allows to his children, of holy communion with him; may his truth ever be your shield and buckler. Time keeps moving on, and it will soon bring my ——— to his most affectionate mother: and it will still move on; and when time shall be no longer, O then, may we all pass an eternity of bliss together, in the presence of the Lord and Saviour, and join the general assembly of ransomed sinners, in ascribing glory, honour, and praise, to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood. You must tell me in your next, when precisely to expect your return, that I may delight myself with looking forward to the time, when, after so long, so very long an absence, my dearest ——— will return to me, and to the home in which so many years of his life were passed.

12.

It appears to me very long since I wrote to you, my dearest ———; and I feel a degree of uneasiness, lest you being of the same opinion, and not so well acquainted with the cause, should think me forgetful of your last kind letter, or indifferent to the pleasure of conversing with you; neither of which could possibly be the case. Thank you for all your careful thoughts of me; I return them with the most affectionate anxiety for your safety, health, and prosperity of mind, and I rejoice in hope that you are walking in wisdom's ways, and that you find them ways of pleasantness and peace. Although our path should be strewed with flowers, we are assured that they only are happy who walk in the fear of God, and seek him with the whole heart; who think upon his commandments to do them, and who labour diligently to attain that rest, which is sufficiently glorious in its prospects, to animate to the most stedfast and strenuous exertions. I am very desirous, that my beloved children should be safe for eternity, and then I can with confidence commit the circumstances of their future life in this world, to the wise and kind direction of their covenant God, whose corrections have the gracious intention of bringing every thought into obedience to himself; and whose providential blessings are designed to raise their hearts in grateful love to him, who is the all-

sufficient portion of his people, and who will and ought to have their whole heart. May my dear boy walk with him, be admitted into intimate friendship with that stedfast, powerful, and faithful Friend, to whom he may pour out his heart when weary and heavy laden, and find a refuge—a safe retreat from every storm. I long to see you so much, that when I think of the distance of time, it makes me sad; however, that time will come, I hope, and then I shall welcome once again the object of my anxious and affectionate cares.

13.

I thank you most sincerely, my dearest ———, for your kind and very pleasing letter, which I have laid up among my treasures. I hope we shall all put the knowledge we have gained into continual practice, and use every talent we possess to the praise and glory of him, who is the great *Bestower* of the affections and faculties of the mind, and of the health and strength of the body. May we be earnest with him, that the powers of both may be sanctified, and meetened for the Master's service. We have a gracious Master, who is so condescending as to receive those labours of love from us, to whom he gives an ability to perform: we may well say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!" When I read the animating expressions of David,

I feel as if I were an entire stranger to the sweet work of praise, so far below the glory of the object are my faint conceptions, and so weak an utterance does the voice of thanksgiving find from my lips. May you, my beloved ———, and may I receive the little sorrows of life as necessary corrections from a wise and kind Father; and may we yield a willing obedience to all the dispensations of his providence: "he openeth the ear to discipline," you know, my ———, and I hope he will open yours and mine, and command, that we depart from all iniquity. Mr. ——— intends leaving us this day month: to say I do not deeply regret it, would not be true, for it is a loss which cannot be restored; but we must pray that the blessing and presence of God may not depart from us, and in all things allow him to have the pre-eminence. The great and gracious head of the church knows its weakness and its wants; he loves its graces, and has power to nourish and strengthen them; and to *him*, we may with confidence commit ourselves, our family, our friends, our church, and all that concerns us, as to a faithful, never-failing protector; we have received much good at his hands, and it is impossible we should receive real evil, since "all things shall work together for good to them that love God." May we each *so love him*, as to be interested in this extensive promise.

14.

You will suppose, my dearest ———, that I was highly delighted on receiving a letter from you so early, as a kind acknowledgment of mine: all the good you could have intended by it was accomplished; my spirits were relieved from a weight which depressed them very much, and I was thankful on your account and my own. How very dear to me are my children! As soon as I could call them mine, they were beloved as tender plants, born for immortality. I attended to their feeble years with pleasure, and I watched their opening mind, till at length it became in a great measure matured; an enlarged expectation of solid worth strengthened this tie; and its fulfilment secures an union, that never can be broken. I rejoice, my dear ———, that your mind is taught to soar above this scene of things; there is no solid rest but in God—no foundation for that rest, but in loving and serving him; on him may you repose your sorrows, from him derive your consolations. May your warmest affections frequently rise towards heaven, and may you be "daily laying up treasures there, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt;" for "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also:" and it is my earnest prayer, that you may derive strength and security from the pursuit.

I shall expect to hear from you on Wednesday.

O my ———, how very long has been your absence! I did not, at one time, think I should see you again, so very weak and ill did I feel when we last parted; but I have now to be thankful for an increase of health, so that in general I am tolerably free from complaint, and able to bear the emotion of seeing my dearest boy. I fully enter into all the vacuity which the constancy of your solitude must occasion, and sincerely wish one worthy friend was within your reach, to whom you could communicate your heart; for sorrow, when divided, is weakened in its effect, and joy shines brighter by participation; but, my ———, a well-stored, and well-directed mind is a treasure, which in some happy measure alleviates the painful situations of life; and in certain seasons of holy fervor, the soul rises far above every earthly care, and reposes in a foretaste of heavenly bliss. Be very attentive to reading the Scriptures, with prayer; and I trust in due season you shall reap, if you faint not. I often grieve and lament over my own dulness, and want of earnestness in religious things; their importance appears to me so exceedingly great, and my pursuit of them so languid, that were it not for the astonishing mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I must utterly despond; but I pray that my soul may not cleave to the dust; "quicken thou me according to thy word." What a distressing proof of the corruption of our nature is afforded by forgetful-

ness of the Author of our being, and of all our blessings; may we remember him, and be remembered by him with love.

16.

Having an opportunity of writing, and not being by any means wanting in inclination, I employ myself with pleasure this morning to prove my good-will and ready mind, in attempting to surmount my inabilities, for the sake of a little distant conversation with my ——, though I cannot help feeling a wish that it might be brought near, and that the intercourse of the heart might be favoured by a walk in one of those haunts in which memory delights to dwell, and to embody the recollection of past scenes. Absence (if not immeasurably long) has a strong tendency to draw forth the warmest affections of the mind; and a near review of past satisfactions makes them dearer than dear, when their design, however feebly and imperfectly executed, has been to promote profit and stability. A mother's care does not terminate with the separation of her family; neither should she cease from seeking opportunities to communicate, while she has one ray of experience to impart. In this way I should like ever to be engaged; but I fear my head is not good enough to accomplish my wishes: however, if this want of power be not from my own indolence or indifference, I ought not to repine, but

rather, conscious of my own unworthiness, I should rejoice in committing my family to the care of a better—an all-wise teacher—one who is a Redeemer, brother, friend! In all these endearing relations, does the Lord and Saviour stand to those who are so happy as to form a part of his holy family: may we give the "same diligence to the full assurance of hope to the end;" and as you, my child, pass through this thorny maze, in which some roses bloom to the eye of the youthful traveller,—while you taste their fragrance, and enjoy the blessings which a bountiful benefactor bestows upon you, with moderation and gratitude, may you look to him as your chief good—your exceeding joy, that you may, whatever may be the events of his providence, retain that happiness,

"Which nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

## 16.

It is very long since I wrote to my dearest ——— not because it does not give me the sweetest pleasure to think of my beloved boy, to consider myself as his mother, and to express the language of my heart towards him; not because I am inclined to idleness, I hope; but because I feel a low and confused mind, which has not strength sufficient for the selection of its ideas from the huddled mass. I have longed to thank you for your most kind and interesting letter,

over which I rejoiced on account of your safe arrival in London, and in your review of the kind protection of him, who watches over his people with a compassionate and guardian eye: to him I am thankful for the instruction conveyed to your mind, and for the estimate it has enabled you to make of the small importance of earthly, compared with heavenly objects: it is of great consequence to keep the comparative littleness of temporal things in our eye, except as they have an aspect on eternity; and then indeed, our improvement of blessings, and our conduct under the trials of life, are of large amount: may this truth have its full weight, in every circumstance in which you are engaged; and may the love of God constrain you to love him supremely, and to show forth his praise by a well-regulated heart and conduct.

17.

To speak of pleasure resulting from the perusal of a letter from you, my dear child, is unnecessary: a subject so well understood does not require the warm *expression*, in order to raise the affectionate emotion, of participated joy. On the present occasion it was peculiarly pleasing, because unexpected, and served as a soother to my *fluttering* chest, occasioned, I apprehend, by those exertions of mind, with which I have for a long time had to struggle, and from which the heart, having been the seat of peculiar action, finds it

most difficult to return to rest. Now that we have entered on the month of July, we feel something like the approach of August, and we begin to realize the return of our dear ———, without having to think of the parting day, which upon former occasions would always intrude to lessen our pleasures: but, O my dear ———, who was once my dear child, loved and fondled, and art now grown up to the exercise o matured faculties, and I trust also, to a knowledge of the Lord and Saviour, may we be looking still forward, and remember that there must be a solemn parting; may we give all diligence, that we may hereafter see each other with a joy that can never be interrupted in the world of perfect purity and bliss: to this perfect happiness, may we, and all connected with us, aspire, as to the great end of our existence; and may the love of our hearts flow continually in that channel, which will prove a source of mutual encouragement and help to proceed in the narrow way.

18.

MY DEAR ———,

As I understand you wish to receive a letter from home morning by morning, I have undertaken to become the intelligencer of this day, considering myself as acceptable a correspondent as him for whom the employment was intended: and although the brain,

and the nerve, and the artery may convey but slow communications to the nib of the pen—yet the idea, if faithfully recorded, will distribute a sincere and affectionate tincture of regard, which friendship ever yields, and turning towards an absent object, presses forth profusely, with every recollection, every sympathy, every hope, and every fear, with which the heart is stored.

## 19.

I write a few lines to welcome my dear ———, on his return to ———; and to express my earnest desire that the new situation in which he is engaged may be attended with the blessing of a gracious God. You are now entering on scenes of life entirely untrodden, which have many demands on the heart and conduct, and which will bring into prominence a character, hitherto in a great measure free from observation.

I recognise my dear child, with a mother's unabated fondness; and I consider myself still at liberty to offer the advice which affection dictates.

As a husband, and the master of a family, I should be happy to find you acting with prudence, fidelity, and affection; so that in all the varying circumstances of life, whatever cloud may chequer the scene, the satisfying reflection of not having aided its gathering blackness, may be ever present with you; and that

its contents (if not to be dispersed) may be softened into a kindly shower.

You are no doubt aware, that mutual forbearance is necessary to happiness; and that the affection of husband and wife, requires much greater care and delicacy for its preservation, than that of lovers.

Never wish for what you cannot with propriety afford: a spiritual mind is not alive to the little vanities of life; and the poor and the wretched have claims upon us, which should greatly contract, if not obliterate our superfluities. I trust you will prove that you arise higher than the mere creature of the world, who hopes to derive respect and admiration from mere outward appearance.

May it be your ambition, my children, to walk together as children of light, and of the day, that the graces of the spirit may flourish, and may send forth their fragrance, in acts of piety, temperance, and devotedness to the will of God; so shall you pass through life, usefully and honourably, as fellow-heirs of an incorruptible inheritance, proving to all around you, whose you are, and whose glory you seek.

## 20.

Hints for consideration towards the "Tribute of Sympathy."

The natural bent of the mind to earth; the injurious tendency of prevailing earthly attachments;

the gracious design of God in weakening them;—the tenderness of his character, his requirement of the heart and affections, and his undoubted right to them.

The superior nature of the blessings he has to bestow; the peace and safety of yielding submission to a friend so wise, who condescends to manage our affairs for us: he allows us to make our requests known unto him, and he gives, not always as we wish, but as he sees best for us.

The nature of the blessings prepared for those who love God, and accept the salvation of the gospel; the nature of this salvation:—whether affliction may arise from loss of friends, or property, or health, or from unkind or undutiful treatment from connexions, *every event* is under the superintendence of God.

Direct to self-examination, and to the Bible, as the only cure of woe,

> "That field of promise, how it flings abroad,
> Its odours, o'er the Christian's thorny road."

## 21.

The sun shines brightly this morning on my dear ——— and ———;—and it is doubly pleasant to the eye of her who wishes all nature to smile on them, and every blessing to attend their sacred union. We have followed you every step of your way;—but this travelling of the anxious eye of the mind, with its

accompanying inmates, prayer and affectionate wishes, has been rather too much for the feeble frame of a mother whose feelings naturally abound towards those who have ever been the objects of her solicitude. I should have written to you yesterday, had I not been poorly; but being revived this morning, I am happy in conversing a little with my children, whose vows have ascended to him, who has said, "Vow, and pay thy vows to the Most High." With new duties, are connected additional gratitude and dependance for additional blessings:—you both know who it is, who gives so very liberally, that he is never tired by importunity, and who can give an heavenly with an earthly good: it is this I request for you. May the mantle of love, that covering which spreads so sweetly and so lightly over the failings incident to our poor fallen nature, be treasured up in each bosom, for the wise and happy purpose of securing union:—kindred minds will mingle more and more closely, by trials well endured. I shall be truly glad to welcome you home; at present we feel as if we had lost part of ourselves.

22

MY DEAR ———,

I received most affectionately your note of this morning, and I rejoice to unite my praise with yours, to him whose mercies have been, and are so great. Your kind effort to make me acquainted with the state

of your mind, I esteem as a proof of your regard, and above all, as an assurance that a tender Father has heard and answered prayer, and revived you, and placed you at the foot of the cross, that place of safety where *I* would be found, with you and all your dear petitioners, looking upward, till I find him saying, as he did to Mary: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" Our tears must there be dried; and there the heavenly Comforter will restore comforts to you and to your mourners: but I may not fatigue you longer.

23.

It is good to hear from you, my dear ———, and I rejoice in having found it to be so. I treasure up your notes as testimonies of divine faithfulness within my own dear circle; and I rejoice to trace a Father's skill, who has every refining material, and all healing medicines: he brings into the wilderness; he allures; he recalls; he speaks comfortably to his feeble sheep.

I am pleased to see the powers of meditation so far restored to your mind, and that self-examination has been so profitable to you. You have communed with your own heart, and been still. The human heart is a wide extent of country, in which there are many labyrinths, and many mists of error;—passed by during the engagements of daily activity; but which retirement, under the direction of him who layeth low, in order to the ripening of his pleasant

fruit, will make plain and disperse. I am thankful that the visits of Mr. ——— have been so useful to you. I set a high value on friends who can pray for me:—you are thus favoured, but doubly blessed and favoured by the prayers of one prevailing advocate; we are invited to leave all our burdens with him, and he will sustain us. May we, with each dear friend, lean on his arm as the support of our life, and our exceeding great reward.

24.

I am comforted, my dear ———, by your progressive strength of body and mind. By your first note, I rejoiced to find you *bowing* to the will of him, under whose safe convoy you had been sustained; and in the welcome missive of yesterday, you are brought to kiss the rod, and to enjoy that loving-kindness which had given you support through the trial, and had crowned it with instruction. I am assured, that many prayers on your behalf, have been accepted by a prayer-hearing God; and I trust that a continual offering of praise will long ascend to heaven from the altar of our hearts; and that fruits of righteousness will appear in our life and conduct, to the glory of our heavenly Father, who pruneth every fruit-bearing branch, that it may bring forth more fruit, to the praise of the glory of his grace. I send my dearest ——— some of my Christmas-day thoughts and desires, with

best wishes for her present recovery, and future peace and joy in waiting upon God—the God of love, and tenderest compassion.

25.

I regret most feelingly, my dear child, your want of strength, to engage in those pleasures and duties which others can so cheerfully enjoy, and receive no injury—no succeeding alloy of pain. But what shall we say? Our heavenly Father has seen fit to enforce self-denial, by this trial of patient submission and frequent privation; may we yield to him who sees the present and the future at one glance; and may we pray to have his blessing, whether in sickness or in health. O that each of my children may be taught of him to love all his will, and do it. I am delighted to find you are happy—so happy, that time flies without being squandered. O my children, how much is my happiness connected with your welfare!—surely, we are but *one:* for when all is well with you, it is well with me; and when any evil oppresses you, I am ready to sink under its weight. May you be restored to me safely in the best time; that is my predominant wish with respect to present good: and may we each walk humbly with God *here*; that arriving one by one at the end of our pilgrimage, we may at last unite in thanksgivings and praise throughout eternity.

26.

I am looking forward to your return, and to the reopening of your school. I see you, or hope to see you, in the midst of your little family, with good looks, good spirits, good strength and good works, communicating blessings to others, and receiving blessings yourself from him whom you desire to serve. We are trying the only means we can adopt for the restoration of health; and if it please the Giver of all good to bestow it, you will go on your way rejoicing!—I am often ashamed of the inquietude I feel for the want of proper trust and confidence in him who only has power to grant the desires of our heart: may he give us what he sees fit for our good and his own glory, and teach us to feel the blessedness of a state of entire dependance upon a friend, who is so wise he cannot err; so kind that he cannot afflict without a design for our benefit; and so powerful, that he is able to accomplish whatever will conduce to the real and eventual good of those he loves. What a peaceful happy life, is a life of faith! I long for its increase; and when I think I feel a little of the strength to be derived from dependance on an Almighty arm, I am as happy as a summer's day is long; *but you* know how often I go mourning; how I grieve being burdened. May *you* be led and guided through life, by the unerring hand of him, who will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly.

27.

A week has now passed since I saw my affectionate child, and faithful friend. I love to connect these ideas, because they form, together, a union so complete, and so very, very dear. I continue to trace your footsteps, to hear your voice, and see your countenance, in those places which were most frequented by us; and, for the few first nights, could not pass your door, or go to sleep, without a sigh, from the want of my customary 'Good night.' But I am not without the pleasure of reflecting on the presence of God with you; not at a distance, but near you with his guardian care:—beneath his eye you are safe, and I rejoice in committing you, with every circumstance of your life, to the wise and kind disposal of a covenant God and Father. Your letter was a great treasure to me; I never felt more sensibly that union which forbids the separation of kindred minds. May it be ever our employment to serve the Lord here, and when we have passed through this short portion of time, may we begin an eternity of praise and glory.

28.

I begin writing as early as possible to my dearest ———, but fear I shall not be able to finish my letter till to-morrow. When you return, my child, it will indeed be a day of gladness; but perhaps in absence

you are painting to yourself the dear scenes of friendship, in the most glowing colours, and have quite forgotten the manifold infirmities which cleave to your mother;—but you must recollect, that you will have sometimes to sooth my weak and easily agitated spirits—and sometimes to bear with me, and with many things, that make home chequered, though beloved. Yet the situation in which you were planted, and have grown and flourished, has a thousand endearments; there, there I have reared my tender plant, and watched its early produce;—*thanks! thanks!* to the Almighty friend, that made it a partaker of his holy image!

29.

You know, my ———, that our kind Mr. ——— called upon you at Lancing one day last week. How much pleasure would it have given you to have seen him; but you were unfortunately from home, and I have been entering into your surprise and disappointment at receiving this unexpected intelligence:—but it will not be long before we all meet together. How mixed and changing are all earthly satisfactions! O that I may learn, in some happy measure, to live in the enjoyment of that friend, who is fully satisfying to our most enlarged desires! Do we want faithfulness?—In him it is perfectly to be found. Do we want compassion?—His compassions never fail. Do

we want power, love, wisdom, strength ?—We may see and enjoy all these perfections in him who is a friend for adversity. That holy bias of mind, which feeds on the blessings of pardoning love, and tastes by anticipation of heavenly bliss, passes onwards towards that happy region, in a great degree unmoved by the trifling cares of life,—like a traveller who is in pursuit of an immense treasure, from which nothing has attractions sufficient to divert his eager and admiring eye, from its fixed and persevering gaze. Thus would I walk, and, though faint, be ever pursuing an object so full of blessings, notwithstanding my fear of being of the character of those "who mind earthly things."

30.

O my child! what a mercy is it, that I can commit you to the care of an ever present friend, to whom you cannot apply in vain for any thing truly valuable. *He is* a God of love, and delights to bestow blessings! His wisdom knows what are really such;—all his best gifts have respect to eternity: with how much submission, therefore, should we ask for temporal mercies, because of our ignorance in asking;—but in how unlimited a manner does he allow, and invite us to beseech him for spiritual benefits! My child! may we not be slack in the improvement of this indulgence; but ask, for ever ask with unabated desire, that we may receive, and that our

joy may be full. If we are improving in humility, patience, and grateful love, the end of every dispensation of his providence will be answered; for there is one Lord and Saviour most glorified; and his Father is glorified. If we bear much fruit, so shall we be the disciples of the meek and lowly teacher, Christ. I trust, my beloved child and friend, that you are often refreshed by intercourse with the Father of spirits. Perhaps in your solitary hours, your happy mind, rises above this varied scene, to that abode of bliss, where the "eye will not be dimmed by sin; but where it will be clarified to behold with delight, objects of spotless purity and unclouded splendor, which would dazzle and overpower our poor faculties here below." As much as we can bear, we ought to seek after, and to expect supplies of spiritual light to refresh and quicken us in our progress. May you, my dear child, taste much of these streams.

## 31.

O, my child, how great are our obligations to that gracious friend, who watches over, and takes care of, such poor rebel worms. I am deeply grieved, that there should ever arise in my heart, a wish contrary to his divine government. This is not our rest;—why should we expect it here? And heaven *is* our home:—so that we should diligently aspire towards that holy place, and grow in conformity to the spirit

of its blessed inhabitants, who rest not day nor night, loving and serving, praising and blessing God. May every action bring us nearer to that last abode; and, being forgiven our iniquities, may our affections and desires centre in a pardoning God;—and then our peace, which passeth all understanding, cannot be broken: be this your happiness and mine.

32.

I hope for submission to our approaching loss; but I feel a great difficulty in reconciling myself to this event: and my self-will in the business occasions me great sorrow in my heart, and continual heaviness. I pray to have it subdued by him, who has the hearts of all men in his hands, and that I may gain some humbling sense of my own unworthiness of all the blessings he has bestowed upon me. I am troubled that I have not a more grateful sense of them.

33.

I have considered a great deal of the good and evil attendant upon the absence from home of your little girl, for any great length of time. What principally strikes me as objectionable in such a plan, is the weaning her from her parents, and the promoting her strong disposition to selfishness, by her separation from her sister, who would naturally divide her play-

things, and claim an equality with her, in her pleasures and little indulgences. In this plan, these natural consequences cannot be acquired, since there is none to dispute her right; and such right, if very long continued, might, I fear, lead her to think her sister a little girl who ought to yield to her in every thing.

I likewise feel the great responsibility of a child belonging to another; and although every possible attention is paid to the formation of her principles, temper, mind and manners, yet her parents may, at a future day, be of opinion, that some other management might have been more successfully employed; and that this little plant of theirs has been too tenderly nurtured for her own comfort, in that home which is to be the place of her growth, the sphere of her active duties; and the circle of her affectionate regards. We find her disposition difficult to manage; her knowledge of right and wrong is very great; but her application of this knowledge is not to be relied upon: but we know who has said, for our direction in times of difficulty, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

34.

MY VERY DEAR ———,

I am glad I have it in my power to cheer your solitude, with a continued communication of good:—we are assured our darling ——— is going on towards a return of health; although her amendment is so slow as to cause us to feel something of the sickness connected with hope deferred; for you know it is said, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick:"—yet a little longer patient waiting, and we trust it will be realized,—and while we wait, may it be with thanksgiving; for the Lord, who is very pitiful and of tender mercy, has done great things for us, in granting us support, and in that he hath raised up our child from (almost) the bed of death. What shall we say to this favour? Doth it not say to us, "Take her and bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." May we strive together in this good work, and may your hands be strengthened by union in design and endeavour.

35.

For my own pleasure, my dear ———, and in the hope of an affectionate reception, I visit you with a few lines, in the absence of our dear ———, whom, no doubt, you *all* very much miss at home, and particularly yourself, in the day of trouble. A good wife,

you know, is from the Lord; and as he has favoured you with so valuable a blessing, I am happy to find you expressing so high an esteem for it. Ever keep in mind the great Bestower, and you will be doubly blessed; 'tis he who bends the will; 'tis he who aids the endeavour to sooth; to dictate hope, and to lead to the friend who is worthy of all confidence; to him may praise ascend from both your hearts. I was anxious for you, in your lone trouble, and was thankful to learn, that the occasion for trouble was passed. I hope when ——— returns, she will take an early opportunity of writing us a letter: we are all as usual; often struggling with cares and vexations, and sometimes coming off conquerors. A thorny road needs a guide, and a helper near at hand to keep the briars out of the way from wounding too deeply: and such aid is offered: we are never really injured, but when we neglect the Lord, whose arm is stretched out still.

Life is a journey of fatigue and difficulty to all, though greatly diversified in its mode: but the path of duty has comforts and supports, and can bear reflection more than any other. I hope that you will be kept by an unerring guide in the narrow path,—praying with much supplication, and watching thereunto with thanksgiving. On the *conduct* of parents, the formation of the character of their children greatly depends: the character of their souls, under the blessing of God, is formed by daily prayer and wise

council, derived from him who condescended to show so much love to children; often noticing them kindly, and receiving their hosannas, when they ran before him in his way to Jerusalem. How great the blessing of such a friend, from whom no distance can separate; and who, being touched with a feeling of our infirmities, invites the heavy laden to repose their cares in his sympathising bosom. May we not lose his support, for want of confidence in his will and power. May you and yours, and our whole family be kept by his mighty power through faith unto salvation.

## 36.

While we could not help smiling now and then, my dear child, at the contents of your last letter, we could not but feel sorry for the want of congeniality amongst your new associates. The bustle of Sunday hearing, and Sunday visitors, must, by leaving no time for retirement, oblige reflection to fly away into the land of forgetfulness, from whence, at any rate, it would be very difficult to recall the too willing wanderer: it reminds me of the congregations in London, who fly from place to place the whole day, and are said to be "*all-ear;*" but between hearing, and "meekly receiving the engrafted Word, which is able to save the soul," there is in my view a wide difference: however, I hope, my dear child will earnestly

endeavour to improve by Mr. ———'s sermons. I am anxious that you should meditate on the subjects, and grow thereby. I am very sorry that the good people at ——— should not be more agreeable: there are some soils, in which, if religion be implanted, it evidently shows itself as a lovely flower in a cultivated garden, which all admire, though few perhaps will imitate, or take the trouble of giving diligence to attain the chief good; yet, my child, if the Spirit of God take up his abode in the uneducated and unpolished mind, we must endeavour to discern the gem in its rough unpolished habitation, and value it for its own sake.

37.

That you are safe, my dearest ———, is a blessing for which I am thankful. May that all-protecting arm ever surround and guard my child, and teach her to depend, with humble mind, on the direction and designs of his providence and word: try to inspect your heart diligently; let not any wayward risings pass without detection and prayer. Your heavenly Father has been employing towards you some of his correctives, tempered, I trust, with tender love. In every time of trial, in all pleasures, as well as in every disappointment, say, "My Father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth:" cherish a yielding mind, and delight to contemplate those objects which relate to a better country, where the good Shepherd

will receive his rescued sheep, having reclaimed their wandering hearts, and redeemed them from the power of him who seeks to ensnare the flock! Forget you, my love! Impossible! Can a mother forget the best interests of her child after the days of infancy are passed, any more than when it received its daily nourishment and life from her cares? It is impossible; and in the strength of this affection, I now leave you to the blessing of him whom you wish to serve.

## 38.

I received your letter, my dearly beloved child, with sensations sweet; for love, and hope, and prayer-breathing emotion, united in peaceful group to surround my ———; and all the circumstances of past sorrows, and present indispositions and events, stood full in my view, with the earnest desire that all might work together for good, and might direct to that path which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. May all you see of storm and tempest, lead you to him who can say with power, "Peace, be still." Be assured that his help has not been sought faithfully where it is not found, for He is nigh at hand to all who cleave unto him: never, my love, never suffer that dear friend to depart from your heart; give him there a dwelling-place, and he will put his kingdom within you, which is "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." He has been leading you in

a way you knew not, and has taught you the instability of creature expectations: may this teaching be accompanied, on your part, with a determined yielding to him, who is so wise to choose our lot and regulate our ways. I sincerely wish your Sundays could be enjoyed in retirement, and that sweetly musing solitude could be allotted you; there to converse alone, with one, into whose ear a sigh or a whisper will enter at a moment's entreaty. May all our wanderings round this world of care, conduct us safely home; and may we extract some sweet from every correction, so that our Father's design may be accomplished in us.

## 39.

I was prevented writing to you, my dearest ———, last night, as I much desired to have done, by the late arrival of your note, and by the usual encroachments on our evening hours—and this unfortunately is Saturday; but I cannot be satisfied without an attempt to present myself, with all my affectionate wishes before you, in the hope of relieving for a few minutes your situation of distress, so important in its consequences, and so much requiring the cheering voice of encouragement. I am pleased to find that your attempts to lead your afflicted friends to the high and only source of consolation has been received with an appearance of the desired effect; it has been

the subject of many prayers, that my beloved child may have her mind deeply and lastingly impressed with the importance of acknowledging God in all her ways, and of giving up her heart to be taught, guided, and governed, by the Father of our spirits; and of entreating that he would supply her with some seasonable words of instructive consolation to the weary—making known the tender compassions of the Lord Jesus Christ, who uses correctives to bring his people to his feet, lowly there to wait his will, that they may obey it. May we all seek first the kingdom of God, and leave all that concerns us with our Father which is in heaven, for he knoweth what we have need of, and will give us, on our earnest application, the blessings which we really require.

## 40.

It is so very long since I conversed with my dear ———, that although closely followed by my old inabilities, I am desirous of collecting my thoughts, and making my absent child their centre for a short time this morning. It gives me continual pleasure to find you are increasing in health and strength; many a pang has my heart felt in meditating on nerves unstrung, and a languid countenance: in this respect we have to be thankful for the good effect of change of place; but I begin to think that had I foreseen you were about to enter into so much gaiety, I should have been afraid

to have ventured one whose best interests are so dear to me, into the infectious atmosphere of the dance, the card-room, and the dissipation of such society as must of necessity consider all thoughts of God intrusive. I pray to be forgiven if I have erred in judgment; and I further pray that you, my love, may be preserved from the natural effect of gay scenes; that their recollection may be banished from your retired moments; that they may not interrupt the regularity of prayer; that you may be aware of the difficulty of keeping the heart, and the danger of suffering it to stray into forbidden ground; and remembering that "each pleasure has a poison too," may you obtain a fixedness of purpose to choose the "good part, which shall never be taken away from you."

## 41.

I thank you for the pleasure afforded by your last letter, my dearest ———, and I enjoy the picture of yourself and family in all its heartfelt home comforts, and scenes of peace. May peace ever dwell with you—even that peace which passeth all understanding: my heart is thankful that you will unite in training up your children in the way in which they should go, and great is the valued promise, that when they are old they shall not depart from it: you will, I trust, always be strengthened and refreshed for the important work. There is nothing like the culture of

the human mind; nothing requires so much attention, and no soil is so fruitful under the blessing of heaven. I am every day astonished at myself, that I am so supported under many a heart-ache, and many a wound! O that all my wounds were healed by the good physician; and that the health of my soul were established; then I should look with steady gaze and waiting earnestness towards that goodly land, that unruffled shore, where "glittering robes for conquerors wait."

42.

It is so very long since I wrote to you, my beloved child, that by this time I am feeling myself *more* than far away, and I am desirous of telling you something of my love and thankfulness—inhabitants of the heart, which never remove from their close quarters, but are sometimes desirous of sending forth a sound of joy, at the knowledge of blessings received by my very dear one, and by those who are *one* with her: the link cannot be separated; and my affection for each ascends in one large desire which includes all that unites—all that establishes—all that purifies—all that strengthens for duty—all that kindles gratitude to that best of friends, who gives so liberally.

43.

I have the pleasure of telling my dearest ———, and I know she will be pleased to receive the intel-

ligence from my own pen, that I am as well as winter weather and old age allow me to expect. We are all thankful on this account, and when my mind enumerates the undeserved blessings with which I am favoured, my ———'s tender care over me, and my ——— happiness, I feel that I have a full scale of blessings, which would weigh heavily against the trials that might be cast into the other; and I am ashamed that I should ever have a heart to fret against the Lord. Woe to him who would be independent of his Maker; and only while we follow our guide can we be safe, for he leads in wisdom's ways; and "*all her paths are peace.*" I try to cultivate a quiet spirit, leaning on an arm which is all-sufficient for every time of need; yet, alas! I too frequently deviate from the convictions of my judgment; but on this very account I would stir up those who are dear to me, to cultivate daily a frame of mind so well calculated to give peace, and strength, and love. I am delighted with Dr. ———'s present of Scott's Bible. Study it, my child, with great diligence; pray with constancy and fervour for the enlightening Spirit, and you will be fitted for every good word and work, and for any trial your Father sends. He has dealt most bountifully with you and yours, I trust in covenant love; call upon your heart to keep near to him, and *daily consult his will.*

44.

*How* welcome your letter was, my dear child, on Monday morning, to dear friends, in whose minds and memories you ever live, requires not a word to convey a correct idea to kindred bosoms. I travelled along its *cross roads*, which I leisurely surveyed, and found them so pleasant and so dear, that I could not relinquish *one intricacy*, for any straight-forward course whatever.

The comforts and happiness you enjoy, are enjoyed by us also; for we not only call yours our own, but we feel them to be such: yet we are glad that it has not been necessary for us to be engaged with two and forty tongues. You must, indeed, have been glad to find a calm retreat in the society of your dearest friend, and loved companion. May you be kept walking in the ways of pleasantness and peace, above the vanities of the world, having a much higher aim, seeking a better country, enjoying the blessings of Providence, with which you are so peculiarly favoured; and, above all, and in them all, enjoying the God who gives them, and requires to be loved, and praised, and served in them. Acknowledge him still in all your ways, and he will continue to direct your steps.

45.

MY DEAREST ———,

I thank you sincerely for your kind letter, which gave me much pleasure, as it brought me to your fireside, and warmed me with a little, ever valuable and affectionate intimacy. I think of you, my dear child, with more than usual frequency in your present situation, and pray for you with confidence, that strength may be afforded you, equal to any trial to which your heavenly Father may call you. He will, I trust, increase your faith, and enable you to lean on the Beloved. Suffer not misgivings of spirit to obstruct your stedfast gaze on the gracious power, who is worthy of all dependance, and who is nigh to all that call upon him in truth. O that we may gain increasing acquaintance with his nearness round about our path, his attention to our necessities, and his willingness to deliver those who make him their strong confidence; and praise will be redoubled, when patience has produced an additional experience of his love; and that experience, a hope that will never make ashamed. I am glad your arrangements will give you more uninterrupted time to read the records of everlasting truth, and to wait for the promised supply of the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, without being overmuch burdened by care.

46.

We this morning received the ever dear pleasure of a letter from my beloved ———; and we are now anticipating the early pleasure of seeing her and hers: may a blessing attend us all; we shall share each other's joy. I am conscious of having lost much of that native cheerfulness which is congenial to the young: but still we are kindred minds; our affections and views are kindred: my satisfactions are caught from those I love; if they *act well, think well,* and walk in wisdom's ways of pleasantness and peace, I am so inseparable a shadow, that I follow those dear substances, and delight in them. So, old age has not been so great a robber as he might have been, for he makes strange havoc sometimes; but he has left me much—and has only taken from me some strength of nerve—some quickness of intellect—some powers of memory—some hearing pleasures—and put out "ilk a tooth;" appearances not to be mentioned among the inroads of age, so small is their value, compared with what I have left: my most valued friends love me, support my weak frame, promote my comfort, and endeavour to render smooth the end of my journey, by every means in their kind power. And now, what shall I say of this end of the journey of life? *May I* look forward to an inheritance divine, which is incorruptible, and that fadeth not

away! My conduct does not warrant me in looking to that holy city, but

> "Jesus, the fore-runner waits
> To welcome travellers home."

O that he may grant me and mine a welcome at that great day! When I look to myself, I fear; when I look to him, I hope; for his mercy is not clean gone for ever! I pray for a spirit of prayer and watchfulness: I hope we shall all earnestly do this, for we know not at what hour our Lord will come.

## 47.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I am quite comfortable respecting the arrangement you have made, but I could not have been happy under the apprehension of a burden thrown upon our feeble sufferer: I could have parted with any of my own satisfactions for her sake; I daily long to help her my own poor self; but all is right, and all will be well. I feel that the trial is very great to be deprived of the powers she has formerly been so willing to exert; but who hath done this? *He* who, when he has tried her, will, I trust, bring her forth as gold. May she rest on the strong for strength; he is a present help in time of trouble, and I long to know that relief of body and mind is given to my beloved child. I am told not to be impatient about

the recovery of the dear weak sufferer, for that it must be very slow: keep your own mind patient, my beloved child; patience must "have its perfect work; that ye may be patient and entire, wanting nothing: in patience possess ye your souls." How much is patience inculcated! because trials will come, and the Lord, the sympathizer, would strengthen our hearts for enduring tribulation, by the recommendation of patience.

48.

Your last affectionate letter, my dearest ———, was a most acceptable conveyance of heart-intimacy, over which absence has no power; disclosed thought is united confidence and interest; I would encourage it in those who are most dear to me; I only wish for more wisdom in myself, and more power of mind. We have to be thankful to our heavenly Father, for his watchful care over you, and for all the kind guidance of his providence. We have the security of his wisdom and love, for all things *necessary* for life and godliness; and among these necessary things, shall we not reckon discipline? He chastens whom he loves. Amidst the reflections of my mind this morning, I felt, that vagrancy of thought was a peculiar hindrance to the benefits arising from meditation; and that the thoughts require a most watchful restraint, or else the mind is taken by surprise,

time is lost, and retirement almost lost too. Let us consider, my dear child, that in the world we shall have tribulation, and live in preparedness for the day of trial: we must not say, to-morrow shall be as this day, and still more abundant. What I want for myself, and my dear friends, is an habitual, hopeful assurance, that our Saviour God is our safe guide; and to love and do his will, our best security for peace. May your retirement be blessed by your heavenly friend, and you will gain all you need, for he can give a dependent spirit, a quiet rest, a joyful expectation: look for these things when you retire, and say, "Be still" to all intruding thoughts.

49.

It put to silence all anxious care, and was a great pleasure to us, to receive so early intelligence from our dearest ——; it helped to relieve the depression of parted friends, who could not but feel that much was gone from them. Yet I recall the pleasure of your visit thankfully,—and when I add the days of anticipation, I must not call it *short*. It will now be my future enjoyment to hear of your affairs:—and how your health, and family comforts, and unnumbered blessings are leading you to grateful obedience. You are highly favoured, my child; therefore cultivate much love: what so susceptible as a heart softened by the love, the unmerited love of God!

I long to keep this world at a greater distance, but it follows me as a shadow, and makes itself in some degree substantial by over much care. This is so very far from obedience to the divine administration, that I call upon my spirit to make diligent search; and I find my heart humbled within me, under a sense of its earthliness! I long for freedom, but feel my chains not loosen as they ought to do. How great the patience I have to record! His long-suffering is daily renewed, and I fear that I may weary it out. I join you, my child, in the prayer, that we may all meet in that world of light and love, an unbroken family, when we have finished our course here, and our Lord shall call us one by one from our post.

50.

Should we be permitted to meet in safety, at the happy home of my beloved child, I hope my heart will acknowledge him who conducts in paths of peace: May he give us all his peace, not as the world giveth; and may we follow where our Father leads. Happy they who discern his gracious hand and follow it. May we leave all our concerns with him;—it is a safe lodgment for time and eternity; but it requires great watchfulness, and meek dependence, to walk with him, and to enjoy a weanedness from the world. I cannot, alas! I cannot attain unto it; cares and anxieties make too frequent inroads, and claim, or

seem to claim, my attention: thus I often err; not so much in judgment, as in heart. When will these painful inconsistencies cease?

51

Your letter, my beloved child, afforded me the relief I was most anxious to obtain, and gave me a satisfactory proof of the evil of the indulgence of fear; an enemy which I shall endeavour to keep at a moderate distance in future. I am truly thankful that your appetite and strength are returning;—build them up in every proper way; and I trust there will be no more pulling down, and bringing low; except bringing the heart into universal obedience. On the score of wayward disposition, we daily need bringing low; may all your trials of loss of health and strength, and the privations attending your inability to fulfil all the duties which affection dictates, lead you to lean on his almighty arm, who *is* your strength every moment, and who invites you to rest upon him for support and guidance; fear not, he will lead you in a right road; only yield yourself to his direction; he will lead you to heaven, and fit you for a traveller to that good land, where you will love your guide fully, and will be enabled to glorify him without a contending emotion. I think so much of the end of this important race, and the design of him who in all the events of his providence is fitting us for the reception of the crown of

life, that I shall weary you, I fear, by constant repetition. But you are surrounded by so many earthly ties; and I know so well the tendency of the human heart to cleave exclusively to blessings so connected with all its affectionate recesses, that I caution my beloved child, and ever set before her the gracious Giver, who is the very first of friends and benefactors, and who only gives joy and peace with the blessings he bestows, in proportion as he *reigns* in the hearts of his children. Alas! my love, my own heart teaches, and warns and reproves me. *You* are much more than commonly favoured; much is required of you: *stir* up yourself, my child, and let the goodness of God animate you, to bring your heart to be searched and tried.

52

I felt very much, my dear child, your account of the death of ———, an affliction to his parents aggravated by unnumbered sources of pain; it was difficult for them, under such heart-rending circumstances to hear the voice, "Be still, and know that I am God!" In time I hope they will hear, and be enabled to take comfort from the reflection, that a hope of his happiness is given them as a softener of their sorrow. How frequently are we called upon to be wise and understand, and consider our latter end: there will be a day when we shall yield our spirit into

the hands of him who gave it. Let us not loiter, my child; let us not desire to make earth our home; but let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, and to the life and immortality which are brought to light through him. We are aroused by the unexpected departure of those who are in the midst of trouble and activity, as well as by the frequent death of old and young around us; they all speak the same language, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh:"—this readiness deprives death of its sting. O happy life! to know the friend who has conquered for us; to live without fear, and to enjoy the prospect of seeing him as he is, and of being like him. I mourn the sad indifference of the heart to subjects so important, and hope that you will unite with me in praying the Father of our spirits to open our eyes, that we may all gain an increasing acquaintance with the life that will last for ever.

53.

I can scarcely figure to myself my beloved child in her new home, her new character, and endeared connexion, giving and receiving the satisfying proofs of faithful friendship in domestic union—a union strengthened by Christian bands, not to be dissolved even by death! O happy meeting, when they who have loved each other on earth, shall participate a mutual satis-

faction in welcoming each other to the heavenly world. May all those I bear in my heart, with every increased dear connexion, realize this hope, in their daily addresses to a covenant God and Saviour.

54.

MY DEAR CHILD,

Your long-wished-for letter arrived, with the gratifying intelligence of your continued well being. We are truly happy to find that you do not write out of spirits, and I trust you will not indulge any uneasy expectations, but let the day "draw nearer, never seeming near;" only be waiting at all times on the gracious Lord for his blessing: he is faithful to his promise of support in every time of need; and he is powerful to save, and to keep in peace, the soul that leaneth on his word. May he grant you, my beloved ——, his presence, and vouchsafe his blessing. Your dear sister will join your family circle on Tuesday;—she will speak to you of the watchful care of him who has never left her in distress, nor forsaken her when she has confided in him. I trust, my dear, that you will also set to your seal that God is true; and I anticipate, a strengthening intercourse of thankful recollections between you.

55.

What a shortening of the days of anxiety! What a cause for thankfulness is the safety of your dearest ———! The first intelligence was a surprise, which mixed my joy with great trembling, for it contained circumstances of illness and suffering to which we were strangers; but what has not our heavenly Father done for his child? He has supported her mind through difficulties and painful expectations; he has been better to her than all her fears; he has added to the number of her blessings; he has lessened her maladies; he has surrounded her with his presence, and with kind sympathising friends; and he allows us to entertain a good hope, that he will complete her recovery! Our confidence is likewise strengthened in the hearer of prayer; this tribulation has worked patience; and the experience of his power has produced a hope that he will never make ashamed. May you all be daily kept by the mighty power of God, through faith, unto salvation.

56.

With what grateful pleasure do I now write to my beloved child, under a sense of the blessings conferred upon her, and indeed upon all of us, in the support mercifully granted in the season of her painful trial. I trust it has been a time of spiritual improvement; a time in which the Lord has shown his

power to support under afflictions, and revealed something of his purifying design, in bringing low and raising up:—in disabling for *active duty*, in order that the equally important *passive virtues* may mingle in the formation of the character; and that the energies of action may again revive with purified and dependent exertion. O to *love* the ways of the heavenly husbandman, in causing his plants to thrive, and to produce fruit to the praise of the glory of his grace!—I hope my child has in some measure discerned an answer to her request, "Show me wherefore thou contendest with me;"—and that every kind of diligence may be attended to;—and that every lesson taught in the school of adversity may be conned over, and deeply engrafted; that the seeds of grace may rise triumphant, destroying every weed (for weeds *will* grow in a neglected soil) and every root of bitterness, which might spring up and trouble you. You can scarcely tell how strongly my desires have been bent towards the important object of "a blessing in disguise," attendant on the affliction we all have so severely felt: the power is of God; watchfulness and prayer are the appointments of his love. May *we* (each dear connected friend) thus walk as an armed band, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."——— I received my dearest ——— with peculiar pleasure: to be again blessed with an inmate of such tried worth, after having been a lone wanderer in the retirement of my own mind, and chamber, and

garden, was a solace that burst upon every affectionate domestic feeling, with an almost overwhelming emotion, which could not be indulged without injury, and though constantly learning, yet I found myself not fully taught, that pleasure is even subject to alloy.

57.

I was very much pleased with the long letter of my dearest ———, so truly expressive of her ownself, that I saw, or thought I saw, some of the little occurrences, which caused (*unbidden and unapproved*) an emotion of irritability to disturb the sought for *even tenor of her mind*, and which, although dismissed with prayerful guard against the quick intruder, has left, at the time of evening examination, a feeling that all was not right, and that the warfare should have been maintained with more watchfulness, more confidence, more application to him, who standeth at your right hand, and "will not suffer your foot to be moved." Alas! we are subject to surprisals; but strive, my child, most earnestly strive for victory, and you shall come off more than conqueror through him that hath loved you. I, too, often feel these overtakings, and I am of opinion, that your present state of health, and mine of *aged* infirmity, have to bear some part of the blame of our coldness, irritability, and dislike to activity: but I pray earnestly that you may never yield to a neglect of known duty; for our

little strength is preserved by converse with the stronghold: as our indigence increases, each event must find a tongue, and he that "endures to the end shall be saved." God is ever present to hear and aid the feeble cry of the humble. May you be urged onward by your necessities, and, after fighting the good fight, may you be received into mansions prepared for us by our Lord, having all our sins forgiven. O that you may be led to form a more entire reliance on the care of him, who is a tender Father, and who is afflicted in all the afflictions of his children. Strange to say it, we often expect more from an earthly than an heavenly friend:

"The thorns will quicken what was grown too dull."

We say in conclusion, goodness and mercy have followed our dear children hitherto, and we trust he will be with them still.

P.S. I have no doubt that my beloved child will do well under the culturing hand of her heavenly Father: take his all-sufficiency as your motto and safeguard through the year; trust God, and take good courage; you cannot sink with such a prop; wait on him, and he will strengthen thine heart.

"Lord, thou wilt love me, wilt thou not?
Beshrew that not!
It was my sin begot that question first.
Yes, Lord, thou wilt,
Thy blood was spilt
To wash away my guilt."

58.

My dearest ———'s letter this morning has revived me more than my depressed spirits were able to bear; and thankfulness broke in upon my fearful heart, beyond the power of expression. You can judge what a load of anxiety I have bent under; but I have looked upward with incessant desire, and now look forward with the serene intensity of supplication, accompanied with grateful praise. We have been all supported beyond our own strength; strength equal to our day has been granted us. Now we must not look forward to a very rapid recovery; but we must wait, and resign our own will to his, and then we shall have the greater cause to bless the hand that has laid low, and which alone can carry forward, and complete the cure, and bring every thought into the obedience of faith. May blessings flow to each dear individual mourner; and may the peace which God giveth be the reigning disposition of the heart, with thankfulness, and an increased knowledge of what the will of God is, that it may be done in them and by them. Keep closely to your guide, and he will be found near to you, to prove that he is faithful in his corrections of love. I am thankful that my ——— has been a faithful suffering friend, united in the sad sympathy, and enabled, though in much weakness, to administer to the wants of an afflicted

sister; and that I have been able to endure alone! I think I may say that I have been supported by seeing him who is invisible; and I pray for the humility which becomes a sinner dependent for daily bread: may our lives give light in our dwellings, and show that we have been called out of darkness into his marvellous light. With the high privilege of your usefulness in the house of mourning, I feel *my own wants so little*, and the satisfaction of foregoing them so great, in order to contribute to the relief of the afflicted, that I should greatly sorrow at the thought of depriving the sufferer of your consolatory help. I say this, however, while I should rejoice in your dear society, of which I feel myself long deprived; yet I can with great satisfaction deny myself this pleasure for the sake of our afflicted one. That I love you very much; and that when you can return to your affectionate mother, and relate to her past trials, my joy will overflow, is a truth you never doubted; and when I can realize this delight on any given day, my heart will rise in thanksgiving to the restoring arm.

59.

It is with great pleasure that I am again able to employ myself in thanking my dearest ——— for all her kind letters. I am getting almost to my common state of moderate activity, but my dearest ———,

without much more strength, will *do every thing*, and *think every thing*, to prevent all waste of power in her old friend and mother. I wish to find a large progress of mind towards a better country, and I have sometimes thought a glimpse of it increasingly animating to my desires and hopes, but not enough to overcome the various, constant, irritating hindrances, which force their intrusions upon me. O that my heart were encircled with the impenetrable shield offered in the gospel, that I might take up every cross for *his* sake who was acquainted with grief, and who lightens every burden. Why not cast every burden upon him, and, under a sense of his love, pronounce them *light, kind, profitable*, and thus unite in the design of our heavenly Father!

60.

My dear Child,

I know I ought not to expect great things after so great a diminution of strength, and so severe and obstinate a return of suffering; but desire rises beyond sober judgment, and we need a submissive curb. How often has our beloved ——— thought that some trial must be in store for her, because she has tasted, since her marriage, so little interruption to her happiness. And we are told, that afflictions are to search us, and prove us, and show what is in our hearts, whether we will serve the Lord or not; "in the day of adversity con-

sider:" may every alienation of holy affection be brought to the mind's eye, and every disposition which does not accord with the meekness and love of Jesus, be ascertained, and nature's abundant dross be refined to pure gold, while, like a helpless dependant little child, the desire of the heart is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do or suffer?" To an active spirit, our dear ——— trial is perhaps the only one to which she might not struggle to make some resistance; but she must, and I trust she will be, impressed with the animating view of the commendation of the Lord to his willing servants, and be made willing to lie still, knowing who it is that has thus afflicted, and cut off every resource but his own love, and power, and design of purifying; he wounds and he heals. How much I long to have all-healing medicines applied to her body and soul; to have his balm, and his oil, and strengthening consolations applied, I cannot express. I trust *his* blessing on the means applied for the relief of the body; and the communication of *his* healing spirit, in answer to prayer and reading the Scriptures, may convey some reviving and subduing truth, which will conquer the dulness so long complained of, and make the soul flourish with fresh vigour, delighting itself in God. Never let her leave that Lord, who will never leave her nor forsake her, but bear her infirmities, and make himself more fully known to her, lest under protracted trial the heart should fret against the hand which wounds but to heal.

61.

Your letter was a most sincere pleasure to me, my dearest ———; knowing not what a day may bring forth, twenty-four hours of seclusion from the knowledge of absent friends seems long to me; and my thoughts wander in painful and affectionate anxieties, till they fix on the pilgrim's guide; and then I view him in his providence and grace,—in the sustaining, comforting, and instructing those who keep in his safe, narrow way—the way of peace! I hope, my dear, that you and your sister will studiously endeavour to walk therein, and that you will meekly receive *his* correction, should you stray among the thorns which encompass *self-will.* O, what is *our* will, but a blind and erring guide; we expect to cull from the flowery banks of its promise, but behold! the sweetest rose has its thorn! When we are clearly in the path of duty, our wounds will be bound up and mollified: may this be our motto,

"But *thou* shalt answer, Lord, for me."

It is good to know what is right; but it is better to bring this knowledge into action; and for this, may strength be given us. I hope I shall soon hear that my dear ——— is better, and that in due time she will be restored to family duties and pleasures; and may you, my love, be fitted for your future trials and

duties, by strength of body and mind; above all, may you discern the hand of God at all times, and be perfected in patience. To know that my children walk, "as seeing him who is invisible," is joy to my heart; thus to walk myself in a perfect way, would save me many a pang; but I often faulter: "hold *thou* me up, and I shall be safe," my heart would often cry, while I sigh for the Spirit's influence,

> "Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
> But swell my sails, and speed my way."

I am thankful our beloved ——— has so little complaint. I could most earnestly wish she were stronger; but he who can bless the care taken of her, does not see fit to allow us to lean on ourselves, as if independent of *him;* but would have us wait on him humbly, and expect all our good from him. May my child bear her Father's yoke meekly; may she not forget who it is that enfeebles her, and who has delivered her! O, do not faint, do not faint, my beloved———

## 62.

I hope by this time, my dearest ——— is safe at home with those who are near and dear to her, and that our little chattering inmate will in due time complete the family circle, each one being well and happy; and *they* to whom much has been given, retaining much in gratitude, in duty, and love. O how few

professing Christians are found living above the world! This is a lamentation which I take up, and feel *myself;* but lamentation is not enough; to press forward, to strive daily, to keep on the watch-tower, to pray earnestly, are dispositions which lead to conquest, and are required and expected from those who seek a better country, that is, an heavenly. O that there were such a heart in me, and in all mine! without it, there can be no solid peace, no unwavering and consistent duty. Sickness and sorrow are often blessings in disguise: sorrow should always refine and purify the heart; but it does not do so as a matter of course. May the blessing of God accompany every correction to me and mine, which is found necessary to the bringing down every imagination of the reluctant heart, and fix submission there.

63.

To give an account, my dearest ———, of the springing up of joy on reading your letter of yesterday, would only be to prove that the root had power to put forth many branches, although this power had been long concealed by the chill of more *than winter's frost:* we shall now, I trust, be sharers of each other's happiness, and rejoice in the restoration of comforts to our dear ———, and her mourning friends. *This* is "a time to rejoice;" we will wipe our tears away, and whom shall we praise, but the *great Re-*

*storer?* May he go on to grant perfect recovery; and may he engraft on mercies vouchsafed, the superior blessing of future fixed dependance, and grateful obedience. May the branches bear fruit an hundred fold. Never, my beloved, suffer your duty to God to be a secondary principle of action; but daily aim after strength, derived from the great source of light, and life, and warmth, and energy, and piety, and holiness. Be not careful about many things; but let your choice be that better part which can never be taken away from you. We are in danger of being too intently occupied by the engagements, and even by the necessary duties of life; and we can only fulfil all aright, when we are diligent in our desire, and in our search after communion with the God and Father of our spirits, of our life, of our health and comforts, and when we seek his glory in every attempt at performing the duties of our station. I pray *him* to give and preserve your health of body and soul. What shall we render unto him for all his goodness? He,

> "Near your bed, has often stood,
> His loving kindness, O how good!"

64.

MY DEAR ———,

I cannot express to you, how much we were pleased with the extract from ——— letter. We

do not consider as we ought to do, the great gain of prayer; or what we receive from the diffusion of that good spirit. May you and yours ever possess friends to bear you on their hearts, in the best moments of life; and may the importance of your own soul, and of the dear little ones entrusted to your care, be deeply and tenderly felt, and daily kept in view before him, "whose eyes behold; whose eye-lids try the children of men."

65.

Earth has many strong ties, but none without a corresponding duty attached; yet such duty is sweet employment. We will pray for grace and strength, that all may be well done; and while we depend on him, who keeps us here till we have finished our journey, and till he has accomplished in us all the good pleasure of his will, may our affections rise upward with expectation and earnest desire, to that eternal rest, where our fore-runner waits and reigns: he will be our leader and guide, until he receives us to glory. Amen and amen.

66.

In how many instances, my dearest ———, have we to trace the hand of him who careth for us; and who has, in so many ways of unknown love, blunted

the points of the briars of the wilderness, lest they might pierce too deeply: and there "is a balm for every wound." That you are happy does not rank among our smallest blessings; neither that your valuable new connexions are unbroken, as well as those of ancient and dear date. Did you think of me on the third of February? Seventy years has the great Preserver of life borne with my wayward manners, and still is, I trust, a pardoning God to me; but my mind recounts a long catalogue of evil, of which ingratitude and forgetfulness are the main-spring: and I cannot find myself better yet, but am daily speaking to my heart, saying, When wilt thou be subdued?

67.

In the mean time, my dear ———, let me often hear from you; and may I hear that the blessing of God continues to rest on you and yours; that you acknowledge him in all your ways, and that he is the director of your steps. It gives me peculiar satisfaction to find in you, so simple a spirit of humble dependance; watch and pray, and I confidently believe that you will never be without a spirit of praise. Alas! my love, life is not all sunshine: nor should it be so: we are told not to expect it; for till we are perfect, we stand in need of correction, and we should soon wither and die without our heavenly Father's

watchful discipline:—thanks be to him who prunes his living branches, that they may bring forth more fruit. This may afford comfort to the troubled heart: I have only to lament, that I have been so unprofitable a servant under the culture of many sorrows; and when I enumerate my blessings, I find myself an ungrateful murmurer, and I grieve.

68.

I long for the time appointed for our meeting: it is a happiness in the advance you know, and expectation must step in, with all the pleasures it can give; and should our heavenly Father permit us all to meet in circumstances of health and happiness, it will be another undeserved blessing, superadded to our present stores of thankfulness. O for more gratitude for what he is daily giving, and is always inviting us to enjoy: May earthly bounties be accompanied with a sense of his goodness, from whom all blessings flow, and lead us to acknowledge him in all our ways, that our steps may be directed by a superior guide, an unerring hand, a Father's love! I have always been sustained,—often delivered,—and my confidence ought to be very strong; and yet, I too often act and feel as if I were to be my own deliverer; and then well may I flag and fear. Let us now commune with our hearts, to look upward, and press forward.

69.

MY DEAREST ———,

I am thankful for the relief afforded us by this morning's intelligence, and by the hope that your heavenly Father will entrust to your care, a little longer, the dear infant—saying, "Bring it up for me," and that you will be better fitted to fulfil this important charge, by the grateful love which this second life, if granted, will call forth; and to say, "Yes, Lord, to thee we will dedicate afresh this precious soul." But should it be otherwise determined, may I not hope, that my dear —— and ———, partners in adversity, are partners in submission also; and that they will meekly bow to their Father's will, whose designs of mercy are so early disclosed and accomplished, if he should see fit to stretch forth his hand, and conduct us to that haven of rest, which all the cares, all the watchfulness of parents could not ensure. It is an honour to give existence to one so near and dear to that friend, who blessed little children, and assigned them a place in the heavenly mansions prepared for them. My heart is so engaged by your afflictive watchings and anxieties, that I wrote to night partly as a relief to myself, and under an assurance, that reflections which lead to God, are strengthening under any circumstances, while we are waiting the will of him who searcheth the heart. Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recom-

pense of reward, for ye have need of patience; and may every blessing rest upon you and yours this night.

Your letter, my dear child, has been a most welcome visit to us this morning; our hopes revive, and our hearts sing of thankfulness:—we gladly acknowledge ourselves to be dependant creatures. With such support, and with such a merciful Governor, who would not rejoice to hang upon his will? That he should have given calmness and support under a trial so interwoven with every nerve and fibre, and every mental association; and that he should have said in such circumstances, "Peace, be still;" calls for an indelible record; while that your exertions and recollections should have continued during your time of greatest need, you owe to him who giveth power to the faint.

## 70.

It is always very interesting to me to trace the bendings, the windings, and openings of Providence: and am always happy when I can hear, in events, the whisper, "This is the way, walk ye in it:" it is indeed often hidden in obscurity; and our minds, are often blinded by our own views and desires; but when our will is brought to yield to the will of our heavenly Father, I believe that a glimmering of light will generally break in upon the mind, and that we shall be enabled to trace, that all the way through

which we have been led, is through a subduing plan; that we may be nothing, and that we may lean on that arm of strength, which governs the universe and blesses his children.

I do not feel very strong this morning. I have felt, from every exertion which passing events call forth, decline of power; and I am assured, that my mind requires nursing, or it will be deprived of every energy.

'71.

We can but sympathize with poor Mr. ———, in his trials:—consolation, I doubt not, has followed him, for they who trust in the Lord, will never be forsaken; and one dear child on earth, now safely lodged and remembered by retraced circumstances of deep interest, excites a double feeling of thankfulness, since she is now contemplated as free from pain and liability to sin—safe in the bosom of her God—with unspotted robes, made white in the blood of the Lamb. I never think of our having finished this toilsome journey, but I revive in earnest desire after such a well-finished course—such a conquest over death! My children, may we all labour and strive for victory!

Send me every particular about your children: great pleasure will follow the opening of their minds, and you will be training the yielding plants for trees

of righteousness: this is interesting to every heart, and with his aid which you seek, will give you in due time the enjoyment of the promised fruit. My beloved child, continue to keep the road, the narrow road; and you will drink of the brook by the way: there is a supply for thirsty travellers, O to hunger and thirst after righteousness, daily more and more!

72.

MY BELOVED CHILD,

Your last kind letter had kindled every emotion of gratitude, and desire, and love, which always dwell in my heart, but do not fully bestir themselves, until your family and your mind are brought near to me. I rejoice in your review of the past year, as well as in the hope, that the inestimable Cultivator of his garden, will continue to dig about it, and dress it, and look down upon the produce of his skill, and refine the valuable fruit to perfection. My dearest ———, acknowledge him in all your ways, and he will direct your path; he will never forsake you, while you ask counsel of him, and make him your strength, your sure confidence. The heart is so treacherous, that it will almost insensibly slide away from its bosom friend, into the cares—which he offers to bear,—but which self-confidence thinks it can manage alone; or into vain imaginations, which engage and perplex the mind, and interrupt that inti-

mate communion which lightens every load and cherishes a peace which passeth all understanding.

You have much to do for God: your own souls, and the souls of your little ones, require his direction and keeping; pray to him at all times; pour out your heart before him, and watch against every breach of confidence—every neglect—every idea of trusting the heart;—and follow Christ: this alone is safety: my heart follows you among the flowers, as well as among the thorns; and my expectations are grounds for thankfulness, and lead me to hope that your daily walk will be in wisdom's ways of peace.

73.

MY DEAR CHILD,

It is true, we can but fear for your little one, that recovery so often deceitfully interrupted by returning malady, must leave behind some traces of weakened frame; but you are doing your best, and we cannot tell what are the designs of Providence: we know they must be eventually good and kind. O that we had hearts to leave ourselves with him, on every occasion; giving up ourselves to his care, with all that belongs to us: this is our wise and proper plan; they who walk in this narrow path are doubly blessed; but who are they, who turn not to the right or to the left, in wishes, or judgment, or pursuit? I cannot say *who*: we each wish it; but we have sometimes

a providence of our own in planning for futurity: and yet, "when he giveth quietness, who then can give trouble?" our business is to pray, and that continually, for submission to all his government, acknowledging his right to rule over us in all things.

74.

May the blessing of increased spirituality of mind be granted you, and a confidence in the preserving care of that powerful friend, who loveth at all times, and who invites us to trust in him, and pour out our hearts before him. Before the arrival of my last intelligence, I was beginning to regret my generosity in saying I would not again trouble your dear husband: I became anxious, and half fanciful; (so much for self-acquaintance;) the mazes and intricacies of the heart, are not easily unfolded. Every additional claim upon your exertion, towards the formation of the character of those whom you are training up for another state of existence, will, I trust, engage your mind with superadded earnestness, to seek support and instruction from that source where you will find it liberally and freely bestowed.

75.

MY DEAR ———,

The many mercies we enumerate in your behalf,

form a catalogue for grateful praise: we likewise pray, that your mind may be kept stayed on him, who has been your leader and guide, all your journey hitherto; and whose rich supplies of grace and strength will make every duty in your family an act of obedience, that will, I trust, keep my dear child just where she should be—a watchful and dependent creature: try to begin the day well, by seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and every real blessing will follow.

*March* 8, 1830.

---

## LETTERS TO FRIENDS.

### 1.

I received more pleasure from your very kind letter, my dear friend, than I can easily express; and retraced with you the wonderful directions of Providence, which have led to the happy circumstance of Mr. ———'s appointment to the curacy of ———; a person so calculated, in your esteem, to undertake the education of dear ———, so fitted for visiting the poor, and for becoming a valuable acquaintance (or I should say *friend*) in a family where friendship is returned with brotherly kindness. It gives me the

most sincere pleasure to find you so happy; keep your mind, my dear friend, stayed upon God; and he will not leave you, until in his own way and time, he will conduct you to the promised rest: may he give you to taste of the consolation of his Spirit, and to say on all occasions, "My heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise."

2.

I am sorry, my dear friend, to find your spirits so much depressed: I did indeed expect this would be so, after the necessary mental exertions of the last few weeks were over, and the object of your affectionate anxiety was beyond the reach of your tender care and attention: the mind feels a vacuity, even in the loss of its accustomed solicitude, and had rather continue its sorrowful engagements to sooth and soften pain, than part with one who called for so interesting an employment; yet I understand you have many causes for thankfulness,—and to these I hope you will look, that the grateful voice of praise may not be laid aside.

3.

I felt, on reading over your letter of yesterday, that my dear friend was very much out of spirits. We

are indeed very slow to receive instruction, and require many a painful lesson, from that faithful friend, who requires and deserves our continual confidence. Well is it for us, that he is compassionate enough to our infirmities, to bear with our wandering hearts, and to show us the weakness of our self-dependence. It is a very great blessing to be able to trace any divine support in times of trouble; and to acknowledge, on looking back, that they were free from delusion:—this I hope encourages you to pray constantly, and will, I trust, be the happy means of procuring for you an increase of blessing.

4.

My dear Friend,

I greatly regret the disappointment of your plan of visiting me. It gives me sincere pleasure to find you so comfortable, and that your occupation of visiting the poor is so interesting to your feelings. I hope your endeavour to do good will meet with the blessing of him, to whom all power belongs, and that in your own bosom you will receive the reward. I think of you at this moment, engaged on a cold frosty morning, in this productive charity, and accompany you with my best wishes, that you may preserve a single eye to the glory of God, and see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in your hands. Your account of the clear view your poor Mr. ——— has

of the gospel, gives a substantial hope of his return to activity, with a longing desire for the communication of the great blessings of salvation to his family and charge. Should it please the Almighty bestower of all good things to restore him to the enjoyment of a sound mind, it would be a day of thankfulness, in which you would have no small share.

6.

I was so uneasy, my dear friend, respecting your present engagement, that your letter received this morning was a great relief to my mind. All is now safe: but I am quite astonished at your courage and resolution; such an undertaking must have appeared to you so very formidable; and who would not have shrunk from it? But you had the best friend for your guide, and the sure foundation for your trust and confidence: you found strength equal to your day—doubtless you did, for he is faithful who has promised. How sweetly expressive of the guardian care of the Lord over his people is the 121st Psalm! I dare say you have often read it, and derived strength from its perusal. I am glad you stay a few days with Mrs. ———, and I hope it will help to recruit your spirits. May your mind be still stayed upon him whose eyes are over the righteous, and whose ears are open to their cry. We have now to pray for a blessing on the present plan; may it be crowned

with success,—and may the mind which is its object, so long at random tossed, now find repose, and be steadily fixed with humble and constant hope upon the rock of ages. O, how will the praises of the rich grace of the gospel be then sung by him, and by his mourners!

6.

On my first opening your letter of yesterday, I trembled as its early lines caught my eye, without my knowing exactly what they might convey, and I perused the remainder with sincere anxiety on your account: under severe trials, my dear friend, we feelingly seek for divine support; and when we receive it, we have to set to our seal that the Lord is true, "a very present help in trouble." Every time we feel the peculiar support which he administers in time of need, I conceive that our faith is increased, and our confidence under future trials is established. May you receive many blessings under this chastisement. I cannot help hoping, that when the hands and eyes were lifted up with earnestness—that mercy was sought—knowledge of the way of a sinner's acceptance, was indeed gained through your solicitude; perhaps it was brought into use at the distressing hour; but we must leave this hidden thing with God; and I trust you will find his consolations neither few nor small. You will doubtless be comforted in the

recollection of having written in terms so strong, that nothing more could be said: you urged your reproof with kindness and perseverance; for this I am thankful, and I am convinced that opportunities should be sought after, and diligently employed, to make known the glad tidings of salvation to all who will listen to our words.

7.

I attributed your long silence, my dear friend, to the constancy of your engagements with poor Mr. ——, of whom I am sorry to hear so poor an account, and am truly grieved that your cares and anxieties should be so long and painfully employed: yet, where help is afforded, and duty leads the way, there is much cause for thankfulness: to be useful is one great end of our existence, and to bear each other's burden is to fulfil the law of Christ. May you, my dear friend, be blessed in your attempts to serve the sufferer, and may you ever follow the way of peace.

8.

I often think of you, my dear friend, and wish to be acquainted with the nature of your engagements, and the state of your mind. I have heard of some of your difficulties, and felt for you. When we have

reason to conclude we are in the path of duty, however trying that path may be, we are safe under the care and guidance of *him* who fixes the bounds of our habitation, and will never leave the soul, whose eye is directed to *his* glory. This appears the great preparation for action—viz., a disposition to serve God, and a cheerful compliance with such providential opportunities, as seem, to an inquiring mind, designed for its action, and intended for its sphere of usefulness. In this inquiry, I need not say to you, my dear friend, that there is great occasion for the abandonment of self-will, and for watchfulness at every other avenue, in which self is easily accessible. I always wish the directions of Providence may be so clear, that I may not err; then I can walk with confidence: but in any case of doubt, I am filled with fears and perplexities. I hope most sincerely, that your present arduous engagement will be accompanied with a blessing to yourself, and your afflicted patient.

9.

I was glad to hear from you, my dear friend, and I sincerely wish that your friendship may be mutually profitable. I feelingly acquiesce in the acknowledgment, that trifles form a great part of the *inquietude* of nervous constitutions, against which it is very difficult to guard, because often surprised into irritability; yet it is in some happy measure to be con-

trolled by prayer, and dependence of spirit, on him who is able to give abundance of peace, and who sometimes does compassionately speak a word of quietness in the midst of tumult:—it is a life of painful struggles; but to him that overcometh, how bright the crown, which the Lord the Righteous Judge shall give at that day, where there shall remain no more warfare, no more infirmity! May the hope of conquest, through the mighty Conqueror, animate and purify us; and in proportion to our knowledge of our own weakness, may our value for his promised strength increase. I wish, my dear friend, you did not so often doubt the reality of your faith, which I think you are rather prone to do: to those that believe, Christ is precious, you know; and you say he is precious to you. In a view of your own sinfulness, if you can feel his all-sufficiency, and plenteousness of forgiveness, I would have you rejoice and be glad always. We need to be continually foiled in our attempts to do some great thing, or to find some good inclination in ourselves: were it not for this failure, I believe we should be inclined to establish our own righteousness; therefore God is indeed gracious, by whatever method he takes to humble our proud hearts, and to bring them into subjection to himself.

10.

I had been wishing to hear from you, my dear

friend, and had been busy in conjecture, respecting your employments, arrangements, and health, when your letter arrived. I need not say I was grieved to find your —— had been ill, and that your prospect of pleasure was so soon tinctured with pain: the instability of our earthly comforts does but slowly teach us to hold them loosely and dependently. A daily monitor whispers this is not our rest, and urges us to set our affections on heavenly objects; a steady view of which would produce a peace superior to what our utmost endeavours can obtain. I am very sorry you suffer so much from nervous irritability, and sincerely wish I could assist in its removal. I know of no remedy but that of getting your mind deeply interested in spiritual subjects, so as to feel their power, subduing, softening, and fixing the heart:—much prayer, reading, and employment for the good of others, would, I hope, draw your attention so closely as to keep it from distressing deviation. You say, you are not perplexed with doubts; this I think one of the greatest possible blessings: with how much joy then, may you traverse those heavenly regions, where every gale is peace! What a field is this for meditation! Such things as angels desire to look into, are open to you! scenes in which you have a peculiar interest! Live more in expectation of a future inheritance, and I think, my dear friend, you will derive great advantage from so doing.

11.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I was very glad to receive your letter, by which means I could enter into your engagements and in some measure partake of them, but not without the alloy communicated by the knowledge of your loss of strength: indeed I am truly sorry to find your mind so much a prey to nervous irritation; and that by it you are robbed of solid comfort, or at least find it so often interrupted. I know not what to say on a subject so painful, which will not subside by your own endeavours after tranquillity, and under the influence of the reasons which might be alleged against too great anxiety. Your nerves are evidently severely shaken, and will not perhaps for a long time recover their tone; but one thing may be advised, which is, not to suffer any inability or weariness, to prevail upon you to neglect prayer, the diligent practice of which will be often found to produce serenity not easily ruffled;—while our great enemy rejoices to throw impediments in the way of so soothing and profitable an employment:—but we must resist him, "stedfast in the faith."

It is a great blessing that your hope is fixed upon an immovable basis; an anchor to the soul both sure and stedfast. May we both, my dear friend, walk in the strength of the Lord God, and may we thus be prepared for every event, with which we may be called to encounter.

I am pleased that you have written to ————: I dare say he was glad to receive it, and both yourself and Mr. ——— will feel comfortable if you can overcome evil with good. We have many things to encourage us in such a work; and by thus acting we put in a pleasing light the Christian temper, which forgives injuries. How intimately connected are duty and happiness; the mind enjoys peace in the offices of peace-making, and finds a reward independently of what the world can give or take away.

12.

I feel for your situation, my very dear friend, very sincerely: I fear for yourself, and wish, if it were possible, to ascertain the exact line of duty. I know you could endure all trials in the confidence, that they were appointed you by your heavenly Father; and under such circumstances, your consolations, would, I trust, abound. But you have suffered long and been kind; you have consoled, you have restrained from danger; you have communicated glad tidings to the weary; and at times, you have really comforted. Yet there is no permanent good obtained, after all these months of trial; and did I think myself capable of judging, I should advise your release from this voluntarily assumed heavy burden.

13.

I received your very kind letter, my dear friend, this morning, and I hasten to express the pleasure I feel, in the hope that your mind will recover its tone and strength, when relieved from the oppressive burden under which it has been so very long suffering. I cannot for a moment doubt the propriety of your decision; and as your poor afflicted patient will fall into kind, and good, and skilful hands, we have to hope that the desired blessing will be granted in answer to prayer, and that one day you will have to speak of grateful acknowledgments for the restoration of that mind to perfect soundness, which you have so often sought after and longed for. In the mean time, my dear friend, I trust you will be much employed in thankfulness on your own account, that you have been supported through trials so severe, and that you have been found willing to bear, whatever you thought your heavenly Father designed to lay upon you. I should not wonder, if on first losing the customary object of anxious attention, you felt unable to keep your thoughts from closely pursuing it; and that former trains of ideas, having become habitual, will not easily leave the mind: but you need not doubt that your decision leads to the path of duty.

14.

I had thought it likely that I should hear from you, my dear friend, on Saturday; but a letter this morning surprised me; and its contents have occasioned an anxious solicitude of mind respecting you. I trust, however, you will receive every consolation, which the nature of your situation requires, from that gracious Friend, who is very pitiful, and touched with a feeling of our infirmities, and most abundantly displays his sympathy, when we most need it. It is a great pleasure to me, to find you have hitherto been thus supported; and I hope you will be kept in that peace, which is promised to those whose minds are stayed upon God.

15.

My dear Friend,

Your letter this morning deeply afflicted me, and I cannot suffer an opportunity to pass, without sending you a few lines, although I can scarcely say more than that I feelingly enter into your situation. To lose a tenderly beloved parent, is indeed a wound, which only one gracious Friend can heal; but he can and will provide the balm, and he sympathizes with the afflicted. I cannot doubt your receiving the consolations you desire, and which I am sure you will earnestly seek. I think with pleasure on the

hopes you have been able to build, on many circumstances during his illness, and beg you will treasure them up in your mind, as a source of solid comfort and satisfaction. I should like to see you; but I am so circumstanced as absolutely to forbid it: in the mean time, I shall, I trust, remember you according to your wish; and, O my dear friend, may your mind be kept stayed upon God, and as earthly connexions dissolve, may you find your expectations of heavenly blessings more strong, and bright, and abiding, than they have been hitherto.

16.

I was very anxious to hear of you, my much loved friend, and made many inquiries respecting you; but I always find, that talking of you is more than I am well able to bear. I long for you every day more and more; we had but one heart, you know; no wonder, that when torn asunder it should ache: the loss mine has sustained occasions a lasting pain. I long for some congenial intercourse: to share your joys and sorrows would be to me a luxury. Let me sometimes hear from you. God has seen fit to remove you; this ought to silence my complaints; and should he deprive me of all most dear besides, I *should* "be dumb, and open not my mouth." I have been favoured, in an uncommon degree, with the blessings of friendship, which my heart loves:

after so much undeserved good received from the hands of God, shall I not be submissive under apparent evil also? Knowing my frowardness, my ingratitude, and my abuse of his mercies, I take great shame and sorrow to myself: to me, indeed, belongs confusion of face. The Lord is just in all his ways; how shall I sufficiently extol his patience, long-suffering, and forbearance? My sad rebellion has shown me the astonishing loving-kindness of God: I cannot help exclaiming, "I am not worthy to be called thy child, make me as one of thy hired servants;" do with me as seemeth good in thy sight: thou only knowest the desperate wickedness of my deceitful heart, which, if there had not been such a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, must have destroyed me; but such a Saviour, such a righteous and prevailing advocate raises my faint hope. O my dear friend, I shall certainly not see you again; I think I am sure of it; may we meet in eternal blessedness,

> And with transporting joys recount
> The labours of our feet!

To that my soul would unceasingly aspire, lest at the last I should seem to fall short of that glorious inheritance. When I think what an unprofitable servant I have been, I am fearful of being cast out, as I justly might, from the presence of a pure and holy God for ever: for if my heart condemn me, God is

greater than my heart, and knoweth all things; he has seen all my wanderings, all my thoughts, and wilfulness: alas! I deserve to be an outcast. May every blessing be yours, my dearest friend; may we both daily seek to know the will of God, and do it, preferring it very far before our own wayward inclination.

17.

My dear Friend,

I did not hear of the nature of your misfortune till Thursday morning, and I take the earliest opportunity of expressing my sincere sympathy. However few my opportunities, and however feeble my power of accomplishing the removal of sorrow's keenest edge; yet the tie of kindred nature, when linked with Christian friendship, has a tendency to sooth, where it cannot heal; and taking an interest in the difficulties which encompass my esteemed friend, travelling the thorny road, I am desirous of making mention of the loving-kindness of the Lord, whose unerring wisdom and power can guide the feet, and blunt the thorn, lest it wound too deeply: he can cast a ray of sunshine upon the darkest cloud, and it is your privilege to taste the reviving influence of its beams. I trust my dear friend will repose herself in safety, and taste a peace which the world cannot give, while the storm passes by; and

then, may you enjoy domestic comforts again, though in a more contracted sphere; and may you find that happiness does not consist in the abundance that you possess; but that "godliness with contentment is great gain," in adverse, as well as in prosperous circumstances.

We cannot always discover the particular design of our heavenly Father, when he employs his chastening discipline; but we know his character of tenderness and wisdom; and we continually need his chastisements, that our obedience, and confidence, and patience, may be brought into action beneath our own eye, and into notice in the eye of the world, that "they seeing our good works, may glorify our Father which is in heaven."

18.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am unwilling to deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for your kind and valued letter; and of assuring you that I cordially partake of your joy, respecting the extension of the Redeemer's glorious name, within the walls of the Established Church. The harvest truly is plenteous; and *every* addition of labourers in the wide field of the world, has a claim on the grateful praises of our hearts, for "this is the Lord's doing." I most sincerely wish that faithful men, who have received the "glad

tidings of great joy," may publish them to sinners, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, until a rich harvest is obtained, and the Lord Jesus reign triumphant in the heart of sinners.

That the gospel of free grace should have been preserved these thirty years in the town of ——————, which cast it out as evil, and derided the name of the Lord of glory, we must attribute to the blessed Spirit of all grace: and I do, indeed, remember with gratitude, the honour that God has put upon the humble habitation erected to his glory, by condescending to preserve a little flock there, and to preside over it; and by continuing the power of Jesus' name, upon the faithful dispensation of his word: *this* I am assured has been mighty to rescue many souls from the dominion of Satan, and to set the prisoner free: it has brought the rebel to the foot of the cross; it has fed the hungry, nourished the wounded, and bound up the sorrowful heart. Many are now rejoicing in glory, through the power of the Spirit displayed there: yes! here it may be recorded, that "this and that man was born there."

Thus, my dear Sir, I trust that what God has wrought, may not be left without grateful acknowledgments, and continued expectation of usefulness, *because* a more extensive field is opening to our view; but that the prayers of *all* good men may arise, for future blessings to follow the healing name of Jesus, *wherever it is proclaimed.*

## LETTERS OMITTED IN THEIR PROPER PLACES— ADDRESSED TO THE REV. W. L. P——.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * I cannot turn my thoughts to the loss sustained by your absence without many sorrows, and many earnest wishes for your return: a friend, in the true sense of the word, is not a common gift: I have been blessed with more than one; and when I think how highly I have been favoured, and how unworthy I have been of the blessing, I feel very low indeed in my own estimation. There are many things in my past life, that occasion a painful retrospect; but joy and peace arise from him who is a "pardoning God"—who "multiplieth pardons." I have indeed arrived at old age, and sometimes tremble at the prospect of crossing the river you allude to: but at another time, when hope prevails, I look beyond it to that habitation, where there shall be no more sin, nor sorrow,—but, where, should *I* (through the riches of divine grace) be permitted to unite with the redeemed in singing "to him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood," would not mercy triumph? Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may not deceive myself

on this great subject, neither saying "*peace*, when there is no peace," nor becoming the slave of fear, when so secure a provision for hope is displayed.

---

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am quite sure you must have severely felt the death of Mr. ———: but he was *a good man*, and that is a satisfying answer to many a painful sigh for the loss of those with whom we have taken sweet counsel. How little are we secure in our possessions, and how constantly is it proved to us, that this is not *our rest:* may we all look above this changing scene, and be laying up treasures in heaven, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal:" *there*, may each of our hearts be, and the hearts of all we love most dearly.

After tracing back the difficulties, pains, and sorrows, with which our departed friends have had to struggle, our thoughts naturally lead us forward to their victory; the contemplation of their glorious triumph raises our minds to form a feeble and inadequate contrast, between a world of sin, and a world of holiness, peace, and joy:

"Surprising scene! triumphant stroke."

I dare say you have often found these painful separations to be a fresh stimulus to meditation on the heavenly glory. Were this ever open to our view, drawing our

hearts and affections to their proper object of desire and hope, we should not so frequently complain, "Our souls cleave to the dust." How unworthy of *such a hope* is the allowed intrusion of life's trifles; and yet *I* find them too often ready to lead my thoughts far, far astray from my *chief good.*

---

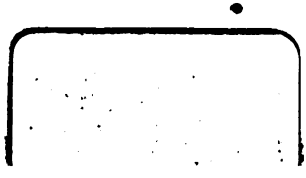
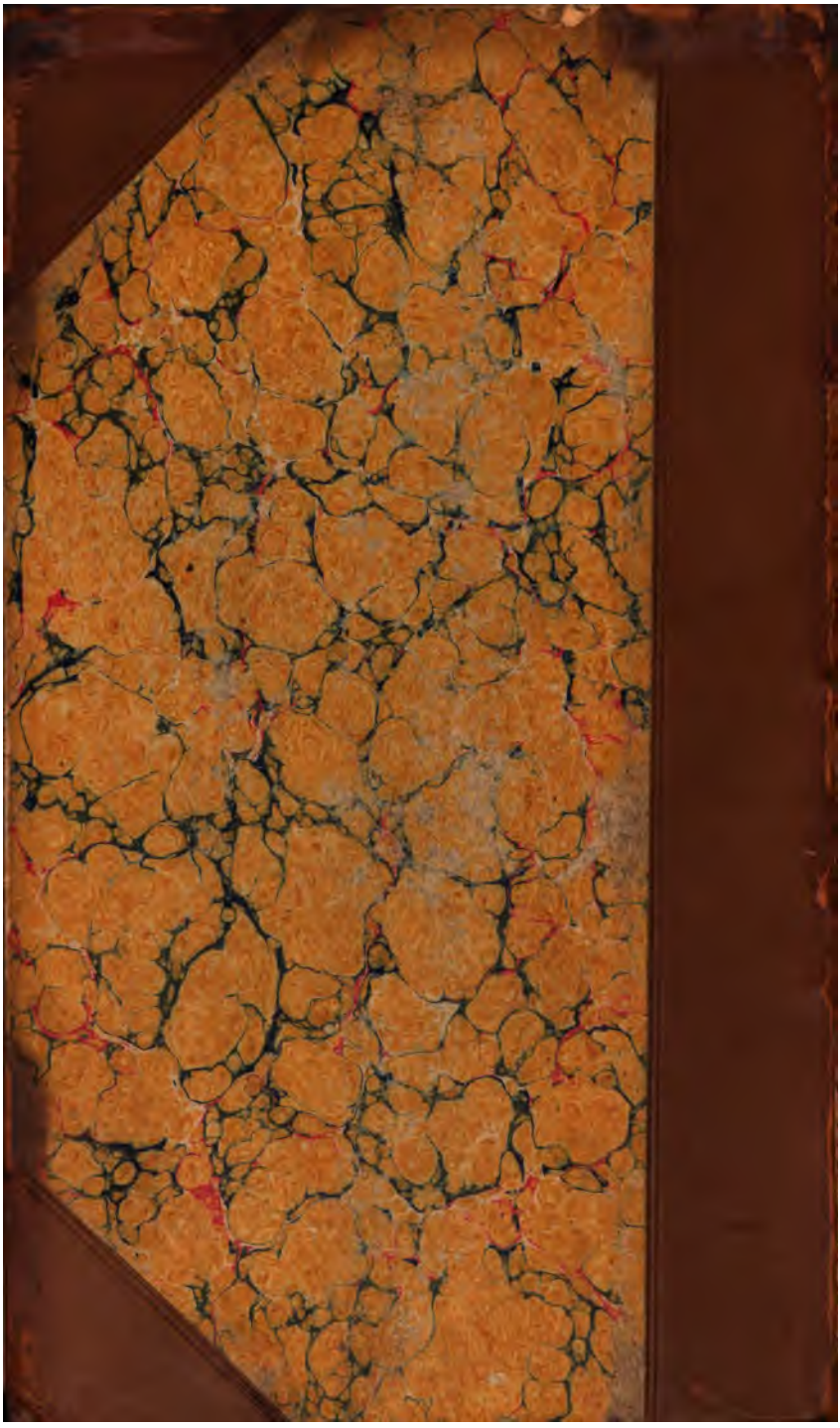
MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have so much to thank you for, and so many pleasures received from yourself and Mrs. P———, that I know not where to begin my enumeration, and must confine my pen to the chief source of satisfaction,—that of being kindly remembered by dear friends, on whom my thoughts often dwell, and from whom every acknowledgment of continued regard is valued.

Your letter, my dear friend, was not overlooked, but received with a welcome ever due, and ever given. It is a great indulgence to be allowed this pleasure of communication in absence: when distant friends can *thus* draw near, and taste something of union of spirit, what may they not gain by the higher privilege of drawing nigh to God, and making request to him, whose ear is ever attentive to the voice of their supplication; and who, I doubt not, often bestows a blessing on the solicitudes of Christian friendship.

I was grieved to hear of the death of Mr. ———;

yet he lives! this is a balm to the wounded heart. We look at his usefulness, at his amiable qualities, at his bereft widow, and the mourning connexions of so good a man, with a mixed sympathy of sorrow and joy; of sorrow for the misery entailed by his removal, and of joy for his infinite gain: and it is from *him* who is the rich and inexhaustible source of supply, that comfort, and the power to endure chastisement, can be obtained. I trust many who suffer from his loss, are making application to *him*, that *he* may sustain them. "Be ye also ready," should be a lesson more deeply engraven on the hearts of young and old; and where so long a term of years has (as in my case) been expended, what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holiness and sincerity. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh:" may I be kept watching, that I may receive him joyfully; and may we, and all belonging to each of us, daily rise in our affections, desires, and expectations, ever finding the joy of the Lord to be our strength, in all the trials and calamities of life.

THE END.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.